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YOUTH AND THE NEW WORLD

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YOUTH AND THE NEW WORLD

ESSAYS FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

EDITED BY

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PREFACE

THE purpose of this book is to acquaint young men and women with some of the problems that concern America. Whether these problems are to be solved even partially depends, in no small degree, upon whether youth recognizes what they are, before they lead him to a place where he can only wish that "he might have known." Man is master of his fate only when he holds some of the cards in his own hand.

It is hoped that this book will be of special use in those classes in English composition the fundamental purpose of which is the training of young people in the search for and the presentation of ideas. The editor has found in his own experience in the teaching of English composition that students write best when they are stimulated to self-expression by ideas that seem to them important and pertinent to their own interests and ability.

The relation of youth's new time to the experience of age; education, which for so many years is his major interest; the spirit of America, and especially disputed points of economic and political organization; the changing nature of our population, with its difficulties of adjustment of racial elements; the new and growing importance of women in the state; the problem of international organization; and, finally, the importance of spiritual values — these are the themes which the essays in this book illustrate.

Those essays have been chosen which seem most likely to set young people thinking, to challenge them to hold opinions of their own, and to stimulate them to a search for further knowledge. In general, it is presumed that the

reader has already some point of contact with the subject matter of the essays; that in no case is the material introductory to completely new experience. Indeed, it is hoped that one of the chief values to be obtained from the study of these essays is the awakening in the reader of the realization that he often plays an unconscious part in the settlement of the most critical problems of the community. As a result he may, perhaps, be impelled to take an active part in social and civic life, so that he may determine the conditions of the society in which he lives, instead of being a mere pawn in the game.

The editor suggests the following method for the use of this book in the English classroom. It is, of course, only one of many possible methods.

Ask the students to read a single essay, or a group of related essays. The first exercise should be an attempt to make certain that the student really knows what the writer of the essay is talking about. Students need, above everything, the power to read intelligently, that is, with the highest possible standard of accuracy. The essays all contain ideas which are worthy of mastery in themselves. When the thought of the essay is mastered, comes the time for discussion of everything relevant: style, structure, method of approach, truth of idea, pertinency of idea, objections, appreciations, illustrations. Interested students will want to continue reading in other "Atlantic" articles noted in the bibliography, or in books and magazines which they may discover for themselves. Mastery of content, then, is followed by discussion of content, usually oral. Then comes the time for formal composition, oral and written. Let the students bring to class a list of possible subjects or possible problems. Let them make the problems definite and practical: speeches that might be delivered in actual life; articles, editorials, leaflets, pamphlets,

work that might be published in a real newspaper or magazine. The subjects ought to cover all kinds of composition: exposition, argument, stories, speeches, descriptions, narrative essays and sketches, personal essays, poems, orations. When the united class-effort has produced a large number of subjects, "plenty to write about," the hardest task of the teacher is done. Students will usually do well enough if they see a reason for writing and if they have "something to say."

But composition is not necessarily the end. This kind of work leads readily enough into the study of literature. These essays deal with themes of recurring interest, themes which poets, dramatists, and novelists have never tired of using. Students will recognize with some surprise, and not a little interest, that great poets, essayists, and all the rest, who lived in other days and in other lands, have written about the same questions which men write about in the "Atlantic" to-day. And this is to say nothing of the possible inculcation of the habit of browsing in old "Atlantics" and devouring new ones — a salutary habit productive of the "delight and instruction" which Horace said was the end and aim of literature.

The editor wishes to express his thanks to the authors who kindly gave him permission to reprint these essays from the "Atlantic," to Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, the editor of the "Atlantic," and to Mr. Charles Swain Thomas, the editor of the Educational Department of the Atlantic Monthly Press, for cordial coöperation and indispensable assistance.

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YOUTH AND THE NEW WORLD

INTRODUCTION

I

THIS book is for young people who intend to take a share in life. It is for young people who want to know themselves and their time; but who do not gird at principles and institutions as outworn, just because they are old, or assume that principles and institutions are right, just because they are novel. Every right-minded young man or woman wants to understand the point of view of his elders, and to profit by their experience; but he wants also to be sure that he is seeing the path ahead.

This book does not provide a complete introduction to what men are thinking. But it does provide an introduction to some of the most important questions that face this and the next generation — important because all of them have affected every generation of which we have record.

In all times youth is faced with the problem of adjusting his own life, principles, pleasures, and hopes to the accumulated experience of the past and the aims and wishes of his parents. In every generation men have to face the problem of education. They may refuse to overhaul old systems, and may exalt prejudices and customs into eternal principles; but even though they stagnate, they forge one more link in the ever-present question: "How shall youth be taught what the world knows?" Every generation has to face questions of political and social organization. The principles that shall guide legislators, executives, and judges are fixed in their general nature, but in specific cases are adjusted to public opinion. The United States is

fortunate in its written Constitution, but the interpretation of that Constitution varies with the years. Every generation must settle for itself the principles of its economic life, the relation of employer to employee, the responsibilities of economic power to the state, the very structure of economic life itself. Since the foundation of the Union, every generation has had to face the fact that the people of the United States come from varying racial stocks. Problems of the relation of the newcomer to the old citizen have always called for settlement. Problems of international adjustment have always been present. For centuries men have endured wars and remade the map of the known world, in our time with more widely reaching effects than ever before. The place of women in political, social, and economic life is a recurring problem, at no time so insistent as in our day. And, finally, and most important because they lie at the heart of the whole matter, questions of religious adjustment must be faced by every generation. These problems will not be settled in a year or in a lifetime. They will, perhaps, never be settled while men are men. But youth must face them and solve what he can, or lead the blind life of one driven by forces of which he is only dimly aware, chafing at bonds of the very existence of which he is only vaguely conscious.

II

YOUTH AND AGE

The young generation is rising in a period of violent change and readjustment, born of war and destruction. Old standards seem to have vanished; no new standards seem to have developed. To him who loves the past, the present seems to be racing downhill. The older generation charges that the youth of to-day is careless, heedless, and

callous. It maintains that modern youth knows little chivalry or modesty; that it has little respect for age or for achievement; that it is intent only upon its own pleasures, and that these pleasures are often reckless and sometimes shocking. The older generation sees youth driving automobiles wildly, dancing disgracefully, talking slangily, and jibing irreverently at parental manners and morals.

The older generation is bewildered. It cannot understand the freedom of youth. It agrees with foreign observers, that American children have the worst manners in the world; that they are thoroughly spoiled; and that, intent upon pleasure and oblivious to duty, they are driving straight to destruction. For these evils they offer no remedy, not even the one which youth is first to suggest, that laxity of manners in youth can most easily be corrected by firmness of control by parents. Can it be that the older generation is disintegrating under the same influences that affect youth?

One difficulty with the whole discussion is that the older generation acts as both judge and jury. It brings the charges, tries the culprit, and would very much like to impose the sentence, if it could think of one suitable. Even were youth allowed to testify in its own behalf, poor youth would be at the disadvantage of never having known its parents when they, too, were a younger generation. Time was when conservatives shuddered at the waltz as they now shudder at the fox-trot, and bemoaned the breaking down of all bounds and barriers. But though the world has changed before, it never has changed at the whirling speed of the last half-dozen years.

In the end the issue simplifies itself. Be it good or bad, this generation is our generation, and cannot be anybody else's. The task of youth is not to argue but to create. Its

opportunity is tremendous, nothing less than the chance to erect for itself in a plastic time its own standards and ideals. In most periods the creative desire of youth has to fight repression and prejudice; to-day the older generation begs of youth only that it be creative, and that it do not waste its energy in purposeless living.

The real issue then is this: are young people of to-day sufficiently self-reliant to be masters of their own age and to work out their own ideals? If they intend to face this issue they must take the advice of the old Greek, "Know thyself." Youth cannot travel very far until, to some extent at least, it knows where it is weak and where it may become strong. And, most important of all, youth must know the best of the past. The wisest man is not he who suggests most new things, but he who, building upon the firm foundation of the past and making full use of tried principles, best helps to readjust the world in which he lives to new times and new conditions.

III

EDUCATION

Men have been more interested in education during these last years than they have been for many generations. Old systems need overhauling. Some parts will have to be scrapped, so many believe; others would like to scrap everything.

The problem of modern education has been growing more complex with the increasing complexity of modern life. Sixty years ago, men were not greatly worried about education. Most children learned reading, writing, and arithmetic, and some geography and history. Many never went to school at all; many went only a small part of the

year. Every boy and girl learned as many things outside of school as inside. If a child lived in the country, he did dozens of chores, and he learned about plants and animals in the fields and woods. A boy helped his father with the farming; a girl helped her mother with the housework. The city boy lived within an hour's walk of real country, which hardly knew that the city existed except as it provided a market for produce and a centre for trading. Now there seem to be comparatively few boys and girls on farms, and those who are there know the city better than they know the woods. City children, confined in flats and apartment houses, have no wood to chop, no gardens to weed, no cows to milk, no hens to feed. If they are to learn anything about the world that feeds them, clothes them, and warms them, they must learn it out of books. Now more children go to school for more weeks of the year; and parents, alarmed at what children do not know, demand that the schools teach more and more subjects.

Knowledge has increased immensely during the last sixty years. New sciences have risen, new languages and literatures have been discovered, new histories have been unearthed. With the enormous extension of business and the growth of great manufacturing plants, dozens of new professions have risen. The chemist, the biologist, the teacher, the accountant, the sales-manager, the sanitary engineer, the road-builder, and dozens of others demand special training. The boy who is going into business wants a business education; the girl who expects to marry wants training in home economics. The old professions, medicine, law, and the ministry, have vastly extended their range. Meanwhile the old "liberal" education, the training in fundamentals, — mathematics, languages, history, philosophy, science, literature, — still remains as the core of our educational system. This education did its work well, and

does its work better as time goes on. It is definite, it has a firmly based tradition, it has experienced teachers, and it has the support of history and experience.

And yet the established system of education is undergoing violent attack. There are two reasons.

In the first place, the old education did not aim to give boys and girls immediate practical training in earning. It assumed that people had other things to live for than a job, other moments to be filled than the hours of work. And so sometimes it failed to give young people any practical knowledge whatever, and they found that they were not ready at all for the indispensable task of earning their living.

In the second place, the old education never dreamed of being useful to everybody. It was built for the people who could use it, who, at any rate, thought that they could use it. But now everybody must be educated. Americans have decided to try the experiment of giving everybody an education, from the baby in the Montessori kindergarten to the doctor of philosophy in the graduate school. That experiment means that education must fit hundreds of different kinds of people. It must fit immigrant children who cannot speak English; native-born children who may never have to earn a living; all sorts of children who must earn their living as soon as the state will allow them to leave school; weak children, strong children, bright children, dull children; children who come from homes where there are books and magazines, correct speech, and courteous manners; and children who never see books at home, hear only incorrect English, and know only the manners of the street.

But schools move slowly, and young people are impatient. Nor do teachers agree. Some want to keep as much of the old as they can; others would like to try every novelty.

All current educational questions, however, can be reduced to a few issues. How much of the old education is valuable and should be preserved? How many of the new ideas of education are valuable and should therefore be adopted? How much direct training should be given to help young people earn their living? How much attention should the schools pay to education for those hours when a man is not earning his living? Is securing a foundation of liberal training more valuable than a plunge into business? How can schools be so adjusted that individuals who do not fit into groups may develop freely? How can education reach those who cannot go to school? It is questions like these which lie at the heart of the "seven-and-seventy jarring creeds" of educational theorists.

While the world changes, education will change. Young people of to-day will decide the education of to-morrow. To do your task intelligently and carefully means that you must understand your own education so far as your experience allows. You must know the *why's* as well as the *how's* of school and college, so that you can have faith in the education to which you submit yourselves.

"Meanwhile there is this life here." Poor as it is, good as it is, your education is still your education. Your parents regard it as the greatest gift in their power; it costs more than any other one civic enterprise. Are you making the most of it?

IV

THE LIFE OF THE NATION

The United States has known two great periods of crisis. At the end of the eighteenth century, our form of government was decided after a period of difficult argument and compromise. In the sixties of the nineteenth century was

fought a great civil war, to determine whether the union formed under the Constitution could or could not be dissolved at the will of the states. And now we face another crisis, a crisis in the determination of our national ideals. We are in the process of defining Americanism. The old day of individualism is past. The last frontier has disappeared. New social and industrial questions press for a solution — questions bewildering in their complexity, searching in their penetration to the very roots of society. A dozen new programmes for social reconstruction are being advocated, the understanding of any one of which would require months of study. For young people principles are more important than programmes; an understanding of facts as they are in this country is more important than framing constitutions for Utopia. Americanism is in process of definition, and in the long run it is you who will define it.

You will define it in terms of social life. As representatives of this generation, you will have to settle once and for all whether democracy is possible in social relations. You will have to decide whether Americanism means that a community shall be split into groups heedless of each other's existence except when faced by common danger, or that each group in the community shall be, not only aware of the existence of another, but responsible for it and willing to work with it. The problem of the organization of the community for mutual helpfulness in solving civic problems is the basic problem of social democracy. It is a new problem, for it is only within the memory of living men that groups in American communities have, to any serious extent, become rigidly specialized. Now we have an employing class and an employed class, an educated class and an uneducated class, a rich class and a poor class, a leisure class and a working class, a skilled class and an unskilled class. The Americanism of the future must decide whether it wants

“class-consciousness” or “community-consciousness.” In these days of transition are being started the forces that will quietly but inevitably work out the democracy of the future.

And you will define Americanism in terms of political life. We are a nation of over 100,000,000 people, and we govern ourselves. It is obvious that some knowledge of the elaborate and intricate machinery of popular government is necessary, if one would do more than blindly cast a vote. Whether voters have knowledge or not, however, our political organization will be constantly readjusted to new conditions. Our party system, the quality of the men who run for office, the kind of citizens who are allowed to vote — as the country grows, these matters call constantly for attention. The government of an American city means the administration of a huge coöperative business enterprise. The political Americanism of the future will be defined in terms of such enterprises. It will have concrete application, not only to city governments, but to every department and function of civic life. Every Congress elected, every law passed, every amendment to the Constitution, forge links in political democracy. For Americanism is no theory or ideal, but the spirit of America embodied in the practical working out of political and social institutions.

But, after all, you will discover that men accept American political conditions without much question. You will find a much harder task when you come to define America in terms of economic conditions. For here you come face to face with the daily life about you. The laborer swinging his pickaxe, the machinist bending over his lathe, the farmer plodding behind his cultivator, the grocer “putting up orders,” the executive surrounded by stenographers and secretaries, coin, banks, bills, checks, strikes, lockouts, unemployment, chambers of commerce, labor-unions, agi-

tators on street-corners, luxury, hunger, waste, thrift — all these and a hundred other phenomena of the daily workaday life challenge your knowledge. What are these throngs of people passing by, this welter of machinery and organization, these dark, gloomy, lined faces, these bright, happy, ambitious faces? Where did they come from? Where are they going? Have they always been so? Is anyone planning a change, dreaming a change, fighting a change? Where does our food come from? How do we pay for it? Why do prices rise and fall? Why do people worry about earning a living? How are you going to earn a living? Who earns your living now? What should you do if you had to “go to work” to-morrow? There is nothing more fascinating than the exploration of our daily life, so commonplace and so complex. Can you unravel some of the secrets of the workaday world? They lie about you in the very room in which you read this. The paper on which these words are printed is the outcome of a whole history of economic forces, processes, inventions, hopes, dreams, achievements.

And emerging from this welter of economic forces is the most insistent question in the life about us, the question of the relation of men to their work. The “industrial revolution,” which began with the last century, is at the height of its tide. More and more, individualism has passed away, until now no man can earn his living independently of his fellow men. The manufacturer is dependent, not only upon the labor that he employs, but upon the labor that mines coal and runs the railways. Huge combinations of labor and capital have arisen, until at times it seems as if men were mere servants of the machines and the institutions they have created.

The new generation faces the problem of industrial freedom — that is, of such adjustment in industrial affairs that

it shall not be the slave of money, machines, or combinations either of labor or of capital; that it shall have the chance to earn its living under conditions which will respect its health and its personality; that industry shall be so ordered that the joy of human creation and personal creation shall not be stifled; and that each man who works with his hands or with his brains shall receive his full share of what he produces. A stupendous problem, in the solving of which there is opportunity for stupidity, arrogance, bigotry, and shallow thinking, but opportunity too for unselfishness, fairmindedness, and the highest constructive thinking.

But industrial problems are not all-important. You cannot define Americanism without taking into account the problem of the immigrant. We are a nation of mixed ancestry, faced now more than ever with the creation of a common speech and a common ideal. The smallest town has its "immigrant problem," its problem of assimilation into community life of newcomers alien in blood, language, and tradition. The admission of aliens into America, their distribution in America, their place in industry, their influence upon American customs and habits, and, above all, the preservation of their best ideals and their assimilation of our best ideals — these are matters vitally affecting the future development of the American spirit.

And now you are ready for a better knowledge of what it means to be a citizen of the United States, of what issues must be decided, what roads must be opened, what wrongs must be righted, what prejudices must be jarred loose, what old ideals must be strengthened, what new ideals must be built. America is deciding her future, the future in which you must live. Will you be "master of your fate"?

V

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

The new generation bears upon its shoulders the burden of peace, the burden of readjustment of boundaries, of economic life, of international organization. For a time the world may quietly settle down to the business of living; but beneath the inactivity of the usual, the nations will, as in times past, be making ready for change and reorganization. The problem of the new generation is to find a means whereby those changes, when they come, may be accomplished without the medium of war. Meanwhile, and perhaps for many years, the world is in tumult. The rising generation must steer America through. No longer is isolation possible. American provincialism is gone, and, whether we will or not, we must share in the troubles of European civilization.

The international complexities of our time are not wholly European. South and Central America are growing in wealth and power. Their relations to the United States will have to be revised. Japan is rising in the Far East. As her empire grows, international good-feeling will be inevitably strained, and all the good-will and patience of the world will be called into use. India and China, Russia and Germany, Ireland and Mexico — all these, and many other countries, will require of the new generation knowledge, understanding, judgment, foresight.

In the past, nations have not prized international knowledge; they have left to a few men the management of international affairs. In the years to come, a few men will still have to manage these affairs, but they must, if the world is not to be destroyed by war, know that behind them is knowledge and understanding, to which they will

be held accountable. To build up this knowledge is the task of youth, to build up a realization that modern civilization is inextricably interwoven into a society of nations, voluntary or involuntary.

Questions of international relations students cannot discuss as they can those questions which lie close to their daily experience. Here they must acquire information, learn facts, avoid broad generalizations, and remember that foreign nations are composed of individuals, not of executives and diplomats, and that these individuals are men of like "dimensions, senses, affections, passions" to themselves. But they must also remember that these men have histories and backgrounds different from those of the United States, and that all the world is not willing to submit to our form of political organization. The man who attempts to remould the world to his heart's desire will bring misery to the world and disappointment to himself. The true international statesman is he who recognizes that real service lies in helping others to help themselves within their own conditions and limitations, different though they be from his own way of life.

VI

THE NEW POSITION OF WOMEN

The new position of women is not a matter of suffrage or of "rights." It is not a matter of argument. It is a fact. Women are now entering new fields of economic and political life. They are earning their living in ways once thought improper; they are sharing in the responsibilities of the community in ways once thought impossible. Argument as to the right and wrong of the new position of women does not alter the fact that it is here, and that it has become a matter to reckon with in any attempt to understand the complex organization of modern life.

The new generation cannot wholly know the barriers of custom and tradition, which women had to break down before they attained their new position. They cannot fully realize how an apparently resistless movement was preceded by a long period of advocacy of bitterly fought principles. They cannot fully visualize the organization of the old society, where the position of women was so different from what it is now.

And yet they are faced with a hundred new problems, which are the legacy from those old conditions. It is true that these problems face mature men and women with more insistence than young people. Still young people can prepare for the experiences which are to come later. They can try to re-create in their minds a picture of the old society and the share that women had in it. They can form that picture from their reading and from talks with their parents. They can try to understand the revolt from the old conditions. They can come to know the vigorous personalities who led that revolt. They can try to understand the principles and programmes of the new movement as it developed: how people fought over questions of woman suffrage, and hardly noticed the silent change that was taking place in economic life. They can find out what work women are doing to-day, what influence they have, what movements they are engaged in, what they intend to do, to what degree they consciously plan group-action. And with some of this information in hand, they can attempt to weigh good and bad, to try to find out to what extent the new is desirable and better than the old. What have women lost by the change? what have they gained? what things are good? what are bad?

Most important of all, students will have to decide their own attitude toward this part of life. Every girl will have to take a share in new responsibilities, powers, and oppor-

tunities; every young man will have to understand that in the coming years women will not quietly follow men, but will insist upon as free and genuine a partnership with men as they can command.

VII

RELIGION AND PERSONAL LIFE

Behind the problems of the community stand the problems of the individual. And though it is true that the day has passed when individual righteousness can be urged as the only solution of civic problems, since individual righteousness, to be effective, must be transmuted into civic action, yet we are all too ready to forget that as "the man on the street" is, so in the long run, in spite of leaders and prophets, will the community be.

Of all the personal problems which affect the community, the problem of religious belief, affiliation, and action is the greatest. European civilization is based upon a religious interpretation of life; and nearly every group that came to America was either actuated by religious impulses or was strongly marked by religious faith. The problem of the new world is to decide what to do with the religion of its fathers, the religion which, too often, it has forgotten or abandoned.

It is not a question of church-attendance or church-support which youth faces; it is a question of outlook upon life, of personal belief, and of action based upon that belief. Shall religion survive as a dynamic force in American life? Fixing blame for its present decline does not help the matter. The question is one of action. Are young people going to neglect religious forces as guides of life? Can they develop new forces, which will do for society what the old ones did? What is the hope for religion in America? Are

we doomed to a century of groping after truth through novel cults and vague emotionalisms? Or are the faiths which have survived for many centuries to remain, rising triumphant over change and wandering, firm in their vision of truth?

These are hard questions. And yet they must be answered if we are to be our own masters. For when all is said and done, this remains — that the life of the spirit endures, and in the long run men are wise, just, merciful, and upright, not as they fear punishment and hope for reward, but as they share to some extent in the Eternal spirit of wisdom and virtue.

THE OTHER SIDE

MARGARET SHERWOOD

LIKE every other attentive reader of our periodical literature, I am increasingly aware of our persistent exposure of sin and wrong-doing in high places and in low; like many another attentive reader, I am growing a bit rebellious against this constant demand and supply in the matter of information regarding recent evil. Have we not grown over-alert in the search for this special kind of news? We take vice with our breakfast porridge; perjury with our after-dinner coffee; our essayists vie with one another in seeing who can write up the most startling story of crime; and it is a bankrupt family nowadays that cannot produce one member to expose civic or political corruption. Undoubtedly much genuine ethical impulse lies back of all this; undoubtedly, too, much of the picturesque and spectacular treatment springs from a desire to startle, and ministers, in many a reader who would scorn paper-covered fiction, to a love of the sensational. Surely it must seem to the people of other countries that we take pride in the immensity of our sins, as we take pride in Niagara, in the length of the Mississippi, in the extent of our western plains.

Many may be, and must be, the good effects of throwing the searchlight upon dark places; but the constant glare of the searchlight bids fair to rob us of our normal vision of life. My poor mind has become a storehouse of misdeeds not my own. I am sick with iniquity; I walk abroad under the shadow of infamy, and I sup with horrors. I shrink from meeting my friends — not that they are not the best people in the world, but I dread lest they pour into my ears

some newly acquired knowledge of wrong-doing. For me, as for others, the sun of noonday is clouded by graft, bribery, treachery, and corruption; and I fear to close my eyes in the dark because of the pictured crimes that crowd before them. Suppose poor Christian had had to drag after him, not only his own bag of transgressions, but those of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Mr. Facing-both-ways, and all the denizens of Vanity Fair, what chance would he ever have had of getting out of the Slough of Despond?

It is not that I wish to shirk; I am not afraid of facing anything that I ought to know, and I have not the slightest doubt that we are all, in great measure, responsible for our neighbors' sins. But I am not sure that we are taking the wisest way to mend them. It seems to me incontestable that, with the large issues of individual and of national well-being in mind, we are overdoing the exposure, and slighting the incentives to right action; emphasizing the negative at the expense of the positive; and that, with our weakening convictions regarding the things that are right, it is dangerous to go on loudly proclaiming the things that are wrong. We are much in the position of a village improvement society which has pulled down a bridge because it is rotting, and is impotent to build another and a better. We have invested our national all in wrecking machinery, and have nothing left for constructive tools. It is said that in our explosive setting forth of civic and national wrong-doing, we are all too prone to stop with the explosion, as if mere knowledge of these things would set them right. Mere knowledge never yet set anything right; only the ceaselessly active, creative will can fashion a world of law out of chaos.

Of the criticism often made that exposure of wrong should be followed, more closely than is done here, by constructive action, if anything is to be really effected, it is not my task to speak. The aspect of the matter which interests me es-

pecially concerns the youth of the land; it is the educational aspect. Not through loud wailing over evil can a nation be built, but through resolute dwelling with high ideals. In certain ugly tendencies of recent years among the young, as, for instance, the unabashed sensuality of much of the modern dancing, may we not detect, perhaps, a cynical assumption that life is at basis corrupt — a natural result of continued harping on evil things, and of failure to keep before them images of moral beauty? Our magazine writers would be far better employed, if, instead of making our ears constantly resound with reports of civic iniquities, they were, part of the time at least, studying Plato's "Republic," and filling mind and soul with the hope of the perfect state. Wrong things we dare hope are of small and fleeting consequence as compared with the right; it is not the sin of Judas Iscariot, but the righteousness of his Master, that has brought the human race a gleam of hope and possible redemption. When I was told, not long ago, of a student in one of our great universities who had elected "Criminology 16," I could not help reflecting that he might far better have taken Idealistic Philosophy 1.

Whether or not our study of evil should be lessened, our study of the good needs to be vastly strengthened. We are losing the vision! "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions," said the prophet, in promising wonders in the heavens and in the earth, after his account of fasting, weeping, mourning, and beating the breast. There is a time for beating the breast and for tearing the hair, and of this we have had our day; but perpetual sitting upon the ash-heap and howling will not raise the walls of state. Sitting there may, in time, even become a luxury; can it be that we are doing so much of it partly because it is easier, and because the heaven-sent task of building up and shaping is too hard for us?

Take away from youth the power of seeing visions, of dreaming dreams, and you take away the future. It would behoove us to remember, perhaps, that the eras of great deeds have not been eras of analysis, but eras when the creative imagination was at work. Yet our modern mental habit is overwhelmingly a habit of analysis, for which science, in teaching us to pick the world to bits, is partly, though not wholly, responsible. It has brought us an immense amount of interesting information; it has brought also a danger whose gravity we can hardly estimate, in the constant lessening of the synthetic power. The power to image, to fashion high ideals, and to create along the line of the imagining, is weakening, instead of growing more strong. In the glorious days of Queen Elizabeth, in the unparalleled days of Periclean Athens, great ideals formed themselves before men's eyes and great achievements followed; emotion, hope, vision, shaped human nature to great issues. I wonder what influence those perfect marble representations of perfect form had upon the very bodies of the youths and the maidens of Athens, what creative force they exercised — the imaginative grasp of the perfect reaching forward toward perfectness in the human being. I wonder what influence the character of Sir Philip Sidney alone, with "high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy," has had upon succeeding generations of English youth. "A man to be greatly good," said Shelley, "must imagine intensely and comprehensively."

Here my quarrel with our present intellectual trend and our present system of education becomes more acute. We are not only losing the habit of mind that fosters idealism, but we are more and more breaking with the past. The door of that storehouse of noble thought and noble example is being slowly but firmly closed, and there is little in modern teaching that can meet the inroads made by the devas-

tating knowledge of evil of which we have been speaking; little that can build up where this tears down. Study of Greek life, with its incomparable power of shaping existence toward the beautiful, is all but cast aside; most unfortunately now, when, with the rush of ignorant peoples to our shores, it might have a far-reaching potency never attained before. The ignorance of contemporary youth regarding that other and finer loveliness of "Gospel books" is amazing. More and more we are stripped of the humanities; the incredulity of science in contemplating philosophy, art, literature, as part of the educational curriculum, is full of menace. There has never been, I think, in the history of the civilized world, a time when people were so anxious to cast off the past. In our eager Marathon race of material and physical progress, we want to go as lightly equipped as possible. The aeroplane carries small luggage; our light modern mind is ever ready to throw overboard even its precious heritage, in its eagerness for swift flight. As earlier days have revered the old, we reverence the new, and are all too insistently contemporaneous.

We need, as we never needed before, a broader and deeper study of history, of philosophy, of literature; for most of our young, a knowledge of the mental and spiritual past of the race is of far greater importance than a knowledge of the physical past, at the amoeba stage, or any other. Science, much as it can do for us, can never meet our deepest need; the world of imaginative beauty and the world of ethical endeavor are apart from its domain. It has no spring to touch the will, yet that which has, the magnificent inheritance of our literature, is more and more neglected for the latest machinery that applied science has devised, or the most recent treatise on insect, bird, or worm. It is well to study insect, bird, and worm, for they are endlessly interesting; but I maintain that neither the full sum of

knowledge concerning them, nor even the ultimate fact about the ultimate star, can be a substitute for knowledge of the idealism of Thomas Carlyle, of the categorical imperative of Kant — for that study of the humanities which means preserving, for the upbuilding of youth, that which was best and finest in the past, as we go on toward the future.

If the swift retort should come, from those who think the present the only era of attainment and the physical world the only source of wisdom, that the past is full of villainies, of lapses from high standards, one can but say that, for ethical purposes, our study should be frankly a selective study, emphasizing the fine and high, subordinating the evil. There is no hypocrisy in such selection; there is deliberate choice of the higher upon which to dwell, as a formative power, quickening feeling and imagination. I have heard it said that a woman, by resolute dwelling on things noble and pure, may shape the inner nature of her unborn child, and I have faith to believe it. Even so should the nation yet to be shaped by resolute dwelling on the good. It was not all cowardice, as many a present writer thinks, that led the mothers of earlier days to say little to their sons and daughters regarding evil things, and much regarding right things. Doubtless greater frankness would have been better, yet I doubt if our protracted dwelling on the evil will produce better results.

Should anyone object that this emphasis on the good means suppression of the truth, we can but reply that, for the rational soul, the truth is not necessarily the mechanically worked-out sum of all the facts. That we have forgotten the distinction between fact — that which has indeed come to pass, but which may be momentary — and truth, which endures, is one of the many signs of what William Sharp calls the "spiritual degradation" of our time. Much of our

modern thinking and teaching, much of our realistic fiction, rests upon a failure to make the distinction; much that is indisputable in individual instances of wrong-doing may be, thank God! false in the long run.

"That is not true, scientifically true," we hear often in regard to some fine hope or aspiration of the race; but in the real import of the term there is no such thing as scientific truth. It is a pity that a word of such profound and distinctive meaning should come to be more and more exclusively identified with the observation of physical phenomena, and the formulation of physical laws, whereas the very root-meaning of the word true, from Anglo-Saxon *treowe*, signifying faithful, gives justification for the idealist's belief that vital truth is partly a matter of the will, not of mere perception and of intellectual deductions drawn therefrom. We have need of deeper truth than that of mere fact; and the truth that shall set us free is a truth of choice, of selection; it embraces that part of human thought and human experience which is worth keeping.

Faithfulness to the best and finest in the past and in the present, rather than horrified gaping at the present's worst, is the attitude that means continued and bettered life; for we become what we will. What are we offering, in the way of concrete examples, or of finely expressed thought about virtue, to the young, to the ignorant nations that are pouring in upon us, that will help them form their vision of the perfect? With our narrowing knowledge of the greater past, our choice of heroes becomes more and more local and national; yet our hierarchy of sacred dead is too small to afford that variety of heroic action and heroic choice that should always be kept before the minds of youth. We teach them that George Washington never told a lie; we teach them something — and there could be nothing better — of Lincoln; but those two figures are lonely upon Olympus, and

the great tragic story of the way in which Lincoln faced the greatest crisis in our history will not alone suffice to help the everyday citizen shape his thought and action toward constructive idealism. The lesser heroes of our young republic have acquitted themselves nobly in this struggle and in that, but the struggles have been too closely akin in nature to give the embryo hero that breadth and depth of nurture that he requires. We need an enlarged vision of history, and the sight of great men of all ages faithful to small tasks as to great; we need the companionship of heroes of other times and of other nations, and not of military heroes alone. Saint Francis with his unceasing tenderness to man and beast, Father Damien at work among the lepers, might far better occupy the pages of our magazines, than the pictured deeds of criminals and the achievements of contemporary multi-millionaires.

If we need a wider range of concrete examples of the good, we need still more a wider range of nobly expressed ideals. Our thought grows narrow; we smother for lack of breathing space. Benjamin Franklin's philosophy was far from grasping the best of life, yet we remember him better than we do our Emerson, whose plea for spiritual values as the only real ones is lost in the louder and louder groaning of the wheels of our machinery. The idealism that is taught the young in Sunday schools is too often inextricably bound up with unnecessary theology; and many and many a pupil, in discarding the latter, discards the other also. The ideal of success upheld in much journalistic admonition is often rather mean and low; the young of this country need no printed incentives to urge them into commercialism and the victories of trade. The best influences that are being brought to bear upon them are those which concern social responsibilities and the needs of the poor. Yet all this thought and endeavor should supplement and not super-

sede, as it is doing, a deep concern with the things of the spirit; and no admonition regarding hygiene for one's self or others is a substitute for —

A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

The great things of the past in all nations, history can teach us; the possible, both literature and philosophy can teach us. We must forego no noble expression of idealistic faith, lest we impoverish our own souls, and beggar those who come after us. The pure intellectual passion of Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," the noble stoicism of Marcus Aurelius, the spiritual vision of Plato, of Spenser, the heroic strain of Wordsworth's "Liberty Sonnets" and of his "Happy Warrior," Shelley's ardent and generous sympathy, Browning's dynamic spiritual force, should make up part of our life and thought, checking our insistent impulse toward mechanical things, and correcting the evil within and without. More than anything else, we need a revival of interest in great poetry.

"Now therein of all sciences," said Sir Philip Sidney, "is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter it. . . . He cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanted skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner, and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue."

The poet's "perfect picture" of the good, the great image, causes noble passion, wakes us out of our "habitual calm," and stirs us almost beyond our possibilities. The imagination is the miracle-working power in human nature; through it alone can the human soul come to its own. Only that which is fine and high can feed it aright, while baseness can make of it a destructive tool of terrible power. As I think back to childhood, I can remember the devastating effect that one tale of cruelty had upon my mind, haunting me by day in vivid pictures, turning my dreams to horror, and making me, while the obsession lasted, believe that the world of grown folk must be all alike cruel. So, too, the compelling vision of the good came through concrete instances; and the people, both the living and the dead, in whom I passionately believed, shaped all my faith.

The imagination of youth — there is no power like it, no machine that can equal it in dynamic force, nothing so full of power, so full of danger. We become that which we look upon, contemplate, remember; it is for this that I dread the ultimate effect of the long, imaginative picturing of our neighbor's sins now presented in our periodicals. Images of evil can hardly help dimming and tarnishing the bright ideals of youth; is there no way — with all our modern wisdom can we find no way — of limiting our exposure of crime to the people who can be of service in helping check it, and keeping it from those who cannot help, but can only be silently hurt? A moment, an hour of some fresh vision, and a child's destiny is perhaps decided for good or for ill. One afternoon's reading of Spenser made the boy Keats a poet; who, knowing the potency of brief experience in the flush of youth, can doubt the lasting wrong wrought again and again by the sudden shock of contact with things evil?

Many images of wrong must of necessity come to the young; let them not be multiplied in our feverish and mor-

bid fashion of to-day. Above all, let them be crowded out by constant suggestion of noble images and noble thought, which will work both consciously and subconsciously, shaping the dream when the dreamer is least aware. To hold up before the ardent and impressionable young that which they may become in strength, in purity, would surely be better than placing before them this perpetual moving-picture show of our civic and national transgressions. I can but believe, as I read article after article of exposure, that this continued presentation to youth of the unholy side of life, with our increasing tendency to make education a mere matter of the intellect and of the eye, is bound to lessen the moral energy of the race. Would it not be better if we were more diligent in searching history, philosophy, literature, for "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," and in bidding the young think on these things?

A LETTER TO THE RISING GENERATION

CORNELIA A. P. COMER

FROM the dawn of time, one generation has cried reproach and warning to the next, unheeded. "I wonder that you would still be talking. Nobody marks you," say the young. "Did you never hear of Cassandra?" the middle-aged retort.

Many of you young people of to-day have *not* heard of Cassandra, for a little Latin is no longer considered essential to your education. This, assuredly, is not your fault. You are innocent victims of a good many haphazard educational experiments. New ideas in pedagogy have run amuck for the last twenty-five years. They were introduced with much flourish of drums; they looked well on paper; they were forthwith put into practice on the helpless young. It has taken nearly a generation to illustrate their results in flesh and blood. Have they justified themselves in you?

The rising generation cannot spell, because it learned to read by the word-method; it is hampered in the use of dictionaries, because it never learned the alphabet; its English is slipshod and commonplace, because it does not know the sources and resources of its own language. Power over words cannot be had without some knowledge of the classics or much knowledge of the English Bible — but both are now quite out of fashion.

As an instance of the working-out of some of the newer educational methods, I recall serving upon a committee to award prizes for the best essays in a certain competition where the competitors were seniors in an accredited college. In despair at the material submitted, the committee was

finally forced to select as "best" the essay having the fewest grammatical errors and the smallest number of misspelled words. The one theme that showed traces of thought was positively illiterate in expression.

These deficiencies in you irritate your seniors, but the blame is theirs. Some day you will be upbraiding your instructors for withholding the simple essentials of education, and you will be training your own children differently. It is not by preference that your vocabulary lacks breadth and your speech distinction. In any case, these are minor indictments, and, when all is said, we older ones may well ask ourselves whether we find our minds such obedient, soft-footed servants of the will as to make it clear that the educational procedure of our own early days is to be indorsed without reserve.

Your seniors also find themselves irritated and depressed because modern girls are louder-voiced and more bouncing than their predecessors, and because their boy associates are somewhat rougher and more familiar toward them than used to be thought well bred. But even these things, distasteful as they are, should not be the ground of very bitter complaint. It requires more serious charges than these to impeach the capacity and intentions of those who are soon to be in full charge of this world. Every generation has — with one important abatement — the right to fashion its own code of manners.

The final right of each generation to its own code depends upon the inner significance of those manners. When they express such alterations in the fibre of the human creature as are detrimental to the welfare of the race, then, and perhaps then only, are our criticisms completely justified.

From the generation earlier than my own still survive gentlewomen who are like old lace and opals, gentlemen all compounded of consideration and courtliness. Their graces

are not due to their length of life, but to the lights by which they have lived. They are adorable. None of us born since the Civil War approach them in respect to some fine nameless quality that gives them charm and atmosphere. Yet, if we are not less stanch and unselfish than they, I take it we also have not failed in giving the world that nourished us its due.

Is the quality of the human product really falling off? That is the humiliating question you must ask yourselves. If the suspicion that runs about the world is true, then, youngsters, as you would elegantly phrase it, it is "up to you."

One of the advantages of living long in the world is that one steadily acquires an increasingly interesting point of view. Even in middle life one begins to see for one's self the evolution of things. One gets a glimpse of the procession of events, the march of the generations. The longer an intelligent being lives, the more deeply experience convinces him that there is a pattern in the tapestry of our lives, individual as well as national and racial, at whose scope we can only guess.

Yet the things we actually see and can testify to are profoundly suggestive. I know of my own knowledge how greatly the face of life in this country has altered since my own childhood. It is neither so simple nor so fine a thing as then. And the type of men of whom every small community then had at least half a dozen, the big-brained, big-hearted, "old Roman" men, whose integrity was as unquestioned as their ability, is almost extinct. Their places are cut up and filled by smaller, less able, often much less honest men. It is not that the big men have gone to the cities — for they are not there; it is not that they left no descendants — for in more cases than I care to count, the smaller, less able, less honest men are their own sons.

These latter frequently make as much money in a year as their fathers did in ten, and show less character in a lifetime than their fathers did in a year.

The causes of this are too complicated to go into here; but so far as you young people just coming on the stage are concerned, the result of this change of type in American life and American men is to make life a far harder problem. The world is itself smaller; it is harder for the individual to live by his own light. The members of the body politic are much more closely knit together in the mesh of common interest to-day than ever before. While political scandals, graft, and greed have always existed, there never has been a time when low standards in business and politics have so assailed the honor and integrity of the people as a whole, by tempting them, through fear of loss, to acquiesce in the dishonesty of others. If better standards are to prevail, it is you who must fight their final battles. Your wisdom, patience, and moral earnestness are going to be taxed to the breaking-point before those battles are won. Have you the muscle for that fight?

Evidence in regard to the falling-off in the human product is necessarily fragmentary and chaotic. Let us run over a few of the points your elders have observed and recorded against you.

Veteran teachers are saying that never in their experience were young people so thirstily avid of pleasure as now. "But," one urges, "it is the season when they should enjoy themselves. Young people always have — they always will." — "Yes," they answer, "that is true, but this is different from anything we have ever seen in the young before. They are so keen about it — so selfish, and so hard!"

Of your chosen pleasures, some are obviously corroding to the taste; to be frank, they are vulgarizing. It is a mat-

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ter of ordinary comment that the children of cultivated fathers and mothers do not, nowadays, grow up the equals of their parents in refinement and cultivation. There must, then, be strong vulgarizing elements outside the home, as well as some weakness within, so to counteract and make of little worth the gentler influences of their intimate life. How can anything avail to refine children whose taste in humor is formed by the colored supplements of the Sunday paper, as their taste in entertainment is shaped by continuous vaudeville and the moving-picture shows? These things are actually very large factors in children's lives to-day. How should they fail of their due influence on plastic human material? Where the parents at the formative age saw occasional performances of Booth, Barrett, Modjeska, and "Rip Van Winkle," the children go to vaudeville, and go almost constantly. While most vaudeville performances have one or two numbers that justify the proprietors' claim of harmless, wholesome amusement, the bulk of the programme is almost inevitably drivel, common, stupid, or inane. It may not be actually coarse, but inanity, stupidity, and commonness are even more potent as vulgarizing influences than actual coarseness. Coarseness might repel; inanity disintegrates.

"I don't approve," your fathers and mothers say anxiously, "but I hate to keep Tom and Mary at home when all the other children are allowed to go." These parents are conscientious and energetic in looking after Tom's teeth and eyes, Mary's hair, tonsils, and nasal passages, but seem utterly unconscious that mental rickets and curvature of the soul are far more deforming than crooked teeth and adenoids.

Our ancestors spoke frequently of fortitude. That virtue was very real and very admirable to them; we use the word too little; you, not at all. The saving grace of their every-

day hardships has vanished. "Even in a palace, life may be led well!" One wonders how Marcus Aurelius would have judged the moral possibilities of flats or apartment hotels? When one gets light by pushing a button, heat by turning a screw, water by touching a faucet, and food by going down in an elevator, life is so detached from the healthy exercise and discipline which used to accompany the mere process of living, that one must scramble energetically to a higher plane or drop to a much lower one.

When the rising generation goes into the militia, it is, old officers tell us, "soft" and incompetent, unpleasantly affected by ants and spiders, querulous as to tents and blankets, and generally as incapable of adapting itself to the details of military life as one would expect a flat-reared generation to be. The advocates of athletics and manual training in our schools and colleges are doing their utmost to counteract the tendency to make flabby, fastidious bodies, which comes from too-comfortable living; but the task is huge.

Much more ado is made over this business of training the mind and body to-day than ever before. From the multiplied and improved machinery of education, it would seem that we must be far in advance of our fathers. But where are the results in improved humanity? The plain truth seems to be that the utmost which can be done for the child to-day is not enough to counterbalance the rapidly growing disadvantages of urban life and modern conditions. Vast increase in effort and in cost does not even enable the race to keep up with itself. Forging ahead at full speed, we are yet dropping woefully behind.

Training is not a matter of the mind and body only. More fundamental to personality than either is the education of the soul. In your up-bringing this has been profoundly neglected — and here is your cruelest loss. Of the

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generation of your fathers and mothers it may be generally affirmed that they received their early religious training under the old régime. Their characters were shaped by the faith of their fathers, and those characters usually remained firm and fixed, though their minds sometimes became the sport of opposing doctrines. They grew up in a world that was too hastily becoming agnostic as a result of the dazzling new discoveries of science. It was a shallow interpretation that claimed science and religion as enemies to the death. So much is clear now. But, shallow or not, such was the thought of the seventies. The rising generation of that day had to face it. A great many young people then became unwilling martyrs to what they believed the logic of the new knowledge. It was through inability to enlarge their ideas of Him, to meet the newly disclosed facts about his universe, that they gave up their God. They lost their faith because imagination failed them.

The clamor and the shouting of that old war have already died away; the breach between science and religion is healed; the world shows more and more mysterious as our knowledge of it widens, and we acknowledge it to be more inexplicable without a Will behind its phenomena than with one. But that period of storm and stress had a practical result; it is incarnated in the rising generation.

In the wrack of beliefs, your parents managed to retain their ingrained principles of conduct. Not knowing what to teach you, they taught you nothing whole-heartedly. Thus you have the distinction of growing up with a spiritual training less in quantity and more diluted in quality than any "Christian" generation for nineteen hundred years. If you are agnostic-and-water, if you find nothing in the universe more stable than your own wills — what wonder? Conceived in uncertainty, brought forth in misgiving — how can such a generation be nobly militant?

Before it occurred to me to analyze your deficiencies and your predicament thus, I used to look at a good many members of the rising generation and wonder helplessly what ailed them. They were amiable, attractive, lovable even, but singularly lacking in force, personality, and the power to endure. Conceptions of conduct that were the very foundations of existence to decent people even fifteen years their seniors, were to them simply unintelligible. The word "unselfishness," for instance, had vanished from their vocabularies. Of altruism, they had heard. They thought it meant giving away money if you had plenty to spare. They approved of altruism, but "self-sacrifice" was literally as Sanskrit to their ears. They demanded ease; they shirked responsibility. They did not seem able to respond to the notion of duty as human nature has always managed to respond to it before.

All this was not a matter of youth. One may be undeveloped and yet show the more clearly the stuff of which one is made. It was a matter of substance, of mass. You cannot carve a statue in the round from a thin marble slab; the useful two-by-four is valueless as framing-timber for ships; you cannot make *folks* out of light-weight human material.

When these young persons adopted a philosophy, it was naïve and inadequate. They talked of themselves as "socialists," but their ideas of Socialism were vague. To them it was just an *ism* that was going to put the world to rights, without bothering them very much to help it along. They seemed to feel that salvation would come to them by reading Whitman and G. B. S., or even the mild and uncertain Mr. H. G. Wells; and that a vague, general good-will toward man was an ample substitute for active effort and self-sacrifice for individuals. Somebody, some day, was going to push a button, and presto! life would be soft and comfortable for everybody.

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Of Socialism in general I confess myself incompetent to speak. It may, or it may not, be the solution of our acutely pressing social problems. But if men are too cheap, greedy, and sordid to carry on a republic honestly, preserving that equality of opportunity which this country was founded to secure, it must be men who need reforming. The more ideal the scheme of government, the less chance it has against the inherent crookedness of human nature. In the last analysis, we are not ruled by a "government," but by our own natures objectified, moulded into institutions. Rotten men make rotten government. If we are not improving the quality of the human product, our social system is bound to grow more cruel and unjust, whatever its name or form.

"But of course you believe," said one pink-cheeked young Socialist, expounding his doctrine, "that the world will be a great deal better when everybody has a porcelain bathtub and goes through high school. Why — why, of course, you *must* believe that!"

Dear lad, I believe nothing of the kind! You yourself have had a porcelain bathtub from your tenderest years. You also went through high school. Yet you are markedly inferior to your old grandfather in every way, — shallower, feebler, more flippant, less efficient physically and even mentally, though your work is with books, and his was with flocks and herds. Frankly, I find in you nothing essential to a man. God knows what life can make of such as you. I do not. Your brand of Socialism is made up of a warm heart, a weak head, and an unwillingness to assume responsibility for yourself or anybody else — in short, a desire to shirk. These elements are unpleasantly common in young Socialists of my acquaintance. I know, of course, that a very passion of pity, a Christlike tenderness, brings many to that fold; but there are more of another kind. It was one of the latter who was horrified by my suggestion that he

might have to care for his parents in their old age. It would interfere too much, he said, with his conception of working out his own career!

What can one say to this? The words character and duty convey absolutely nothing to young people of this type. They have not even a fair working conception of what such words mean. Did I not dispute a whole afternoon with another young man about the necessity for character, only to learn at the end of it that he did n't know what character was. He supposed it was "something narrow and priggish — like what deacons used to be." And he, mind you, was in his twenties, and claimed, *ore rotundo*, to be a Whitmanite, a Shavian, and a Socialist. Also, he was really intelligent about almost everything but life — which is the only thing it is at all needful to be intelligent about.

The *culte du moi* is one thing when it is representative, when one rhapsodizes one's self haughtily as a unit of the democratic mass, as Whitman undoubtedly did; and quite another when it is narrowly personal, a kind of glorification of the petty, personal attributes of young John Smith, used by him to conceal from himself the desirability of remodeling his own personality; but that is what young John Smith, who calls himself a Whitmanite, is making of it. I knew one of these young persons — I trust his attitude is exceptional — who refused special training for work he wanted to do, on the ground that he was "repelling interference with his sacred individuality."

Twenty years ago there were faint-hearted disciples of Whitman who took him as an antidote for congenital unassertiveness. His insistence on the value of personality supplied something needed in their make-up, and they found in wearing a flannel shirt and soft tie a kind of spiritual gymnastic that strengthened the flabby muscles of their Ego. The young Whitmanites of to-day have no flabby muscles in their Ego.

The same temperamental qualities operate when they name themselves Shavians. Their philosophy was set forth lucidly in an article in the "Atlantic" for February, 1909.¹ Its keynote is the liberation of the natural will, with the important modifications that the natural will must hold itself to an iron responsibility in its collisions with other wills, must not obstruct the general good of society or the evolution of the race. To the unphilosophic eye, these modifications look suspiciously like duties — the old, old duties to God and man. Why go around Robin Hood's barn to arrive at the point where our ancestors set out? If the exercise were mentally strengthening, the *détour* might be justified; but the evidence of this is decidedly incomplete.

It may easily happen that the next twenty years will prove the most interesting in the history of civilization. Armageddon is always at hand in some fashion. Nice lads with the blood of the founders of our nation in your veins, pecking away at the current literature of Socialism, taking out of it imperfectly understood apologies for your temperaments and calling it philosophy — where will you be if a Great Day should really dawn? What is there in your way of thought to help you play the man in any crisis? If the footmen have wearied you, how shall you run with the horsemen? In one way or another, every generation has to fight for its life. When your turn comes, you will be tossed on the scrap-heap, shoved aside by boys of a sterner fibre and a less easy life, boys who have read less and worked more, boys who have thought to some purpose and have been willing — as you are not — to be disciplined by life.

If you point out to one of these young Whitmanshaws the fact that the Ten Commandments are concrete suggestions for so conducting life that it will interfere as little as possible with "the general good of society and the evolution

¹ "The Philosophy of Bernard Shaw," by Archibald Henderson.

of the race," and that the Golden Rule is a general principle covering the same ground, he will tell you that the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule are bad because they are promulgated on Authority, and nobody must take things on Authority — for Mr. Shaw says so! One must find it all out for himself. If you suggest that it is possible to regard Authority as the data collected by those who have preceded him along the trail, telling him what they found out about the road, so as to save him from trouble and danger; if you maintain that it is as unscientific to reject previous discoveries in ethics as in engineering, he may be silenced, but he will not be convinced, for his revolt is not a matter of logic but of feeling. He wants to do as he pleases. He desires to be irresponsible, and he will adopt any philosophy which seems to him to hold out a justification of irresponsibility, as he will adopt any theory of social organization which promises to relieve him of a man's work in the world. I am not exaggerating the shallowness of this attitude.

All educated young people are not "intellectuals." Most of them are perfectly contented without any articulate philosophy as an apology for their inclinations. There is also a considerable body of them who are already painfully commercialized, even in their school-days. On the whole, the kind of young Socialist who resents the idea of having to care for his parents in their helpless age is less of a menace to society as now constituted than the kind of young individualist who boasts how much money he acquired during his college course by making loans to his classmates upon the security of their evening clothes and watches. The latter, hard as nails and predatory, has already moulded himself into a distinctly anti-social shape; the former is still amorphous, still groping. There is yet a chance that he may make a man.

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I am not a philosopher. I know only so much as the man in the street may know, the rough-and-ready philosophy that is born in us all. Just so long as any system of education or any philosophy produces folks that *are* folks, wisdom is justified of her children. That system has earned the right to stand. This point is not debatable. Even the new prophets concede it. For the end of all education, the business of all living, is to make men and women. All else is vain toil. The old conditions produced them; the new do not.

Certain qualities go to the making of any human being whom other human beings esteem. Certain ingredients are as necessary to a man as flour and yeast to bread, or iron and carbon to steel. You cannot make them any other way. There is a combination of steadiness of purpose, breadth of mind, kindliness, wholesome common sense, justice, perhaps a flash of humor, certainly a capacity for the task in hand, that produces a worth-while person. The combination occurs in every rank in life. You find it as often in the kitchen as in the parlor; oftener, perhaps, in the field than in the office. The people who are so composed have spiritual length, breadth, thickness; they are people of three dimensions. Everybody feels alike about them, even you youngsters. For this saving grace I have noticed about you — you do, after all, know whom to like when types are put before you in the flesh. Never by any chance do you waste your real admiration on the one-dimension people who, like points, have “position but no magnitude,” or on the two-dimension people who, like planes, “have length and breadth but no depth.” You frankly don’t care much for the kind of creature your own ideas would shape. You want people to be stanch, patient, able, just as much as if you were not repudiating for yourselves the attitudes which produce these things.

Force, personality, the power to endure: these our fathers had; these you are losing. Yet life itself demands them as much as it ever did. For though we may be getting soft and losing our stamina (another word which, like fortitude, has gone out of fashion), the essential elements of life remain unchangeable. Life is not, and is not meant to be, a cheap, easy matter, even for flat-dwellers. It is a grim, hard, desolate piece of work, shot through with all sorts of exquisite, wonderful, compensating experiences.

Consider the matter of your own existence and support that you accept with such nonchalant ease. Every child born into the world is paid for with literal blood, sweat, tears. That is the fixed price, and there are no bargain sales. Years of toil, months of care, hours of agony, go to your birth and rearing. What excuse have you, anyhow, for turning out flimsy, shallow, amusement-seeking creatures, when you think of the elements in your making? The price is paid gladly. That is your fathers' and mothers' part. Yours is, to be worth it. You have your own salvation to work out. It must be salvation, and it must be achieved by work. That is the law, and there is no other.

Our rushing, mechanical, agitated way of living tends to hide these root-facts from you. Years ago I asked a young girl, compelled for reasons of health to spend her winters away from her home, how she filled her days. "It takes a good deal of time to find out what I think about things," she answered, explaining thereby, in part, the depth in her own character as well as the shallowness in whole groups of others. In simpler days, when there was more work and less amusement, there was more time for thinking, and thinking is creative of personality. Some of it must go to the making of any creature who counts at all, as must also some actual work. Also — and you ought to know this and to be able to rejoice in it — the other great creative elements in person-

ality are responsibility and suffering. The unshapen lump of raw human material that we are cannot take on lines of identity without the hammer, the chisel, the drill — that comparison must certainly be as old as the art of moralizing, but it has not lost its force.

Sometimes you prattle confidently of growth by “development,” as if that were an affair of ease. It is only experience, the reaction of our activities on the self, which develops; and experience has immense possibilities of pain. Have you forgotten what you learned in your psychology concerning the very kernel of selfhood? “We measure ourselves by many standards. Our strength and our intelligence, our wealth and even our good luck, are things which warm our heart and make us feel ourselves a match for life. But deeper than all such things, and able to suffice unto itself without them, is the sense of the amount of effort we can put forth . . . as if it were the substantive thing which we *are*, and those were but the externals which we *carry*. . . . He who can make none is but a shadow; he who can make much is a hero.”

We are, obviously, here to be made into something by life. It seizes and shapes us. The process is sometimes very pleasant, sometimes very painful. So be it. It is all in the day's work, and only the worthless will try to evade their proper share of either pain or pleasure. To seek more of the former would be bravado, as to accept less would be dishonor. The whole matter is of such a simplicity that only the suspicion of a concerted, though unconscious, attempt of an entire generation to get the pleasure without the due pain of living, would justify such a definite statement of it here.

The other day I beheld a woman whose husband earns something less than two hundred dollars a month, purchasing her season's wardrobe. Into it went one hat at fifty

dollars and another at thirty dollars. Her neighbors in the flat-building admired and envied. One of the bolder wondered. "Well, I can't help it," said Mrs. Jones. "I just tell Mr. Jones life is n't worth livin' if I can't have what I want." This, you see, was her way of "liberating the natural will."

The truth is that life is n't worth livin' if you *can* have what you want — unless you happen to be the exceptional person who wants discipline, responsibility, effort, suffering.

From the thought of Mrs. Jones and her hats, I like to turn to a certain volume of memoirs, giving a picture of New England life in the first half of the nineteenth century. It is an incomparable textbook on the art of getting the most out of living. It sets forth, in such concrete, vivid fashion as to kindle the most reluctant imagination, the habits and virtues of a plain-living, high-thinking, purposeful day. The delightful lady who is the subject of it found three dresses at a time an ample outfit, and six days' sewing a year sufficed for her wardrobe; but she had "a noble presence and what would have been called stately manners, had they not been so gracious."¹ Before the age of twenty she had read "all the authors on metaphysics and ethics that were then best known," and throughout life she kept eagerly in touch with the thought of the day. This did not interfere with her domestic concerns, as they did not narrow her social life. If she arose at 4 A.M. to sweep the parlors, calling the domestics and the family at six, it was that she might find time for reading during the morning, and for entertaining her friends in the evening, as she habitually did some three times a week. She managed a large house and a large family, and her wit, cultivation, and energy enriched life for everybody who knew her. She had "no higher aim

¹ *Recollections of My Mother*. By Susan I. Lesley, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

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than to light and warm the neighborhood where God had placed her." She and her sisters "had never dreamed of a life of ease, or of freedom from care, as anything to be desired. On the contrary, they gloried in responsibility with all the intensity of simple and healthy natures."

That day is gone, not to return, but its informing spirit can be recaptured and applied to other conditions as a solvent. If that were done, I think the Golden Age might come again, even here and now.

No generalizations apply to all of a class. Numerically, of course, many of the rising generation are fine and competent young people, stanch, generous, right-minded, seeking to give and to get the best in life and to leave the world better than they found it. I take it, any young person who reads the "Atlantic" will have chosen this better part — but, suppose you had n't! Suppose you discovered yourself to be one of those unfortunates herein described? Deprived of the disciplinary alphabet, multiplication-table, Latin grammar; dispossessed of the English Bible, most stimulating of literary as well as of ethical inheritances; despoiled of your birthright in the religion that made your ancestors; destitute of incentives to hardihood and physical exertion; solicited to indolence by cheap amusements, to self-conceit by cheap philosophies, to greed by cheap wealth — what, then, is left for you?

Even if your predicament were, without relief, as dire as this, you would at least have the chance to put up a wonderful fight. It would be so good a thing to win against those odds that one's blood tingles at the thought. But there are several elements which alter the position. For one, the lack of a definite religious training is not irreparable.

This is not a sermon, and it is for others to tell those how to find God who have not yet attained unto Him; but it is certain that the mature world around you, with which you

are just coming into definite relation, is morally very much alive just now. That its moral awakening is not exactly on the lines of previous ones does not make it less authentic or contagious. Unless you are prematurely case-hardened, it is bound to affect you.

Then — you are young. It is quite within your power to surprise yourselves and discomfit the middle-aged prophets of evil who write you pages of warnings. The chance of youth is always the very greatest chance in the world, the chance of the uncharted sea, of the undiscovered land.

The idealism of the young and their plasticity in the hands of their ideals have carried this old world through evil days before now. It has always been held true that, so long as you are under twenty-five, you are not irrevocably committed to your own deficiencies. I wonder if you realize that for you, first among the sons of men, that period of grace has been indefinitely extended?

The brain-specialists and the psychologists between them have given in the last ten years what seems conclusive proof of the servitude of the body to the Self; they have shown how, by use of the appropriate mechanism in our make-up, we can control to a degree even the automatisms of our bodies; they have demonstrated the absolute mastery of will over conduct. Those ancient foes, Heredity and Habit, can do very little against you, to-day, that you are not in a position to overcome. Since the world began, no human creatures have had the scientific assertion of this that you possess. Many wise and many righteous have longed to be assured of these matters, and have agonized through life without that certainty. Saints and sages have achieved by long prayer and fasting the graces that you, apparently, may attain by the easy process of self-suggestion.

Coming as this psychological discovery does, in the middle of an age of unparalleled mechanical invention and dis-

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covery, it is almost — is it not? — as if the Creator of men had said: “It is time that these children of mine came to maturity. I will give them at last their full mastery over the earth and over the air and over the spirits of themselves. Let us see how they bear themselves under these gifts.”

Thus, your responsibility for yourselves is such an utter responsibility as the race has never known. It is the ultimate challenge to human worth and human power. You dare not fail under it. I think the long generations of your fathers hold their breath, to see if you do less with certainty than they have done with faith.

THIS OLDER GENERATION

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

I READ with ever-increasing wonder the guarded defenses and discreet apologies for the older generation which keep filtering through the essays of the "Atlantic." I can even seem to detect a growing decision of tone, a definite assurance of conviction, which seems to imply that a rally has been undertaken against the accusations which the younger generation, in its self-assurance, its irreverence for the old conventions and moralities, its passion for the novel and startling, seemed to be bringing against them. The first faint twinges of conscience felt by the older generation have given place to renewed homily. There is an evident anxiety to get itself put on record as perfectly satisfied with its world, and desirous that its sons and daughters should learn anew of those peculiar beauties in which it has lived. Swept off its feet by the call to social service and social reform, it is slowly regaining its foundation, and, slightly flushed, and with garments somewhat awry, it proclaims again its belief in the eternal verities of Protestant religion and conventional New England morality.

It is always an encouraging sign when people are rendered self-conscious and are forced to examine the basis of their ideals. The demand that they explain them to skeptics always makes for clarity. When the older generation is put on the defensive, it must first discover what convictions it has, and then sharpen them to their finest point in order to present them convincingly. There are always too many unquestioned things in the world, and for a person or class to have to scurry about to find reasons for its prejudices is

about as healthy an exercise as one could wish for either of them. To be sure, the reasons are rarely any more than *ex post facto* excuses — supports and justifications for the prejudices rather than the causes thereof. Reason itself is very seldom more than that. The important point is that one should feel the need of a reason. This always indicates that something has begun to slide, that the world is no longer so secure as it was, that obvious truths no longer are obvious, that the world has begun to bristle with question marks.

One of the basic grievances of this older generation against the younger of to-day, with its social agitation, its religious heresy, its presumptive individuality, its economic restlessness, is that all this makes it uncomfortable. When you have found growing older to be a process of the reconciliation of the spirit to life, it is decidedly disconcerting to have some youngster come along and point out the irreconcilable things in the universe. Just as you have made a tacit agreement to call certain things non-existent, it is highly discommoding to have somebody shout with strident tones that they are very real and significant. When, after much struggling and compromise, you have got your world clamped down, it is discouraging to have a gale arise, which threatens to blow over all your structure. Through so much of the current writing runs this quiet note of disapprobation. These agnostic professors who unsettle the faith of our youth, these "intellectuals who stick a finger in everybody's pie in the name of social justice," these sensation-mongers who unveil great masses of political and social corruption, these remorseless scientists who would reveal so many of our reticences — why can't they let us alone? Can they not see that God's in his heaven, all's right with the world?

Now I know this older generation, which doth protest so much. I have lived with it for the last fifteen years, ever since I began to wonder whether all was for the best in the

best of all possible worlds. I was educated by it, grew up with it. I doubt if any generation ever had a more docile pupil than I. What they taught me, I find they still believe, or at least so many of them as have not gone over to the enemy, or been captured by the militant youth of to-day. Or, as seems rather likely, they no longer precisely believe, but they want their own arguments to convince themselves. It is probable that, when we really believe a thing with all our hearts, we do not attempt to justify it. Justification comes only when we are beginning to doubt it.

By this older generation, I mean, of course, the mothers and fathers and uncles and aunts of the youth of both sexes between twenty and thirty who are beginning their professional or business life. And I refer of course to the comfortable or fairly comfortable American middle class. Now this older generation has had a religion, a metaphysics, an ethics, and a political and social philosophy, which have reigned practically undisputed until the appearance of the present generation. It has at least never felt called upon to justify itself. It has never been directly challenged, as it is to-day. In order to localize this generation still further, we must see it in its typical setting of the small town or city, clustered about the institutions of church and family. If we have any society which can be called "America," it is this society. Its psychology is American psychology; its soul is America's soul.

This older generation, which I have known so well for fifteen years, has a religion which is on the whole as pleasant and easy as could be devised. Though its members are the descendants of the stern and rugged old Puritans, who wrestled with the devil and stripped their world of all that might seduce them from the awful service of God, they have succeeded in straining away by a long process all the repellent attitudes in the old philosophy of life. It is unfair

to say that the older generation believes in dogmas and creeds. It would be more accurate to say that it does not disbelieve. It retains them as a sort of guaranty of the stability of the faith, but leaves them rather severely alone. It does not even make more than feeble efforts to reinterpret them in the light of modern knowledge. They are useless, but necessary.

The foundation of this religion may be religious, but the superstructure is almost entirely ethical. Most sermons of to-day are little more than pious exhortations to good conduct. By good conduct is meant that sort of action which will least disturb the normal routine of modern middle-class life: common honesty in business life, faithfulness to duty, ambition in business and profession, filial obligation, the use of talents, and always and everywhere simple human kindness and love. The old Puritan ethics, which saw in the least issue of conduct a struggle between God and the devil, has become a mere code for facilitating the daily friction of conventional life.

Now one would indeed be churlish to find fault with this devout belief in simple goodness, which characterizes the older generation. It is only when these humble virtues are raised up into an all-inclusive programme for social reform and into a philosophy of life that one begins to question, and to feel afar the deep hostility of the older generation to the new faith.

Simple kindness, common honesty, filial obedience, it is evidently still felt, will solve all the difficulties of personal and social life. The most popular novels of the day are those in which the characters do the most good to each other. The enormous success with the older generation of "The Inside of the Cup," "Queed," and "V.V.'s Eyes" is based primarily on the fact that these books represent a sublimated form of the good old American melodramatic moral sense.

and now comes along Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee with his "crowds," — what a funny, individualized, personal-responsibility crowd he gives us, to be sure, — and his panacea for modern social ills by the old solution of applied personal virtue. Never a word about removing the barriers of caste and race and economic inequality, but only an urgent step over them. Never a trumpet-call to level the heights of privilege, or build up the heights of opportunity, but only an appeal to extend the charitable hand from the heights of heaven, or offer the kindly patronage to the unfortunate, or — most dazzling of all — throw away, in a hurry, the rags of abandonment, life and fortune. Not to conduct a business organization where dishonesty would be unthinkable, but to be utopically honest against the business world. In other words, the older generation believes in giving up all the luxury of the virtue of goodness, while conceding all the advantages of being in a vicious society. One characteristic that distinguishes the older generation, it is this belief that social ills may be cured by personal virtue. Its highest moral ideals are sacrifice and service. But the older generation can never see how utterly selfish these ideals are, in the most complete sense of the word selfish. What they mean always is, "I sacrifice myself for you," "I serve you," not, "We coöperate in working unceasingly toward an ideal where all may be free and may be served or serve." These ideals of sacrifice and service are utterly selfish, because they take account only of the satisfaction and moral consolidation of the doer. They enhance his moral value; but what of the person who is injured or sacrificed for? What of the person who is done to? If the feelings of sacrifice and service were in any way altruistic, the moral enhancement of the receiver would be the object sought. But can it not be said that every individual virtuous merit secured by an act of

sacrifice or service on the part of the doer, there is a corresponding depression on the part of the receiver? Do we not universally recognize this by calling a person who is not conscious of this depression a parasite, and the person who is no longer capable of depression a pauper? It is exactly those free gifts, such as schools, libraries, and so forth, which are impersonal or social, that we can accept gratefully and gladly; and it is exactly because the ministrations of a Charity Organization Society are impersonal and business-like, that they can be received willingly, and without moral depression, by the poor.

The ideal of duty is equally open to attack. The great complaint of the younger against the older generation has to do with the rigidity of the social relationships into which the younger find themselves born. The world seems to be full of what may be called canalized emotions. One is "supposed" to love one's aunt or one's grandfather in a certain definite way, at the risk of being "unnatural." One gets almost a sense of the quantitative measurement of emotion. Perhaps the greatest tragedy of family life is the useless energy that is expended by the dutiful in keeping these artificial channels open, and the correct amount of current running. It is exactly this that produces most infallibly the rebellion of the younger generation. To hear that one ought to love this or that person; or to hear loyalty spoken of, as the older generation so often speaks of it, as if it consisted in an allegiance to something which one no longer believes in — this is what soonest liberates those forces of madness and revolt that bewilder spiritual teachers and guides. It is those dry channels of duty and obligation through which no living waters of emotion flow that it is the ideal of the younger generation to break up. They will have no network of emotional canals that are not brimming, no duties that are not equally loves.

But when they are loves, you have duty no longer meaning very much. Duty, like sacrifice and service, always implies a personal relation of individuals. You are always doing your duty to somebody or something. Always the taint of inequality comes in. You are morally superior to the person who has duty done to him. If that duty is not filled with good-will and desire, it is morally hateful, or at very best, a necessary evil — one of those compromises with the world which must be made in order to get through it at all. But duty without good-will is a compromise with our present state of inequality, and to raise duty to the level of a virtue is to consecrate that state of inequality forevermore.

It is the same thing with service. The older generation has attempted an insidious compromise with the new social democracy by combining the words "social" and "service." Under cover of the ideal of service, it tries to appropriate to itself the glory of social work, and succeeds in almost convincing itself and the world that its Christianity has always held the same ideal. The faithful are urged to extend their activities. The assumption is that, by doing good to more individuals, you are thereby becoming social. But to speak of "social democracy," — which of course means a freely coöperating, freely reciprocating society of equals — and "service," together, is a contradiction of terms. For, when you serve people or do good to them, you thereby render yourself unequal with them. You insult the democratic ideal. If the service is compulsory, it is menial and you are inferior. If voluntary, you are superior. The difference, however, is only academic. The entire Christian scheme is a clever but unsuccessful attempt to cure the evils of inequality by transposing the values. The slave serves gladly instead of servilely. That is, he turns his master into a slave. That is why good Christian people can

never get over the idea that Socialism means simply the triumph of one class over another. To-day the proletarian is down, the capitalist up. To-morrow the proletarian will be up and the capitalist down. To pull down the mighty from their seats and exalt them of low degree is the highest pitch to which Christian ethics ever attained. The failure of the older generation to recognize a higher ethic, the ethic of democracy, is the cause of all the trouble.

The notorious Victorian era, which in its secret heart this older generation still admires so much, accentuated all the latent individualism of Christian ethics, and produced a code which, without the rebellion of the younger generation, would have spiritually guaranteed forever all moral caste divisions and inequalities of modern society. The Protestant Church, in which this exaggerated ethic was enshrined, is now paying heavily the price of this debauch of ethical power. Its rapidly declining numbers show that human nature has an invincible objection to being individually saved. The Catholic Church, which saves men as members of the Beloved Community, and not as individuals, flourishes. When one is saved by Catholicism, one becomes a democrat, and not a spiritual snob and aristocrat, as one does through Calvinism. The older generation can never understand that superb loyalty which is loyalty to a community — a loyalty which, paradoxical as it may seem, nourishes the true social personality in proportion as the individual sense is lessened. The Protestant Church, in its tenacious devotion to the personal ideal of a Divine Master, — the highest and most popular Christian ideal of to-day, — shows how very far it still is away from the ideals and ethics of a social democracy, a life lived in the Beloved Community.

The sense of self-respect is the very keystone of the personality in whose defense all this individualistic philosophy

has been carefully built up. The Christian virtues date from ages when there was a vastly greater number of morally depressed people than there is now. The tenacious survival of these virtues can be due only to the fact that they were valuable to the moral prestige of some class. Our older generation, with its emphasis on duty, sacrifice, and service, shows us very clearly what those interests were. I deliberately accuse the older generation of conserving and greatly strengthening these ideals, as a defensive measure. Morals are always the product of a situation; they reflect a certain organization of human relations, which some class or group wishes to preserve. A moral code or set of ideals is always the invisible spiritual sign of a visible social grace. In an effort to retain the *status quo* of that world of inequalities and conventions in which they most comfortably and prosperously live, the older generation has stamped, through all its agencies of family, church, and school, upon the younger generation, just those seductive ideals which would preserve its position. These old virtues, upon which, however, the younger generation is already making guerilla warfare, are simply the moral support with which the older generation buttresses its social situation.

The natural barriers and prejudices by which our elders are cut off from a freely flowing democracy are thus given a spiritual justification, and there is added for our elders the almost sensual luxury of leaping, by free grace, the barriers, and giving themselves away. But the price has to be paid. Just as profits, in the socialist philosophy, are taken to be an abstraction from wages, through the economic power which one class has over another, so the virtues of the older generation may be said to be an abstraction from the virtue of other classes less favorably situated from a moral or personal point of view. Their swollen self-respect is at the expense of others.

How well we know the type of man in the older generation who has been doing good all his life! How his personality has thriven on it! How he has ceaselessly been storing away moral fat in every cranny of his soul! His goodness has been meat to him. The need and depression of other people have been, all unconsciously to him, the air that he has breathed. Without their compensating misfortune or sin, his goodness would have wilted and died. If good people would earnestly set to work to make the world uniformly healthy, courageous, beautiful, and prosperous, the field of their vocation would be constantly limited, and finally destroyed. That they so stoutly resist all philosophies and movements which have these ends primarily in view is convincing evidence of the fierce and jealous egoism which animates their so plausibly altruistic spirit. One suspects that the older generation does not want its vocation destroyed. It takes an heroic type of goodness to undermine all the foundations on which our virtue rests.

If then I object to the ethical philosophy of the older generation, on the ground that it is too individualistic, and, under the pretense of altruism, too egoistic, I object to its general intellectuality as not individual enough. Intellectually the older generation seems to me to lead far too vegetative a life. It may be that this life has been lived on the heights, that these souls have passed through fires and glories, but there is generally too little objective evidence of this subjective fact. If the intuition that accompanies experience has verified all the data regarding God, the soul, the family, and so forth, — to quote one of the staunchest defenders of the generation, — this verification seems to have been obtained rather than the issues might be promptly disposed of and forgotten. Certainly the older generation is rarely interested in the profounder issues of life. It never speaks of death — the suggestion makes it uncom-

fortable. It shies in panic at hints of sex-issues. It seems resolute to keep life on as objective a plane as possible. It is no longer curious about the motives and feelings of people. It seems singularly to lack the psychological sense. If it gossips, it recounts actions, effects; it rarely seeks to interpret. It tends more and more to treat human beings as moving masses of matter instead of as personalities filled with potent influence, or as absorbingly interesting social types, as I am sure the younger generation does.

The older generation seems no longer to generalize — although it gives every evidence of having once prodigiously generalized, for its world is all hardened and definite. There are the good and the criminal, and the poor, the people who can be called nice, and the ordinary people. The world is already plotted out. Now I am sure that the generalizations of the truly philosophical mind are very fluid and ephemeral. They are no sooner made than the mind sees their insufficiency and has to break them up. A new cutting is made, only in turn to be shaken and rearranged. This keeps the philosopher thinking all the time, and it makes his world a very uncertain place. But he at least runs no risk of hardening, and he has his eyes open to most experience.

I am often impressed with the fact that the older generation has grown weary of thinking. It has simply put up the bars in its intellectual shop-windows and gone off home to rest. It may well be that this is because it has felt so much sorrow that it does not want to talk about sorrow, or so much love that to interpret love tires it, or repulsed so many rude blows of destiny that it has no interest in speaking of destiny. Its flame may be low for the very reason that it has burned so intensely. But how many of the younger generation would eagerly long for such interpretations if the older would only reveal them! And how little plausible

is that experience when it is occasionally interpreted! No, enthusiasm, passion for ideas, sensuality, religious fervor—all the heated weapons with which the younger generation attacks the world, seem only to make the older generation uneasy. The spirit, in becoming reconciled to life, has lost life itself.

As I see the older generation going through its daily round of business, church, and family life, I cannot help feeling that its influence is profoundly pernicious. It has signally failed to broaden its institutions for the larger horizon of the time. The church remains a private club of comfortable middle-class families, while outside there grows up, without spiritual inspiration, a heterogeneous mass of people without ties, roots, or principles. The town changes from a village to an industrial centre, and church and school go through their time-honored and listless motions. The world widens, society expands, formidable crises appear, but the older generation does not broaden; or, if it does, the broadening is in no adequate proportion to our needs. The older generation still uses the old ideas for the new problem. Whatever new wine it finds must be poured into the old bottles.

Where are the leaders among the older generation in America who, with luminous faith and intelligence, are rallying around them the disintegrated numbers of idealistic youth, as Bergson and Barrès and Jaurès have done in France? A few years ago there seemed to be a promise of a forward movement toward Democracy, led by battled veterans in a war against privilege. But how soon the older generation became wearied in the march! What is left now of that shining army and its leader? Must the younger generation eternally wait for the sign?

The answer is, of course, that it will not wait. It must shoulder the gigantic task of putting into practice its ideals

and revolutionary points of view as wholeheartedly and successfully as our great-grandfathers applied theirs and tightened the philosophy of life which imprisons the older generation. The shuddering fear that we in turn may become weary, complacent, evasive, should be the best preventive of that stagnation. We shall never have done looking for the miracle, that it shall be given us to lighten, cheer, and purify our "younger generation," even as our older has depressed and disintegrated us.

EDUCATION: THE MASTERY OF THE ARTS OF LIFE

ARTHUR E. MORGAN

THROUGHOUT the long ages during which education has been of the very essence of life, by endless selection and by the relentless test of time a natural educational method has emerged, which has a wonderful record of successful application under widely varying conditions. We are not sailing on an uncharted sea; for although innovators have come and gone, their practices warping or thwarting the lives which have come under their influence, always the sound historic method has survived, being wrought ever more firmly into our lives.

The other day I visited a school where this method is being used with success. It consists in the practice of the arts of life, sometimes with the assistance of the teacher, sometimes by the pupils working out points of technic with each other, when the teacher is not present. Occasionally the teacher will reprove or punish, most often because pupils have become too interested and boisterous for her comfort. Once I saw her bring a new problem to the class, and direct attention to its solution; but in the main the day's work is initiated and sustained by the interest of the pupils. We have here two of the fundamentals of sound education: that its method shall include and mainly consist of the practice of the arts of life, under the direction and inspiration of competent teachers; and that effort shall be initiated and maintained, not primarily by outward discipline, but by the guided interest and aspiration of the pupil. The curriculum of this school is very old, the best data indica-

ting that it has been in continuous use, almost without change, for one or two million years.

I had been watching a mother cat and her kittens. A cat must be able to catch food, to fight, and to distinguish between fighting and playing; and these necessities indicate what to it are some of the principal arts of life to be mastered. As I observed the group, the kittens in play would repeatedly attack the mother, she would retaliate, and then would come a tussle, in which the kittens would use all the ability they possessed in efforts to parry and strike, to bite and claw, continually imitating the mother. Sometimes the mother would begin the play, but usually the kittens, not only would begin, but would continue with such interest and vigor that, when the mother, tired out, wanted to stop the game, she would have to punish the kittens severely before they would admit that the lesson period was over. Once, a mouse she had caught became the subject of a lesson, the kittens trying to capture it while it attempted to escape.

As I watched this family at its lessons, I thought of changes in its curriculum which would be made by those innovators who in the past few generations have been teaching human children in accordance with weird theories of education. We might reasonably expect their first dictum to be that we must not trust to the interests of the kitten; that what it needs is to be compelled to do hard, disagreeable tasks; that it must, under duress, take great pains in developing uninteresting, useless technic, for the sake of mental discipline. Perhaps it would be desirable to compel the kitten to stand on its head! This would be sufficiently unpleasant and useless, and the discipline so acquired might be 'carried over' into other fields, so that later, when the grown cat should see a mouse, it might be possessed of a firm, continuing resolve to catch it. The fact that it would

not have learned how to catch mice would be a minor disadvantage, which could be overlooked.

This analogy of the kittens is not trivial. The instincts of the child, although more complicated, represent the resultant of selective tendencies acting through the ages. Education is not an institution devised and adopted by men, and kept alive by ceaseless vigil. It is an innate process of human life, as inherent as is physical development from infancy to maturity. Educational stimuli do not need to be produced and transmitted to the child by external application. They unfailingly originate within him, just as surely as do hunger and thirst. They may be awakened, guided, controlled, trained; inhibitions may be removed; but in the main they work according to their own laws. To have faith in creation as it expresses itself in the instinctive demand of youth for education; to sit at the feet of childhood and to learn its ways; to use to the utmost, and to direct wisely, its resources of interest and desire — this is educational wisdom. To ignore these great resources, to assume that we must work with childhood as with clay, expecting no innate determining activity on its part, but merely moulding it to fit a preconceived conventional type — this is educational tragedy.

The theories which educational innovators of recent centuries have forced upon us are to no small extent a direct by-product of the doctrine of total depravity. Though the doctrine itself has been abandoned by men of modern outlook, yet its implications continue to control our conventional educational system. To orthodox American educators, a child's tendencies are essentially unreliable and are largely bad. These men require that the child shall be drilled in useless subject-matter, that his life shall be fitted to an intellectual strait-jacket, and that he shall smother his deep-rooted love for adventure and inquiry, accepting their

statements as final authority; and when the spirit of youth rebels, and its life, thwarted in normal growth, expresses itself in unlovely ways, their remedy is to turn the screws still tighter.

This point of view was admirably expressed by a writer in the "Atlantic."

"From beginning to end, discipline permeated the curriculum of the school of yesterday. The interests of the individual pupil were rarely, if ever, consulted. The work assigned was to be done. The question of its appeal, of its difficulty, of its practical value to the particular pupil, was not even open for discussion. And what splendid men and women this old-fashioned, not always agreeable, disciplinary education developed!"

A great number of men who have another outlook believe that the present-day dissipation of youthful energy is due to the fact that the subject-matter of the conventional school has very little relation to actual life. They credit boys and girls with at least a small amount of that same common sense which inclines mature people to refuse to be interested in that which, they believe, in no way concerns them. They believe also that, as the faculties of men grow gradually through use, so the ability to exercise discernment, initiative, and self-restraint is more likely to be well developed if the youth gradually assumes the direction of his own interests, than if he remains under complete intellectual subordination during his school-life and then suddenly is given full responsibility for himself. But in the view of the conventional school man our present trouble with dissipated energies does not result from too much ignoring of interests. In the article quoted above we find this confession: "Many of us are forced to believe, and with all our hearts, that at the root of this deplorable situation lies a widespread acceptance of this modern doctrine of yielding to the interests of youth."

Unfortunately, a reaction from this doctrine of making a tragedy of youth by almost totally ignoring its interests, has carried some men and women to an acceptance of educational anarchy. One educator of prominence has expressed this attitude in substantially the following terms:—

When God creates a child, He endows him with tendencies and instincts which, if allowed free play, will lead to his perfect development. Every child is a new creation, differing from every other. Except as he may have become abnormal through unfortunate environment, he has a sacred right of freedom, of developing just what is in him. The teacher in his finiteness cannot foresee the child's possibilities and has no right to direct how his life should grow. His sole duty is to furnish a full, free environment, where the child can become just what it is in him to become, without let or hindrance. He should have little discipline except as he craves it, few obligations that he does not desire and prefer to assume. It is the teacher's duty to set before the child truth, wisdom, the good and the beautiful, leaving him free to choose, trusting to his instincts for the selection of what is best for him. In this way only can the untold possibilities of life be fulfilled. Society owes it to the child to give him this environment, and not to demand any services in return until the child's maturity.

It would seem that nothing but sheer lack of sympathy and imagination would lead one whole-heartedly to accept the former philosophy, and that nothing but the dreamers' utter disregard of hard facts would make possible the complete acceptance of the latter. Infancy, childhood, and youth represent a transition from nearly complete incompetence to maturity. It is not by holding dogmatically to an attitude, but by a continual exercise of imagination, sympathy, and common sense, that this ever-varying condition can be met. At no time can the instincts and the

spontaneous interests of the child be ignored without most serious consequences; and at no time should these interests, frequently casual or trivial, and supported by a frail, immature will, without some degree of reinforcement, direction, and control, be allowed to determine his activities. Certain basic human qualities, such as integrity, courage, and patience, have been proved so universally to be desirable; and others, such as dishonesty, cruelty, obscenity, are so unfailingly destructive of personal and social welfare, that within certain indefinite limits, which liberal common sense must endeavor to ascertain, we are bound to use our best efforts to direct the course of youthful development. An acknowledgment of this duty should in no wise weaken a profound reverence for the hidden possibilities of youth, or the resolution to allow these possibilities to develop according to their own laws, and without our inhibitive interference.

The innovators who would almost totally ignore the interests of childhood have had for a few generations almost entire control of the educational machinery of America; but although they could for a time control the machinery, the instinct for education in youth was too strong to be killed. While they thought that they were the educators of the country, they were, in fact, but filling in a few of the gaps in the educational system.

For instance, the ordinary life of early New England furnished occasion for the development of many qualities which go to make good men. Home industry supplied most material necessities. To become able to produce them required extensive technical training. It was getting this training in the home, with the discipline it implied, which constituted the major part of the young New Englander's education; and the problem of the school was so to supplement this home-environment that the home and the

school taken together would furnish the conditions necessary to produce the completely developed man. We miss the point when we single out from the whole circle that small arc which consisted of formal schooling, and style it New England education. The dean of the college of education in one of our largest universities recently remarked that, during his boyhood on the farm, he had but three months in the year of schooling, which left nine months for him to get an education.

As education through home arts has declined, people have begun to realize that the school-house has received too much credit, and the barn not enough. So we are beginning to reproduce the latter in our educational system, as witness our farm-schools, trade-schools, mechanics' institutes, and the modern trend toward "practical" education. Just now we have a feud between the barn and the school-house. Some of the men who have rediscovered the barn, and are building these "practical" schools, and even some of our advanced technical schools, despise any training that cannot be measured in terms of the pocketbook. As for our classical men, they usually have denied even the existence of the barn as an educational institution. In the few cases in which they have seen the need of training in the arts of life, they have looked upon it as more or less menial, suited only to those who are to become hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Recently I observed a most pathetic instance of this traditional attitude. In a large eastern city is a group of men and women who consider themselves, and are accepted as, the acme of American culture. Their own boys are educated in classical secondary schools, known throughout the country for their fine traditions. In these schools, aside from athletics and a small amount of manual training,

there is little training in the coördination of muscle, nerve, and brain, or in initiative and self-reliance. The education is largely that of a priest, a lawyer, or a gentleman of one or two hundred years ago. But these same men, realizing that some children should have a different kind of training, many years ago created a trade-school to which they send "deserving boys of limited means." Here I found sound, normal boys in a "practical" atmosphere, getting a "practical" education. They had conventional school-work of the grammar grades, and in addition learned to be printers, machinists, carpenters, and farmers.

The great city is only three miles away, with its museums, music, operas, libraries, and all that a centre of American culture can give; yet each boy leaves the school grounds only two to four times a year. If a boy, after months of this complete isolation, goes to the city without permission, he is subject to dismissal. It would be impossible to design furniture more cheaply, drearily ugly than that in the dining-room. The chairs, which cost sixty-five cents each, are like those that can be bought in any cheap furniture store. The dormitory is a huge barn-like room, with long rows of little white cots, absolutely the only other individual furniture in the room being a harness-hook on the wall for each boy, where he may hang his clothes.

This is a literally truthful account of a "practical" school, sending out American boys into life in American cities. The master is a man of substantial native ability, who would react quickly to any opportunity for better things; but he has little voice in determining policies. The school is financed and controlled by men who represent the cream of American culture, graduates of a great and grand old University, where their classical training was dominated by the "humanities."

As I left the institution I thought of Lanier's plaint: —

Alas, for the poor to have some part
In yon sweet living lands of art,
Makes problem not for head, but heart.
Vainly might Plato's brain revolve it:
Plainly the heart of a child could solve it.

The East is not alone at fault. In a large Western city an endowment of five million dollars recently has been provided to found a trade-school. The head of this institution has complete freedom of action. He requires every working boy who enters the institution to be actively engaged in the particular trade in which he studies, and his school-work is confined to adding to his expertness in that trade. When I asked whether this system did not narrow the pupil and prevent the development of larger appreciation of life, I received the reply that it might be unfortunate for these boys to have appreciations developed which would make them discontented with their lot. The head of this institution accepts enthusiastically the spirit of the German educational system.

In this same city I found a typical stereotyped classical secondary school, where the chief object would seem to be to eliminate contact with life. To do this more effectively, the school is placed so far out of the city that it takes two hours each day to go and come. No use is made of the country space except to provide an athletic field, and the curriculum has made practically no concessions to knowledge that men have gained during the last century. Wherever possible, this institution has adopted the forms and terminology of the great English public schools. Wealthy business men send their boys there to prepare them for college.

The two phases of education ought never to have been separated, and it is because we habitually adopt current

ideas rather than create our own that we have continued to think of them as distinct, and as requiring separate institutions. In planning the education of a child it is our duty deliberately to determine as fully as possible what experiences and environments are necessary in order that he may come to his fullest development. Some of these we may reasonably expect him to have in his everyday life. Others he will not have unless we intentionally provide for them. The whole duty of the educator is this — to supplement the ordinary contacts of life with others, so that the entire environment will develop to the fullest the possibilities of the child. It follows that the content of formal education cannot be fixed, but must change continually, so as always to supplement and complete the continually varying environment and experiences of everyday life. With the unprecedented rapidity of changes in the modern world, only by intentional, keen analysis of the situation, by maintaining a perpetual inventory, can we hope to make the necessary adjustments. Only live fish can swim upstream in the present-day educational current; and educational duty cannot be fulfilled by industrious labor in the ways of yesterday.

For education, as it has come down through the ages, consists always of learning how to live to-day through mastery of the arts of life of to-day; and in the arts of life I would include every normal ability or competence of body and of mind. That educational system is incomplete which does not keep open the vistas of life in every direction. Nothing that is essential to a fully developed life, and is not being acquired elsewhere, can safely be omitted. We cannot ignore material interests. Whether we consider artist, professional man, or laborer, the embarrassments and inefficiency of everyday life are decreased, and its freedom enlarged, by the possession of a working knowledge of

commercial usages, of the art of being solvent, of appraising accurately one's possessions, of correctly measuring and judging material values. Every man should be master of the elementary principles and technic of ordinary business affairs.

When the home does not teach good manners the school should do so. In so far as the home opens up the possibilities of literature, or of any other field, the school need not. The religious life cannot be ignored. Aspirations, high ideals of conduct, wonder, humility, and reverence before life and the source of life, consecration to convictions, unselfishness, love of our fellow men, the relation of moral standards to industry — all these can be considered or encouraged without offense in almost any school. A realization of the need of intellectual integrity and independence cannot always be imparted without offense, but the need is vital to any sound system of education. Given this range of interests, training in religious doctrines may be left safely to other agencies.

We should try to inspire the habit of searching out what is the burden of the world's wisdom and judgment in reference to the main issues of life. This demands a live knowledge of history, literature, and biography. We should develop the habit of questioning and examining accepted beliefs, whether of common knowledge, or in science, business, morals, or other fields. Youth should be encouraged to work out for itself tentative standards of economic, moral, and spiritual values; to pay heed to its use of time and resources; to define its attitude toward industry and social life, toward the live issues of the day, and toward life itself. No educational system is complete if its aim is so to engross the attention of men and women, either in industrial, professional, or social life, or in the pursuit and enjoyment of culture, that they will not have time to ask

themselves the question, "What is it all about?" To have asked this question, and to have reached a satisfactory attitude, which is not out of harmony with modern knowledge, is necessary to a teacher who is to direct wisely the aspirations of youth.

Any educational system is seriously at fault which does not develop a habit of laying claim to life's fine resources. The environment of the child should result in opening eyes and mind to natural phenomena, to life-processes and habits of plants and animals, to the data of geology, of physics, and of astronomy; and to the appeal of good literature, poetry, history, and of the various forms of art. We should include in our programme the development of social relationships, interests, and responsibilities. Habits should be acquired of effective expression, of considerateness and goodwill, and of the elimination of social friction through the medium of courtesy, good manners, and "good form," this good form to consist of consummate skill in living the Golden Rule, not of proficiency in the mannerisms of an exclusive social class.

Independence, originality, and initiative are mighty factors in human progress, but they find little opportunity for development in obedient poring over the prescribed daily lesson in the classroom. In many individual cases these high qualities actually survive eight or twelve years of routine plodding in our conventional schools — eloquent testimony as to how nearly ineradicable they are. The spirit of adventure, so nearly universal in youth, commonly is thwarted at every turn. Yet this is one of its finest gifts; when it has gone, life's greatest promise is past. An educational system should nurture and direct this spirit, bringing it to expression in a daring to aim at high standards, in adventures into new fields of action, thought, and knowledge; in a desire for the hard, strenuous things which

temper and stabilize character. The sporting instinct of youth demands these difficult tasks, and life is stale when they cannot be found.

While youth has these fine qualities so strongly rooted, it frequently lacks the wisdom or outlook to define the objects of its enthusiasms, and commonly adopts those of surrounding groups or individuals. To the father or teacher these qualities are treasures handed over to his keeping, for him to direct toward whatever ends he will. If he fails to direct them at all, or endeavors to suppress them because they do not fit a routine programme, they find objects for themselves, often on those low planes which commonplace life everywhere suggests.

In the end it is the mastery of all these arts of life, and not Greek and Latin, algebra and geometry, that is education. As we bear this fact clearly in mind, the relative importance of subjects begins to change, to become greater or less, as they contribute to the final result. To-day American education is breaking free from its impediments, and is groping its way back to the ages-old method of learning by practising the arts of life.

The following description is of incidents that have come within my experience, all during the last few months, though not all in the same school. They do not portray a system, but only casual intimations of a new day.

In a certain primary school I found many of the little children keeping chickens and selling eggs. With eggs selling for fifty cents a dozen, even the younger children had learned all the common divisions of fifty. As they had not yet mastered the intricacies of pounds and bushels, the youngest bought feed in small quantities, a few cents' worth at a time. The older children, who were able to calculate the cost, took the part of dealers. A boy of high-school age was wholesaler, buying feed by the ton for all

chickens and cattle, and selling it in lots of twenty pounds or less. They built playhouses, made and decorated holiday dresses, and made crude pottery. Definite comparison of these children with children in conventional schools indicated, not only superior development of hand and eye and better developed initiative, but also that they were further advanced in the subject-matter of the conventional school. At a bank administered by pupils in the school building, checks were cashed in payment for purchases and for labor or other services. Every pupil had money on deposit. Standard accounting methods were used, and a daily balance was kept of each pupil's account.

During the past winter the main school building, formerly used as a hotel, had burned down. In erecting the new building the boys of high-school age had done about sixty per cent of the work, outside of school hours, this labor having a value of about fifteen thousand dollars. In printing, in editing the school newspaper, and in gardening, the same enterprise was apparent.

Some of the day pupils, who are children of foreign laborers and soon will drop out of school, receive credit for progress in the manner of making beds, caring for baby, and sweeping the house. Under the teaching of a competent doctor and a nurse, the girls take care of babies in various families in the town, this work being designated as mothercraft. Arrangements are made for the boys and girls to be guests of educated people of moderate means, getting glimpses of refined living conditions. These people have not forgotten that to the immigrant child the interior of a well-to-do American home is as unfamiliar as a Chinese temple.

The headmaster and his wife live on the campus in a carefully furnished house. Pupils who are to meet the master find him there in the living-room before a fireplace, and

for the time being are his guests. A class in domestic science was combined with one in commercial arithmetic. In groups of two the young people of high-school age chose building lots in various parts of the city, made deals for purchasing the lots, worked out problems of taxes and special assessments as applied to them, determining the apportioning of taxes among such interests as education, police protection, and sanitation, and then planned houses to be built on them. The domestic-science teacher helped in planning the arrangement and in furnishing the rooms.

On looking into the classwork I found a great variety of progress. In grammar-school subjects, such as arithmetic, spelling, and grammar, each pupil progressed as his own abilities determined. Pupils who had done good work were "on self-reliance." Stopping one boy at his work, I asked him what that meant, and he replied: "You see, when you are on self-reliance you can do as you please. I had graduated from the seventh grade in history and geography, but I was only in the sixth grade in arithmetic. Now that I am on self-reliance, I can spend all the time I want to on arithmetic, and can catch up."

In a class that seemed proof against any interest in literature two boys, who were caring for the cows, asked if they might, as their work in English, read government bulletins on Holstein cattle. Starting with this, their attention was attracted to parts that might have been written better. Comparison was made with the style of classic authors, stories of keen interest to boys being taken as examples, and before the season was half over they found themselves reading good literature with the beginnings of appreciation. I found much reading of good books, and much effort at original composition.

All this and much more I have seen during recent months. In many schools over the United States one meets

flashes of sanity as expressed in devices for modernizing school methods and aims, and these are now leading to an orderly presentation of fundamental principles. Life's activities, whether social, industrial, creative, or cultural, are made up of a few great fundamental arts or occupations. Whether or not life as a whole is a success depends on whether or not these activities are pursued successfully. The aim of education is to prepare for and bring about their successful following. Certain acquirements, such as skill in reading, writing, and numbers, and the possession of the fundamental facts in any field of knowledge, constitute the tools of life, without which men cannot function effectively. Every well-considered action and every sound deduction of reason must be dependent upon the possession of skill and knowledge, or, to use a more formal expression, upon the possession of the necessary technic and of the pertinent data. This underlying preparation *must* be secured, if not by interesting adventures, then by patient drill and drudgery. Yet we should value such accomplishment somewhat as we do money, considering it not as valuable in itself, but as an almost indispensable medium of accomplishment.

Just as money when possessed for its own sake is a burden, so any knowledge is a useless impediment, which cannot, when occasion offers, function in some normal activity or appreciation, or in some sound deduction. The educational process should consist, not primarily in gaining this information, but in the practice of the arts or occupations of life. Obviously, then, the school must enable the arts of life to be practiced. It should furnish the inspiration and the occasion for each child to undertake adventures in which he is or can be interested, and by means of which he will acquire some of the necessary habits, skill, knowledge, and initiative which will fit him to live. It should be the **business** of the teacher so to inspire the choice of projects or

adventures, and so to direct the work, that in the doing of it these qualities will be developed. A child might take for a project making a garden, building a boat, or preparing for college. Several pupils may work upon a group-project; or they may have more than one at a time. Through the pupil's interest in such projects, related subject-matter will be introduced. The choice of an adventure is of prime importance only as it furnishes for a longer or shorter time the best instrumentality for the child's development.

Drill and routine cannot be eliminated and leave training normal or complete. But generally they can be given value in the pupil's estimation. Pupils learn most effectively and with the minimum loss of time if taught through, rather than in opposition to, their interests. Boys and girls do not always rebel against drudgery, — indeed, what could exceed in routine and drudgery pulling a sled up hill, over and over again, for half a day? — but they do object when it has no obvious connection with that which they value. If we find a final residuum of drill which cannot be made incidental to a project, such as drill in the rudiments of arithmetic or in spelling, we still can take away the deadliness of the drudgery if we will use the resources of human nature.

Recently the colored man who mows my lawn changed his basis from time-work to piece-work. When I came to pay him at his old rate for work done in a surprisingly short time, he protested, "Boss, I thought I was working by the job, and you know nobody works by the hour like he does by the job." Few of us can work with keen zest at a task of endless repetition, where the degree of excellence of the work done has no bearing on the compensation. Only a fool would enjoy spending his life in sweeping back the tide. Sane men — and sane boys — demand results commensurate with the investment. We give a boy his spelling lesson, an hour a day, month after month and year after

year. He knows that no excellence of service will relieve that drudgery, and he has not the experience or capacity necessary for a vital appreciation of final profit in the far-off years. Suppose that, in case we *must* teach spelling by the book, we give him a list of a hundred or two hundred words which he must master during the month, and tell him that, when they are learned, his spelling period during the remainder of the month will be free for his own pleasures, or for work he likes? So can even the residuum of drudgery be made lighter, and the keenness of life maintained.

In the school of the future the mastery of the arts or occupations of life will be the end and aim of education. The method of education will be the practice of those arts. Subject-matter and technic will furnish the tools needed in acquiring and exercising this mastery. Projects will furnish the occasion to awaken and maintain the interest and the incentive for effort in acquiring subject-matter and technic, and in practising the occupations of life. By recognizing the inherent spontaneity of the interests and aspirations of childhood, the greatest of educational assets will be commanded. The school of the future will be protean. It will overflow into all parts of the community, utilizing farm, home, factory, store, and office. There will be time for team-work, for group-play, for class-work, but much of the time will be spent singly or in groups, with the teachers' guidance, in working out the project, with its ramifications into literature, mathematics, science, history, physical labor, and business dealings.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS AND THE WAR

L. B. R. BRIGGS

WHEN America declared war on Germany, nothing, not even our money, disappeared faster than our college athletic teams. This is a war of which students are quick to see the meaning; and while certain mechanics seize the opportunity for an increased pay that will allow their comforts to remain undiminished and will strengthen their hold on political power, thousands of young men, with everything that would seem to promise worldly comfort, stake instantly, and as a matter of course, their hopes and their lives at the first call of the "voice without reply." And this they do for a war in which the part played by romance — as the word is commonly understood — seems unprecedentedly small. An athlete would be expected to accept, out of hand, the sporting challenge of old-fashioned warfare — to lead mad cavalry charges, to match himself like a knight of old with every newcomer, as man against man; but outside of certain naval activities, and of aviation, that supreme test of sportsmanship in life and death, the call of this war is a call, first, to the unrelieved monotony of the camp, and next, to the unrelieved horror of the machine-gun and the gas-bomb. These pampered boys, who insisted on special training-tables, who craved special or limited trains, who had to be kept good-natured and happy before big games by automobile rides and musical comedies, and who, if victorious, would have felt slighted without complimentary dinners; boys coached by men who scorned street cars and scarcely used their legs except on the field; boys waited on by a

eries of stewards called managers, and supported by second teams who required eatable and drinkable rewards of a service which they struggled for the honor of performing — these boys gave proof unmistakable that they were not spoiled, that they still were men, or, rather, were men at last; that they could leave all and follow an ideal which some of us saw in only a few of them, which probably only a few of them saw in themselves. This war has come nearer justifying our methods in intercollegiate athletics than we had thought possible.

Nevertheless, our methods had tremendous faults of which we were aware, — some of us dimly, some of us plainly, — and of which we seemed unable to rid them. Reforming athletics is about as hard as reforming society. A convulsion may reform either; and a convulsion has come. What seemed to coaches and players the biggest thing in life — so vital that every smallest part of it was of almost sacred import — is, for the time being, scarcely important enough for its own health. Coaches once moved heaven and earth to prove eligible a man whom nothing but the annihilation of four or five other candidates for the same position would tempt them to use in a big game. Now, — with every need of every man who can play at all, — eligibility has taken a back seat, where it belongs. Now, such undergraduates and coaches as remain may be conceived of as studying economy. Once, nobody was surprised if a manager contended that it was squabs and victory or chickens and crushing defeat. Now, a team is lucky if it gets the necessities of life, lucky in being a team at all, and is grateful for mere existence.

Fever used to be treated by bleeding; if the patient survived, he had to be built up. Our patient is so reduced that he needs building up; it is for us, and for those whom we represent, to prescribe the nature and the amount of his

nourishment. Some years ago, just as I was leaving Cambridge to discuss at New Haven the dates for certain games, a misguided enthusiast chased me into the street to say, "We've licked 'em; and you can get any date you want." Not we, but events, have "licked" intercollegiate athletics. We, — that is to say, our colleges, — acting together, may do with them almost as we please.

"Acting together," I have said, not in every detail, but in spirit. If we fail to learn from the war, if the great moments of the great world paralyze us, and we do nothing with the opportunities, infinitely smaller yet great in their kind, of the college athletic world, we shall join the crowded ranks of those who, whether too inert to act or too blind to see, have "lost their chance."

What is our chance? Those of us — and this should mean all of us — who have not lost the interests of youth love sport for sport's sake, and victory as the crown of sport; we love also that personified ideal which is intensely real, the college which, either by tradition or by accident, has become our Alma Mater; and we love to see our Alma Mater upheld, not merely as an institution of learning where mature scholars may prosecute research, but as a school where boys become men through all things that fitly minister to their physical, mental, moral, and spiritual life.

Among these things is manly sport, which at college finds its supreme expression in upholding the supremacy of the Alma Mater. In the right kind of game between Yale and Harvard, for example, every player wears his college colors much as a knight in tourney wore the colors of his lady. This high and simple truth has been put out of sight, — and almost out of life, — by the parasites that have overgrown it. "Our chance" is to keep it clear in the eyes and strong in the hearts of our students, to associate athletics with honor in the best sense of the word, with honor and

not with notoriety. Against us are the quick transiency of college generations, the lopsidedness of a boy's growth to manhood, the more vulgar of human ambitions, the desire of the public for excitement, and what Matthew Arnold would call the "ignobleness" of the American newspaper. All these hostile forces have united to some extent in our present coaching system, even when that system is intelligent, disciplinary, and in divers ways morally strong.

The important attacks on intercollegiate sport have come from earnest men who fail to see its meaning; rightly disgusted with its commercial aspects, feeling little sympathy with athletics except for health, they are naturally irritated by what seems to them a colossal substitution of sham for reality, prostituting what should be a means to health by making it an end in itself, and an end that defeats the end to which it should be a means, by endangering rather than ensuring the health for which alone it exists. Meanwhile, they allege, it robs study, scamps the performance of daily duty, magnifies physical prowess, nurses luxury, and is at best only an intermittent check on vice, which between periods of training rides triumphant. The very thought of thousands who squander money for tickets to games, the very sight of thousands who find games of absorbing interest in a world "so full of a number of things," bears annoying witness to the mad folly of the American public and to the pusillanimous irresponsibility of American institutions of learning that cater to this folly. Such is the feeling of those to whom the inner light of intercollegiate athletics burns dim at best, and not at all when obscured by outward circumstances. Moreover, even if these persons are, as I believe them to be, in great part wrong, they speak some patent truths that every responsible lover of his college cannot but deplore.

Met one by one, the obstacles that I have named seem

surmountable. Though by the time one set of students is half educated, it gives place to another, this is no more the law of the athletic field than of the classroom. In the classroom also we must adapt ourselves to the lopsidedness of a boy's development. There too we see, if we have eyes, the meaner and the more vulgar ambitions in their aggressive campaign for mastery. The only athletic difficulties not familiar to college teachers are what may be called the public difficulties, the difficulties that arise from the exploiting of skill and personal qualities, until football stars have as little privacy as stars of musical comedy or the film, with whom publicity means money and position. Is it strange that the possibilities of publicity in money and position should penetrate the minds of football stars?

The chief evils of athletic publicity are, as everybody knows, extravagant expenditures, dishonest proselyting, the upsetting of relative values, and the kind of lionizing that turns the heads of boys, not to speak of those girls with whom football heroes are socially superior *matinée* idols. Some honorable means of abolishing or greatly decreasing these evils must be found if intercollegiate athletics are to be a thoroughly wholesome part of our academic life.

A pretty good case may be argued for publicity. In place of brawls between town and gown, we now have college feeling spread for miles about. Boys get interested in the college whose teams they see, and aspire to attend it. College games for college students only would be snobbish. College games are good recreation for any spectator; and spectators are harmless and lucrative. Privacy nobody expects in these days. Any girl who announces her engagement sees her photograph in the public prints; any society girl who sells cake at a fair for charity or bathes at Palm Beach, any young drummer who manages the floor at a lodge dance, may read all about it (with illustrations). Why

should college athletes, who do skilfully what people love to see, be treated with a delicate consideration which few of them or of their friends would appreciate?

Moreover, if the corporation of a university accepts a gift for a stadium that costs three times the amount of the gift, and expects the athletic association to pay two or three hundred thousand dollars for the completion of the sum, and interest on every dollar of the principal until it can pay the dollar, the athletic association is obliged to get money. It must get money also for keeping in condition fields, buildings, and boats, and for supporting crews that cost much and bring in nothing. Given a building like the Yale Bowl, — or even like the Harvard Stadium, — with nothing to take care of it, the athletic association cannot rise wholly superior to commercial standards. You may beg, you may tax the students, and blackmail the faculty, in support of your team; or you may charge for admission and sell a great many tickets.

The responsibilities of structures designed for from five to fifteen times as many spectators as there are men in the university, are varied and great. You cannot live a cottage life in a hotel. Once in pursuit of money, you are tempted by all the devices of business. It pays to advertise; it pays to pay enough for securing coaches who will turn out teams that people will pay to see. Then, as militarism makes nations outbid one another in armament, football makes colleges outbid one another in coaching, until the various positions on the gridiron are parceled out among specialists in football, much as the various organs of the body are parceled out among specialists in medicine.

Professor Corwin reminds us that it has cost two or three thousand dollars a boy to put an eleven on the field for a Yale-Harvard game. Even so, if seventy-five thousand tickets are sold at two dollars each, the game is good

business; and at a Yale-Harvard game, the spectator sees more for two dollars than he usually sees at the theatre. But whoever is in New Haven on the eve of the game and attempts to calculate roughly the total amount of money spent in getting to the game and living near it, is appalled, if not temporarily sickened. I name New Haven because the Bowl is so big; obviously the responsibility is no more Yale's than Harvard's. All the evils of publicity feed one another. The crowd needs the Bowl, and the Bowl needs the crowd. Notoriety brings good gate-receipts, and gate-receipts bring notoriety. Notoriety also begets proselyting, open or disguised. Reputable alumni of colleges often half deceive themselves when, by free tuition and pleasant perquisites, they persuade a schoolboy to honor their Alma Mater among all the venerable suitors for his athletic hand; nor is it easy for a poor and ambitious boy to put Satan behind him, when Satan assumes the guise of a reputable alumnus paying tribute of flattery and of money to his skill.

Finally, some students get better discipline and more education from athletics than from any other academic experience, thus furnishing a new argument for our methods in football, baseball, and rowing. On this singular reversal of propriety, the coach's natural comment is, "Brace up the Faculty, or I shall continue to do what it can't." No doubt the Faculty needs bracing; but, as the late Professor Royce remarked, "When the band is playing for a procession to the last open practice, it is difficult to interest Freshmen in the syllogism." The fault is not wholly the Faculty's; still less is it the boys'. All of us — Faculty, alumni, and American public — had nourished a young giant until he made a grown giant's demands. Now he has suddenly shrunk; and nobody believes in overfeeding him again. Not merely the Faculty, but the great body of serious undergraduates, — even the athletes themselves, with their new light on rela-

tive values, — do not hesitate to say that things should never again be as they have been.

Relative values may easily be upset. One false start in one large college may knock over our new and unsteady structure like a house of cards. No captain with money in the treasury likes to accept the danger of defeat; expert help is scarce, and, according to the law of demand and supply, no coach of the first rank is paid too much. "It is a crucial season. Can't we have X. Y. for just this year?" Here begins anew the coaching system. Or, "The men cannot find room together at the big dining-halls; and some of them are irregular in their meals. Can't we have an eating-place where we can all meet?" Here revives the training-table.

It is easy to reduce income and thus to find a ready reply to such petitions. Whether we get an income from admission tickets or from solicited subscriptions, we can readily cut it down; but whether or not we cut down our income, we can and should cut down our expenses. We at Harvard, who have probably been among the worst offenders, have in late years checked the lavish and foolish multiplication of gift sweaters at the close of the season, and have been less unthrifty in certain other matters. Yet in preparing teams and crews we have spent money like water.

In reconstruction, the first obvious reform is the abolition of the training-table. In some colleges it was abolished years ago, with no obvious loss of success and with much saving of money. It used to be maintained, first as a means of furnishing suitable diet to men in training, next, as a stimulant to *esprit de corps*. Men play concertedly, it was argued, if they eat concertedly, if at table they become intimate with each other's ways of talking and thinking. The interpsychological communion thus established seems too carnal to amount to much. It is probably worth some-

thing; yet not thinking of the great ordeal every minute, not taking your shop to all your meals, is also worth something; and as for food, the evidence, I understand, is in favor of a more natural diet, a diet more like other men's than that of the old training-table.

After the manner of the proposed League to Enforce Peace, rival colleges must agree to limit the cost of coaching, must stick to the agreement, and must not annually suspect their rivals of not sticking to it. Reduction in cost would probably mean reduction to one coach for each of the major sports, perhaps to one coach for baseball and football. Some persons favor strictly amateur coaching. Theoretically we all favor it, just as, theoretically, we all favor peace; practically, you get better results with a coach who, being paid for certain work, performs it, and, being responsible to certain persons, is ultimately controlled by them. Few suitable amateurs have both the means and the time. There is no objection to a professional as such, if he is a clean professional and knows his profession; there are many objections to transient amateurs, who, doing the college a favor, feel responsible to nobody; who may be tempted under "expenses paid" to all kinds of graft; who may entertain their friends, mentionable and unmentionable, at hotels, and send unanalyzable bills to the athletic association. Year in and year out, the amateur who has his expenses paid is more demoralizing than the professional responsible to his employers and to his job. The right kind of amateur with leisure is the best coach of all, and may from time to time be found in any one sport at any one college; but the right kind of amateur — the right kind of anything — is rarely a man of leisure; and careful direction of athletic sport takes time.

It is a sort of purple dream with some enthusiasts that a director of athletics belongs in the Faculty. I am one of

these purple dreamers. In the West we should not be dreamers at all; for the dream has become a reality. So it has here and there in the East; but elsewhere in the East the suggestion of it is derided. No first-rate man, we are told, would go into such a business as coaching for an indefinite period; nobody in the Faculty would regard a coach as belonging there. Getting used to the idea may take time; but there are men, potential coaches, who might expedite the process; and there are other men, potential Faculties, to whom the doctrine that mind and body should be trained together, each helping the other, is neither startling nor novel. These men understand that no minister and no dean begins to have the opportunity of the coach in the higher education for life, if not for learning; and they can at least conceive of an educated man, preferably with medical training, whose interest in youth and in those things to which spirited youth responds most eagerly will never die till he himself shall die; of a man who sees in the position of athletic director an opportunity, constant and far-reaching, a career of absorbing responsibility and fascinating hard work.

Such a conceivable man in such a conceivable Faculty will be a professional in the sense in which other professors are professional. He will be an educated man, working for money and for something better than money, at an institution of enlightened learning. He will not pit athletics against study or students against Faculty. For some detailed work he will hire subordinates, responsible to him and through him to the Faculty. If he is regarded as socially inferior, he will bide his time until all sensible persons see that he is not, and that there is no sufficient reason why he should be.

This idea, as I have said, is not original or even new; it is newer in the East than in the West. Eventually something

like it will come to stay. A position of incomparable influence, a position that it is a high honor to fill, will not remain inferior in everything but salary. It waits only for the right man and for that recognition from the higher powers which is the first step toward getting him.

Again, this war should teach us to stop petty bickerings and to treat each other as honest gentlemen. Colleges whose boys fight side by side for the mightiest cause that ever shook the world, can we live again in constant fear that someone will take advantage of us in a game unless we take advantage of him first? When we play again, can we afford to begin except as friend and friend, as host and guest?

As to students — let us not forget that, after two or three years of a certain policy, they will gravely tell their elders that "it has always been so." Alumni are harder to convince, some even objecting to pleasant social relations between rival teams before a game as what never would have been tolerated in their day, in the golden era of bad feeling. Newspapers may be incorrigible; but reporters are human, and nearly always respond to frankness and courtesy. College teams will not play so finished a game as they played once; admission fees may be reduced for the public, possibly abolished for the students; but, with the world at peace, the time will never come when a game between such rivals as Yale and Princeton, or Yale and Harvard, or Princeton and Harvard, will not warm the blood of any graduate who has not quite forgotten what it was to be young.

Intercollegiate athletics are brought face to face with the problem that confronts America, and by the same tremendous force, the war for the mastery or the liberation of the world. Like America, they will stand or fall according as they choose between luxury and simplicity, trickery and integrity, the senses and the spirit.

SOME BLANK MISGIVINGS

GEORGE BOAS

I AM sitting in Carruthers Hall giving an examination in Elementary English Composition. To be sure, I have no business here, for this is a university which enjoys the Honor System. These young Americans before me are distinguished from almost all others: they are allowed to use their sense of right and wrong; they punish their own offenders. The force of public opinion is enough to prevent cheating. And yet I am here. It is suggested by my superiors that my help may be wanted.

And so here I come at nine o'clock, and here I sit behind the desk on the raised platform. It is fortunate that it is raised, one can see appeals for aid so much more easily. My knowledge that I must lend a helping hand prevents my concentrating on this very delightful volume of Propertius, which I have brought along to make my altruism seem less aggressive. My presence must not be misinterpreted. It would never do to let the students think that I am watching them.

What a mass of ritual for something so simple! I sometimes think that it was the ritual which attracted me to this dismal profession. To ascend a platform every day, to lecture, to see one's words being eagerly copied into notebooks, to be applauded at the end of the semester, to be called "Professor," all these are signs of majesty. And then, to make out examinations by whose results a boy's life may be determined: this surely is a Nietzschean existence. Here is one's opportunity to exercise one's Will to Power.

Before me sit one hundred and fifty men who have taken

my course for a year. They are now trying to answer questions in such a way as to show me that they know more than I think they do. Some of them will surprise me, and I shall know that my questions were ill-chosen. Most of them will live up to my expectations, however, and as I plod through their books, I shall see my early predictions verified.

Hopkins will return to me my every thought, phrased in my most individual manner; he will stand forth as a man whose generous mind disdains a failure to agree with an authority. Clarkson will jumble "clearness" with "emphasis," "coherence" with "unity," and write page after page in self-exposure. Mason will denounce everything he has heard this term as so much rubbish, and rage violently against all instruction. I sympathize with Mason. Smith will misinterpret each question and weep over my unfairness in flunking him. Lyons will write calmly and quietly a book of sense, not brilliant, not original, but honest and correct. Wheelwright will have a great deal of brilliance and very little correctness. And so it goes. Before one of the three hours is up, Wilson will slap his papers together, briskly throw them on my desk, wish me a happy vacation, and stride out swinging his hat. He too will wonder at my unfairness in a week or two.

There is Baker in the back row showing distress signals. Baker is an excellent mining engineer, but, curiously enough, he can never tell whether and how an essay achieves the indispensable quality of unity. This is indeed unfortunate, for when Baker's shaft at Motion, Arizona, caves in, he will bitterly regret that a knowledge of the one thing that might have saved him is forever a sealed book. True, Baker may never attain a mine. Not if a degree is a prerequisite. For he has no chance whatsoever of passing his English, and passing his English is a prerequisite to a degree.

For all his stupidity, I saw Baker on the hills one day, flat on his belly, tickling a little blue lizard with a blade of dry grass. Out of his pocket was sticking a corner of "The Golden Age." His is no simple soul. But it has no room for English I. And now he sits with wrinkled forehead over an examination that is totally unintelligible. God grant him a sight of his neighbor's book!

Baker is typical of so many of these students. Plucked out of the river of events in the full flush of their youth, from mountain villages, from prairie ranches, from orange groves, from wheatfields, they have been set down in a community whose one purpose is said to be "the intellectual life." It has been done with full confidence in the implied theory of values. My colleagues and I are sure that "the intellectual life" is the best life, and that its supremacy ought to be realized by all. We have no misgivings about refusing our approval to him who tickles blue lizards but knows not rhetoric. For we say that we are teaching him "how to think." Of course we are committed to this programme. The world has learned how to think for many centuries in just this way. We cannot "fly in the face of tradition." For me to hazard the remark that mining engineering involves as much thought as English composition would be treachery to my chosen task. And yet this new and unwearied country might have been given the chance to develop its own tradition.

There is Roberts over in the corner. He will industriously answer my ten questions and consume three hours in doing it. His book will be clear, complete, sensible, and dull. Roberts is one of these people who will be called "scholarly." He will go to Harvard for graduate work, and will agree with Corssen that Virgil's name derives from *vergilia*, "a name for the Pleiades as rising at the end of spring (vergo)," and is not Gallic in origin. He will write treatises

on "Some Disputed Points in Milton's pre-Hortonian Poems." He will then acquire a reputation as an authority on "the young Milton." When he is forty-five, the Modern Language Association will publish his paper on "Analogues of the Vision on the Guarded Mount in Celtic Folk Ballads." At sixty he will startle the world by his *magnum opus*, "A Comparison of the Hells of Milton and of Dante," and will die. Already he knows things *quæ vix intelligat ipse Modestus*. He loves to talk about words and, though only a Freshman, has written a sonnet to M. Valerius Probus, who introduced the asterisk into western Europe.

Not an unaccomplished person is Roberts. But dull, hopelessly dull. Why is he here? He knows all this stuff and despises me for teaching it. Day after day he has sat before me with cold eyes, wondering how I could be so childish as to talk about unity, coherence, and emphasis. He does not openly rebel. He has not the originality. He simply looks uninterested. If he is forced to study English I, he will. But, mark you, he will not be a partner in the crime.

That man will be a credit to his college. The Department of English will send him to Harvard with personal letters to the Great. And when he shall have died, the world will be neither richer, nobler, nor wiser for his having been in it. I have never seen Roberts tickle a blue lizard. But he does know how to think.

I cannot see that we teach these people anything. There is no doubt that some of them are getting better marks now than they did at the beginning of the year. But that may be because I am more tired. Most of them end as they began, bad, mediocre, or good. They were born that way and they will die that way. And my task has been, as I see it now, simply to give them a chance to exercise their native talent.

THE CALUMNIATED COLLEGIAN

MARY LEAL HARKNESS

"EDUCATION formerly meant an ability to write polished Latin verse, to think in terms incomprehensible to the mob, and to feel a proper disdain for all things material; to-day it is being given the meaning of an ability to take one's part in industry, in business, and in the operation of the farm.

"The best-educated man of yesterday was the most helpless, where business was concerned. He knew much about the personal habits of the trilobite, could give accurate information concerning the sources of the drama and poetry of the ancient Greeks. . . . But he knew less than nothing of making and selling things, while his knowledge of the farm came of memorized bits of pastoral and rustic poetry."

As I read the illuminating and veracious newspaper article whose opening paragraphs were adorned with the above choice statements of educational truth, I regretted that this valuable contributor to journalistic literature and public information could not also behold the mental picture which the closing quotation especially brought before my own vision.

One summer day the grocer's delivery horse balked in front of our house. Of all obstreperous quadrupeds, he was the very balkiest horse that I ever saw. The delivery boy swore and wept, he petted and patted, he lashed and pulled, he exhausted every device known to delivery boys, and the beast moved not. A crowd assembled, — the sort of crowd which such an attraction always draws, "practical" men and boys all, — and, I'll dare be sworn, not a user of grammar pure and undefiled in the whole collection. And they

told all they knew about balky horses, and did all they knew, as well; but the horse remained unmoved. Then the college professor of our family, a Latin professor, as it chanced, and of the vintage which our valued writer on education would probably term "of yesterday," looked out of his library window and contemplated the situation. But not for long. He rose without remark, sought his carriage house, procured a rope, advanced to the middle of the street, spoke gently to the grocer's boy and his steed, attached the rope at the points where it would do the most good — and the animal proceeded down the street. There was some surprised and admiring comment from the bystanders, I remember, to which the professor made not much response. It is barely possible that this brilliant exhibition of what is supposed to typify "efficiency" was the product of "memorized bits of pastoral and rustic poetry"; but the only explanation he vouchsafed to his family was: "I learned that trick when I was a boy on Jim Henderson's farm. He used to keep the meanest horses that ever grew."

If the sort of stuff which I have quoted as a prelude to my prospective remarks were the only specimen of it that I had ever read or heard, or if the family incident just related were the only evidence that could be offered of its preposterous absurdity, the prospective remarks could hardly be worth the making. But, as a matter of fact, that sort of stuff is being written and said a great deal, and the multitude seems blind to the numerous facts that flatly contradict such declarations of the failure of the college-bred to "connect with" what certain modern thinkers are pleased to term "life."

The article in question was written as a preliminary to a rather important educational conference, which I myself attended. From this outline of its purpose and general

tendency one might have supposed the sole purpose of the conference to be the inauguration of a grand movement for the uplift and culture of rural communities through a general policy, which the following sentence fairly well typifies: "They will, also, have pig and social clubs."

A week-later I attended another educational meeting at which the highest educational official in his state proclaimed in a long speech the gospel of "More corn roots and no Latin roots," and "Down with higher mathematics," with all else that leads to college, but "does not prepare for practical life." At both these meetings there were earnest, and and not a few, groups of men and women engaged in the discussion of the advancement of higher education and the promotion of honest educational standards and ideals; but their meetings were accorded a brief space in obscure nooks in the daily papers, while the exponents of "pig and social clubs" shared the front pages with Mexico, and the pictured faces of organizers of tomato clubs beamed from every local journal. And a prominent paper, commenting editorially and approvingly upon one man's suggestion "to limit mathematics in the public schools to what the farmers, bankers, and others in commercial life need in their ordinary business," and to "throw the rest overboard, and have the children taught the three thousand or four thousand ordinary words they are likely to use," and to have "the fifteen thousand others more or less technical cast into the junk heap," said of such suggestions that "they ought to have, and we believe will have, universal approval."

Again, in one of the most highly esteemed of the magazines to which I subscribe, I found an editorial in praise of the new style of college commencement adopted in a north-western state, at which, with appropriate "scientific" comment, a young woman in a becoming big apron did a family

washing, a youth in butcher's raiment cut up a dead sheep, and a future broncho-buster gave an exhibition of colt-breaking — all on the commencement stage, to the immense delight of an audience assembled in apprehension of some hours of exposition of baccalaureate plans for the regeneration of humanity. The editorial eulogy of the innovation closed as follows: "It is always interesting to listen to a person who knows what he is talking about, whatever that may be; but the number of people who can talk well on what they do not know is naturally limited."

Is it always interesting to listen to a person who knows what he is talking about? If that editor really imagines so, he evidently has never listened to an uninterrupted ninety-minute description of how a notable housekeeper makes strawberry preserves. And I would defy any human being to prove that she does not know what she is talking about, for I have tested her preserves too often. But her recital of her methods does not inspire an appetite for more.

Among the oft-quoted adages is one that there cannot be so much smoke without some fire. But I have had occasion in my life to observe the fallibility of proverbs. And all of us have seen, if I mistake not, dense clouds of moral smoke where there was no real fire at all; or, if there was, it did not originate from the victim's own chimney.

So it is my opinion that the murky fumes now obscuring from clear view the real work of the college and collegian rise from no fire of collegiate kindling. Less metaphorically, I do not believe that it is from any real failure of the college or its product to make good, that the present attack upon it has arisen. It is rather the instinctive desire of a multitude of half-educated men and women to justify their own unlettered state by proclaiming a new cultural salvation, easily attained and "just as good" as the old kind that came with tears and midnight oil. Their mode of proving

it just as good and a good deal better, is to select a few cases of failures in life, group them advantageously for public view, and announce, "College education did this." I heard an enthusiastic propagator of the "new education" for women distinctly charge it to the college women of her state that there were hundreds and even thousands of unhappy women in the city of Atlanta who did not know how to sweep a floor properly.

"You college women are neglecting the *vital* things of life, my dears," she said, in an affecting peroration. And from recent reading of the daily papers I cull two flowers of thought, one from an educator of some prominence, the other from a trashy story running serially on the "Women and Society" page. The educator, speaking on vocational training, "showed by figures and several illustrations that there are many whose life-work is not in harmony with their talents," according to the newspaper's report. "There is no higher work, the speaker said, than to lead a child into those fields of activities which will make satisfied men and women. He is of the opinion that the focusing of attention by schools on the professions is doing great harm to the country."

The speakers in the second extract are two disillusioned female college graduates.

"'It often seems to me,' said Marian reflectively, 'that going to college unfits a girl for contact with the real world more than anything else could possibly do. A college campus has a way of building ideals that are almost certain to get knocked into a cocked hat.'

"'I agree with you,' sighed Miss Barton; 'the bumps that come after a girl's graduation hurt all the more because college has made her a highly sensitive being. . . . Believe me, the truly happy and contented people are the lowbrows and the roughnecks, if you will allow me to use two very expressive terms.'"

I should apologize for seeming to take seriously this bit of profound philosophy if it did not fairly represent much that is constantly appearing, expressed with hardly less crudeness, in far more aristocratic literary environment. Many of the mishaps of this story's peculiarly idiotic heroine are traced to the fact that "she left college with no training to do any particular work"; and the thing is significant from just this: that the author tosses the statement off glibly from time to time for a truth accepted as proved by modern society.

It would be possible, I dare say, to brand the statement not proved by the popular statistical method — that is, by tabulated lists of male college graduates who have become presidents of the United States and others in authority, and of female college graduates who have achieved an average of over two and a half children each. But that method does not appeal to me, because I consider the truth thus vindicated, however indubitable, about the least important argument in the case for the college.

I am inclined, rather, to hark back to the words of a certain Augustan poet, whose cheerful wisdom and plain, hard sense make it seem to me a thousand pities that all the tomato-canners and pig-club officials should go down to old age in total innocence of his philosophy and even of his existence. For I am sure that they, and their immediate educational advisers as well, if they knew a few of the things he said and did, and if they did *not* know that they were said in Latin and done in Rome or thereabouts, would class him among the "efficient." (Although it might perhaps disagree with them to discover that he animadverted severely upon the teaching of mathematics in Roman schools, merely to supply "what the farmers, bankers, and others in commercial life need in their ordinary business"; for when once "this gangrene of care for money" has eaten

o the soul, he said, how can we expect great literature, l its natural accompaniment, great ideals of citizenship, r to find birth there?) But, although about as hard- ded and practical as a poet ever gets to be, he wrote se words, which I suspect that it does take something her beyond the pig-club intelligence to recognize as prac- ality in its essence: —

‘You see with what effort of mind and soul you strive to id what you believe to be the greatest evils, a small for- ie and humiliating defeat at the polls. Will you not learn m and listen to and believe a wiser teacher, so that you l not *care* for the things which you foolishly admire and h for?’

The college seems to me to-day’s “wiser teacher”; not agency to train undeveloped boys and girls for some rticular money-making vocation before they yet know ir own tastes or powers, but to give them a sufficient prehension of life’s true values to judge fairly what ngs are perhaps worth the bruises and weariness of pur- t “over seas, over rocks, and through fire.” Even if it re true that college graduates are not making money, ving great enterprises, — “doing things,” in short, — it uld still be true that they have the best equipment for : many-sidedness of *real* life which the world has yet rned to compress into the few early years allotted to oolroom preparation for living. It is absurd to expect l preparation for any of its walks or vicissitudes from se few years, however spent; but those who have spent m in college contain the smallest proportion “whose -work is not in harmony with their talents,” and they ne nearer than any others to holding the specific for be- ; “truly happy and contented people.”

In the last analysis the whole question comes down to s: What do we mean when we talk about “life” and

about things that are "vital"? It appears that perhaps those who sling these terms with the greatest freedom and frequency disagree with me entirely as to their meaning. It is then a not unimportant matter to decide whether the thing that is vital to you is your stewed — or stuffed, or scalloped — tomato, or your state of mind, which stays with you a good deal longer than the tomato stays on your plate or the memory of its flavor stays in your grateful soul — even if you fletcherize. In short, is the only vital thing to you the making and possession of some things that you can eat up, and wear out, and smash?

I know that eloquent and impassioned articles have been written to prove that the whole happiness of mankind is balanced upon the delicate fulcrum of digestion; that one lurking disease-germ in a carpet that knows not the vacuum cleaner can destroy whole cities — and who denies it? But can anyone with brains in his head, and even a rudimentary tendency toward fair-mindedness, deny also that it is possible for life to be perfectly miserable to many a consumer of a scientifically chosen and cooked dinner, eaten with feet resting upon a floor swept and garnished with all the ceremonials of domestic-science propriety? I make no claim that the college graduate can by exalted thought stay the ravages of the typhoid germ or neutralize the pangs of indigestion; but I hereby protest that he has largely escaped the one-sided mental development which sees "life" only in food and sanitation, and the various material elements which they represent.

One of the greatest absurdities of the whole attack upon college training is the constant assumption that its finished product has been immured somewhere all his school-life long, whereby he has been absolutely cut off from contact with everything but books, and those books leading solely to the learned professions. Not every boy now serves as

apprenticeship in equine and bovine management on some relative's farm; but even in these days it is the very exceptional boy or girl who does not daily come into contact with all manner of details of what we are pleased to term "practical life." And in the college preparatory school, and still more in college, there are numerous forms of "student activities," theoretically distinct from, but always growing out of, the school curriculum, which develop and train executive ability in matters of business and industry, if we think special training in those things so tremendously important.

The college graduate does not, and never did, in this country at least, come down from the commencement platform a spectacled dyspeptic, who has a "proper disdain for all things material," and is "helpless where business is concerned." Who has it been to any really great extent but the college graduates who have made all the western states rank high at once for their educational standards and for their business, agriculture, and industry? And, be it remembered, they were graduates of a day when colleges were much more narrowly classical than now.

Again, it is of no little significance that the form of social work generally admitted to have come nearer to a solution of the hard problem of urban poverty, ignorance, and vice than any other, is for the most part prosecuted under the name of the *College Settlement Association*. Even in the cities where settlement work does not actually bear the college name, it is still largely directed by college-bred women and men, with college-bred ideals. I reverse the common form of expression, and name the women first, because I believe that it is universally admitted that this great work is essentially woman-devised and woman-executed, although it has had the valuable coöperation of many thoughtful and educated men. But I also believe — what is not so generally recognized — that it is only the

gradually diffused effect of college training upon the American female mind which has ever made women think that they can do such great things as these, no matter though some of the actual workers are not themselves holders of collegiate degrees. Higher education has been so nearly the sole agency in the awakening of women to a consciousness of their powers and their duties, that it fills me with amazement and consternation to see the strength of the present movement to imprison their mental activities within a narrow technical training, which boasts that its highest aim is the intensive application of that training "in the home."

The President of the National Women's Trade Union League of America wrote to me last spring: "We are especially grateful to you, because the newer education . . . which is being given to boys is being denied to girls on the theory that they are only potential wives and mothers. If this distinction is disastrous in the world at large by depriving the girl of such an education as 'can give the greatest intellectual strength,' it is still more disastrous in the industrial world. That the working women themselves realize this is proved by the action taken by them at their convention in St. Louis."

This action was, in brief, an expression of their appreciation of the fact that the thing which above all places them at the mercy of unscrupulous employers is their ignorance and consequent intellectual ineffectiveness.

Almost simultaneously with this letter came one from a member of the Wellesley College Faculty, who, writing to me of the fire there, said: "Yes, College Hall is a great loss to Wellesley, but the splendid human values which the emergency brought forth still fill me with a sense of elation. The vindication of the value of training for women which that experience afforded seems to me a new glory for the annals of the college."

These unsolicited verdicts from persons dealing intimately with two opposite and representative classes of women need no special comment to a reading public familiar with the story of the conduct of Wellesley girls and teachers during the fire and after it; familiar too with the difficulty always experienced in uniting uneducated working-women for an intelligent defense of their own interests,

I do not see how a serious person, when he thinks of these things, can view with other than alarm the powerful present tendency to lower the general level of American intellectuality by teaching that education means merely the introduction of certain creature comforts into slum dwellings and remote farmhouses, which now know them not. With the movement for a general diffusion of culture and decent living in these backward and neglected portions of our population, no one can have anything but the most ardent sympathy. But that real culture, or any truly high standard of living, can be secured by a method that openly proclaims all processes of pure intellect inferior in educational value and utility for life to mechanical processes and material results, seems to me a thesis not even worthy of argument.

You will have secured a desirable thing when you have the housekeeper of the slum district educated up to the charms of clean floors and windows, and to the intended function of the bathtub; you will have secured something equally desirable when you shall have brought into the barren life of the uncultivated farmer and his wife an appreciation of the æsthetic possibilities of a rustic abode.

It will be even better, possibly, when you have provided for them and their children those wholesome amusements and opportunities for social intercourse which human nature craves and in proper measure should have. But an education deliberately so planned that in the very nature

of things it must stop just there, will never reduce the number "whose life-work is not in harmony with their talents," nor will it assure "satisfied men and women." Men and women are never satisfied, if satisfaction depends merely upon what they *have*; and while the new educational plan may perhaps increase the earning capacity of the cheaper class of wage-earners and the crop-raising capacity of the farmer, it can hardly fail also to increase what I believe to be the most deadly thing in nearly all ranks of society to-day — the desire to be merely comfortable, to have "pretty things," and, above all, to be entertained and amused. And in increasing that by a measure of gratification of it, it must inevitably, and soon, increase the resultant discontent and restlessness; because that measure is never great enough to keep pace with the ever-expanding desire. There is no remedy for that discontent but the well-filled mind; vocational training must consent to add to itself the studies which give that, and to grant the full time which those studies require, or its present spectacular success, in landing certain deft-fingered young persons in what are, for *young* persons, well-paid positions, will soon be known for the humbug that it is, and the present popular applause be turned into hisses.

Finally, it seems to me not too much to say that, if society would protect itself from extinction through the hideous agency of deadly boredom alone, it must take active measures to preserve and multiply the college graduate. For it is a tremendous fallacy that the possessor of only the trained hand can hope with any well-founded confidence to be included in that desirable company which is both interesting and interested. For the hand can lose its cunning, and even where its continued skill perhaps may keep its owner happily entertained, common candor must admit that there is no assurance of the same joyous effect *"non that owner's associates.*

This fact holds true in all walks of life, and irrespective of sex. If you could persuade every woman in Atlanta to sweep a floor properly, I doubt much if she could still be guaranteed an agreeable companion for a rainy Sunday. If you could teach every "white wing" in any city to remove the dirt of the streets in the most dustless and sanitary manner known to science, I still question whether you would wish him to come to your library for an evening of uplifting conversation. And he would be equally lacking in resources for *self*-entertainment in his unemployed hours.

So we come to one of the gravest charges that can be brought against the "new education": that, while it may bring jobs to men and women when they are young, it provides nothing for the man or woman retired from that job by age. If there is anything beneath the stars more pitiable than the elderly man or woman with no active purpose left in life, and no intellectual resources from which to draw occupation and interest, I have not yet seen it. On the other hand, there is nothing which so effectively robs the prospect of old age of its terrors as the sight of the scholarly wearer of whitened hair, which crowns a head still vigorous and young through the happy preservative agency of a trained and much-used intellect. Incidentally, it is not an infrequent thing to behold the owner of such a head making his own garden, or milking his own Jersey cow, or displaying ample efficiency to start a balky horse.

No mechanical process can guarantee to us an interesting life, or insure us against boredom. But just because it is something more than a mechanical process, a college education of the right sort comes nearer doing this than any other agency we know — certainly nearer than any drill in cow-milking or scientific cooking. Its value to us and to the future of our country is beyond estimation. If the time ever comes when "vital" is taken to be synonymous with

“lucrative”; when the life of the mind and the training of the mind are set below those of the body; when intelligence, as a means to a full and satisfying life, is superseded by prophylaxis and hygiene — then we may well wish that we had listened to a wiser teacher.

RELIGIO MAGISTRI

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

WHAT is the faith of the teacher? What the secret strength that sustains his spirit through unprofitable journeys? What the unfailing source that will keep his mind serene through the long hours of drudging over dusty fields, the dry farming of the soul, savoring little of the fresh activities of his own world?

For there must be some *religio magistri*: some magnetic quality in the teacher's chosen way to point his compass true; some energy inherent, which is justified in the men and women we have ourselves known, who have sought great teaching above all other aspirations, building and establishing with skill the enduring bases of this last, not least, of the great professional services of civilization.

It is intolerable that we should be asked to state this faith of ours in terms of money, first and last; yet the world is to blame if we accept its price for us, and we find ourselves of small account. The publicity given to college and university "drives" flatters only the unthinking; the success of these will be but a mere pittance in the budget of the profession. In Poughkeepsie, in the week of this writing, the Board of Education has been obliged to vote a strict enforcement of all contracts with teachers; there are vacancies in every school in the city, and unwilling workers are being held to tasks they no longer desire lest the whole system give way. The empty schoolrooms of this year are, moreover, few compared with what we dread for the autumn of 1921, when the normal schools will have graduated the smallest classes in many years. Then, just as the

American people, aghast at the revelations of illiteracy, of provincialism, of class and racial hatred, — the daughters of ignorance, — will be calling for teachers, there will be none to answer.

For the first time in the history of our profession, we have accepted the money-value at which the public has priced us as an index of our worth. What irony is it that we who have always placed our profession above all, we who have never sought great rewards, whose work is, in the larger sense, disinterested, should be thrust forward as beggars, whining for an alms! What a joke and what a tragedy these parades of college boys carrying banners inscribed "FEED THE PROF"; when college girls masquerade on Fifth Avenue in their grandmothers' gowns, and alumnae hire out as cooks and waitresses "for the benefit of the Faculty"! Could they degrade the great tradition further?

It is most characteristically American that, confronting such a situation as this, we should seek the remedy of endorsement campaigns and other means of enhancing the money-value of teachers. We turn, as Kipling said we always do, a keen, untroubled gaze home to the instant need of things. But having gone thus far, and being in a fair way to go further, we think we have solved the problem through things. There is need of a different emphasis, however. The economic solution is primary, it is true. We must pay our teachers enough to maintain them. There is little comfort in being told that you are a natural-born teacher when you cannot obtain a natural living. Every college in the land faces this situation, and must continue to face it squarely. If the increased tuition fees of education, barely commensurate with increased maintenance costs, will not supply the additional income for needed salary increases, our colleges must supply them in some other way. But this done, they cannot leave the other *undone*.

More lasting and more vital than external stabilization of the professor's market-value must be his faith in his calling. If we cannot find it, if we cannot reaffirm it, our cause is lost in advance. Subsidies and endowments will never make teachers essential to the people's life. Take away the *religio magistri*, and teaching becomes no longer a profession.

The teacher cannot, as does the scholar, find a retreat of the spirit away from the perils and perplexities of the present life. The philologist described by Gilbert Murray finds consolation far from the world, in the kingdom of ancient letters. His salvation is conferred by mighty spirits of the past, which free him from the body of his present death. No such refuge could ever be a teacher's source of power. He may seek rest and recreation through the study of the classics, with the romantic Hellenist of Oxford; but his faith must spring, like truth of old, out of the earth in which he toils, the product of his own work and life. Else he could make no headway against the doubts that assail him; he must surrender the battlefield once and for all. The teacher's faith must be, not of the past, but of the living present; not of the completed thought of the ages, but of the process of the great *to be*; otherwise the doubts win.

More dangerous, because more insidious, enemies than the wolf at the door, are the foes of the teacher's spirit. We can restore to the profession some self-respect through adequate salaries, though we may not in our lifetime overtake the economic supremacy which the industrial elements of democracy have already won. At least, teachers will not starve. But what if we destroy the one liberty which should be guaranteed every man — joy in labor? A widespread but furtive envy of intelligence circulates sneers about "college professors." Parents of pupils encourage an atmosphere of criticism and opposition in the classroom. Governing boards and administrative autocrats virtually compel

organization by teachers in defense of their tenure of office. Under such conditions, it will take more than the promise of a livelihood to beguile young aspirants to successful careers in the field of teaching. A reward must be shown which will make the workers at one with their work because it is in itself worthy.

Can we make them believe in its reality? For there are great doubts. The teacher of to-day, young and well trained, eager for the highest service, is confronted by three barriers, irreducible and baffling. They may, for want of better names, be called educational economics, bio-psychological determinism, and propagandism — long words, but the forces they describe have no familiar names.

Let us consider the economic situation of contemporary education. Here is a scene a thousand times repeated in the American schoolroom of to-day. The teacher has begun work with her class. A group of eager pupils faces her from the forms — inpressionable minds ready for the adventure of learning. Then the shadow fills the doorway. The school principal says, "I'm sorry, but the superintendent of schools has told me to double the number of children in every room." Of course, sixty is an impossible number for teaching in one room. But there are the other children. Where shall they go? And the golden opportunity is gone.

This is no imaginary scene. It happens equally in the country districts, where the remote district schools are being given up, and even more in the congested sections of the great cities. Conditions like these make mockery of the plans and dreams of the ambitious teacher. Is it any wonder that most of the energy of the teaching staff is dissipated by worry over the bare economy of the subject?

This attitude finds its natural reflection in the national conception of education. The departments of education in universities concern themselves primarily, of necessity,

with school-management and administration, with the statistics and finance of the industrial organization. The problem of putting twenty-five million children through school on an inadequate scheme offers problems so complex that it is little wonder that our educational specialists are still concerned with the business of education, and have scarcely risen to a conception of education as a science, to say nothing of an art. Worst of all, the immense sums involved, the powers connected with the erection and use of the great buildings, and the profitable connections of studies and textbooks, all contribute toward the development of a type of personality that may be called the educational politician. He costs the profession more in the destruction of morals than all the efficiency experts, the economists, and the statisticians of education can replace. The result of his control of educational policy has been to drive out of the profession the highest type of teacher; because teachers have been considered, not as individuals, but as units in schemes, and have been made the playthings of boards of education and of district leaders.

The same economic determinism follows the teachers through the higher grades of the profession. They are always between the devil of poverty — not alone in salary, but in departmental equipment and resources for research — and the deep sea of the student tide. Just as soon as their equipment and salary become adequate to their departmental needs, they are inundated with an increased student body, and the old plan of overwork and under-equipment is resumed. Thus teachers are driven, unconsenting, to think of students, not as persons, but in terms of units, hours, semesters, and credits; the intimate personal contact of teacher and pupil becomes impossible, and the old academic traditions become mere memories.

Determinism of a different sort introduces even more

serious questions for the teachers. They have lived under the impression that the bough was inclined as the twig was bent; that, by training, the young idea could be taught to shoot; that the child would not depart from the path he was taught to go in. Brave maxims! But are they true? Steadily, year by year, psychological studies of ability and biological studies of heredity take away from the teachers their claim to a share in character-formation. Teachers must reconcile themselves to learning that they cannot, by taking thought, add a cubit to the mental stature of their students. The child becomes father of the man in a new sense, most fatal to the ambitious hopes of his teachers. College, we learn from the army psychologists, adds practically nothing to the general abilities of any boy. There are two classes of minds—the fit and the unfit; education neither helps the one nor harms the other in any appreciable degree. The truth is exaggerated here, of course, but the problem involved strikes teachers in almost this form. And when the psychologists are reinforced by the biologists, with their heredity chromosomes and gametes; by the environmentists, who laugh at the thirty months of college scattered among vacations and week-ends, and ask what possible mental adaptations can take place under such handicaps, the teachers' faith may struggle bravely against the assaults, but can you wonder that they feel sometimes like a Lost Battalion?

The heaviest assault is in reserve. The world has discovered the great half-truth that prejudices of youth last longer than those of the middle miles. So the world comes to the school-door with its propaganda. It begins mildly enough: simple souls conceive the idea that if we educate we must educate "for" something. The aim of education is not the growth of the student's powers into maturity; it includes their application as the teacher may direct. The

student is no longer to be dismissed at the school-door; the teacher must lead him to the gate of opportunity and must see to it that he rings the bell.

We began some years ago to educate for character, and we sent to our boys at Christmas-time "School, College and Character"; we progressed into education for service, and sent them by the thousand to hear John R. Mott at student conventions; we read Dunn and Barnard, and trained our teachers to educate for citizenship; the vocationalists came down upon us, and we tried hard to educate for the needs of life. Books with these titles, and many more, stand on the teachers' shelves, each an idea decayed into a slogan.

Herbert Spencer taught us long ago to educate for life; he pointed out that the education of any age could but reflect the social aspiration of the group that it served. But neither he nor any of the great Victorian writers on education conceived a period which would have to struggle with so many *isms* as does ours. Both at top and at bottom of our scale we see new academies founded, whose primary object is not knowledge but propaganda, and not propaganda but action, and direct action at that. The Rand School represents one type, closely affiliated with an organized political party. The trade-unions of the West are opening up schools for the children of union workers. Schools of social research, which begin with a bill of rights for academic freedom, too soon tend to become schools where propaganda is substituted for research. In a different mode we have the Ferrer and the Socialist Sunday Schools. Across the river from my home is the Libertarian Academy, or International School for the Education of the Children of Radicals. On the other side of the fence, the Protection and Security Leagues are equally vociferous in a campaign to inculcate patriotism. The Non-Partisan League of North Dakota recently intimated gently to professors of

the state university that it might be well for them to join a trade-union, and most of the faculty complied.

Education as propaganda is the sum of all: no time for discussion, no time for research; above all, no time for dispassionate consideration of both sides. Teachers are asked to be pleaders on one side or the other, appointed no longer on the basis of character and ability, but on the basis of official subscription to one party or the other.

Even where impartiality is supposed to exist, the method of the classroom reminds me of a journey I once took through Bulgaria. We had been held in Constantinople during a plague outbreak. When finally the Orient Express was allowed to leave, Bulgaria permitted it to pass through her territory only on condition that the train should not connect with Bulgarian soil. So, at the frontier, the train was literally sealed: the ventilators were closed, the doors were locked, and soldiers sat in the corridor with guns ready for business, to shoot anyone who lifted a window as much as an inch.

Such a miserable quarantine is that to which some parents would condemn our teachers of to-day; and trustees, like gendarmes, are held accountable to resist the intrusion of fresh air from without. When such powers as these fight against the faith of teachers, it is quite beside the point to argue, as some members of the profession have recently done, that the teacher is not all that he should be. A little plain talk from Sir Oracle will not improve matters. It is rather a source of wonder that these foes of the spirit should have caused, upon the whole, no greater disintegration in the educational armies of America. It is not low salaries primarily that have caused the break-up of faculties in several colleges in the last two years: it is educational tyranny. And if we are to restore teaching to a place among the professions, we must not merely proclaim boldly our

teacher's faith, but we must put our teacher's religion into practice and leave the issue to the God of Battles. All honor to those who have not yet bowed the knee to the Baal of propaganda, the Moloch of the mob, and the Gogmagog, the stuffed bolster, of the bio-psychological determinists. In defiance of the great doubts, teachers can but nail their theses to the door, and leave the issue to time.

To the cathedral door, then, with our *religio magistri!* The teacher's articles of faith are three: he believes in his subject; he believes in his pupil; he believes in himself.

In his subject, first, that it is the best of all possible subjects under the sun for study, research, and application. The teacher must be convinced, like any other salesman, of the value of the commodity in which he deals. Of the teachers I have known whose teaching was a failure, the greater number seemed to have lost faith in their subject. It is the one great law of teaching, that it goes by infection. Many a half-hearted pupil, unwillingly or unwittingly dragged into chemistry, has caught fire from the flaming zeal of the teacher.

Of course, the teacher's faith can never proceed from half-knowledge. Your book-canvasser who repeats his parrot knowledge of the grand, illustrated, authoritative history of the war, and tries to simulate an interest in the edition which he has not read, is the type of untrained teacher that infests our schools. When we realize that less than a quarter of our six hundred thousand teachers have any real knowledge of their science, and only a tenth of these have a first-hand acquaintance with authority or experiment in any field, we realize how much is parrot-study, how little fact or reason, in American education.

So true is this, and so defective our system of education in its failure to make the teacher a learned person, that our

more scholarly group is in violent reaction against this state of things, and insists that there is nothing to teaching; that teaching is but pseudo-science. If a man knows something, really knows it, they say, he can teach it — he cannot help teaching it. This goes with Plato's glorification of knowledge as virtue, and is reading into knowledge something, it seems to me, which it does not ordinarily contain. The irritation against departments and professors of education among university professors the country over is due, in the first instance, to the utter failure of both public and private education to train and hold its teachers, and to raise them from a conception of teaching as mere occupation up to the professional point of view.

Certainly this may be conceded: that if any one of us will turn time's flight backward and ask himself this question, "Who was my greatest teacher?" he must confess, I think, that the first merit of his best teacher was acquaintance with and love for his subject. And this love was not diverted by thought of application to life, by vocational advantage or propaganda, but was a pure love of the subject for its own sake, for the delight of its discoveries, the neatness of its inventions, the harmony and perfection of its laws, the intricacy and smooth workings of its processes. The love was that of a good chauffeur for his motor, of a captain for his ship. What does he care where he sails her, your old mariner? Only let her be staunch and true, seaworthy and responsive to helm, and he will love her for better, for worse. Such is Gilbert Murray's "Religio Grammatici," to which I referred, in which your scholar proves triumphantly and conclusively that nothing in the world is so worth doing as settling Hoti's business. What he actually proves is, of course, that he is a great teacher, and that in teaching teachers as Murray does, he revitalizes his subject.

Faith in one's subject is, of course, apt to harden into its excess, bigotry. Nine tenths of all faculty quarrels are due to the secret contempt with which one professor views the subject-matter of his neighbor's course. *Rara avis* the teacher who commends the subject-matter of another department. Here and there, it is true, one sees signs of a better understanding, chiefly through the influence of national associations. The sciences, in particular, have shown signs of some real fraternizing within the curriculum. Botany frankly acknowledges its debt to chemistry and physics; so must physiology. But the feeling is not always reciprocal, and physical chemistry views with grave suspicion the heresies that may arise through botanists who meddle with osmosis.

And so it goes round the faculty. One would think, for instance, that the languages would welcome departments of comparative literature. As it has turned out, the sister languages have had to form a kind of league of nations, with an Article X to prevent unlawful seizure of the common territory. The history of academic toleration is a short one, and full of petty wars. Teachers must give up such bigotry, and proclaim instead the common dignity of all fruitful learning, free trade over all frontiers, reciprocity, and mutual understanding. The present crisis in the profession will not be in vain, if such a result is obtained.

And the teacher must have faith in his students. He must trust their growth as the farmer trusts sun and rain and soil to work their æstival miracle. Because his potato crop has failed, will the farmer despair? On the contrary, the farmer, knowing that farming is a highly hazardous business, and subject to great losses and great gains, becomes philosophical, and leaves the event in other hands. Professor Royce was accustomed to recommend mathematics as a preparation for philosophy; agriculture might provide the better discipline.

Your average teacher seldom, if ever, looks on teaching as a hazardous occupation. He wants perfection all the time, and grumbles if he does not get it. There are teachers like Professor Lounsbury who, as he became more and more the scholar, lost faith in his pupils, and contented himself with making epigrams upon "the incredible capacity of the student mind to resist the intrusion of knowledge," and his famous "a few more pearls, gentlemen." There are also Northrops of Yale and Wrights of Harvard, who are held in loving veneration by college generations responding to their faith in them, and looking back to them as the great personalities of their university.

Lack of faith in youth, refusal to see in education the usual risk of crops, presumptuous assumption of all the responsibility, these are the failings of the teacher who loses hold of this cardinal article of the *religio magistri*. And it is precisely here that the teacher makes his great mistake. Instead of adopting nature's laws as his great analogy, he is all too apt to assume the rôle, not of teacher, but of tyrant of the classroom, and by a false discipline to force results. The effect is inevitable. It is, as Leatherstocking said, "agin nater," and the end is death.

Your true teacher loves youth for its own sake, as he loves his subject; he keeps himself young among his lads; he sees through their eyes the importance of the matters that engross them; he brings into the classroom all this wealth of allusion which this knowledge gives him. I think of old Doctor Furnivall at eighty-six, one of the great teachers, though not in classes or set schools. I can see him now, out with his girls on the Thames, coxswain of their eight-oared shell, one with them in all their life, his Shakespeare and Chaucer Societies forgot, his hated snobocracy pigeon-holed, teacher and friend of half London. When his associates raised a fund on his seventy-fifth birth-

day, all he would accept was a second-hand eight-oared shell for his girls and a paid-up cremation ticket.

The teacher's faith in his students receives its reward in vicarious ways only. Through their achievements he lives. Professor John Bassett Moore said the other day: "When I learned that there were many members of the Peace Conference who considered as the most brilliant and best-trained diplomat in Paris my pupil Wellington Koo of the China Mission, I had my unalloyed reward."

Such pleasure is akin to that of the creative artist; but the art in which the teacher makes his impression is that of life itself, and always through the personality which he has trained. The true teacher withholds his hand from the temptation to guide his student. He distrusts profoundly the current discussions of vocational guidance. He believes in bureaus of vocational statistics, and would lay before his students the whole world of his day, with every opportunity it may afford. But he believes that, just as an imprisoned youngling robin, that has never seen flight of a bird, will fly on the first trial, by instinct, out of the opened cage, so the effective impulses that stimulate the choice of careers and the quest for success are deeply rooted in personality, and should be held sacred by parent and teacher alike. This, indeed, is the ultimate test of the teacher's faith in his student.

It is even more important that the *religio magistri* include faith in himself. There is no true teaching without it. The only discipline worth the name is discipleship, which cannot come unless the teacher himself inspires, not only affection, but admiration. Sincerity, the one thing needful in real art, begins and ends with the teacher's faith in himself. It is the secret of a William Graham Sumner. One may, indeed, affirm that the art of teaching rests wholly upon this foundation. Teaching is something, but enthusiasm

is everything, as Goethe said. It is certainly the secret of personality.

In his passion for perfection — for your teacher is always a perfectionist — the teacher too often fails to respect himself or his calling. He subjects his own best capacities to trivial and wasteful compliance with irrelevancies. He is too ready to leave his real work at the first demand; he cries for committee work, the petty detail of administrative routine, the civic forum, and the thousand and one little snares which destroy his love and usefulness for his prime functions. Your true teacher must be about his Father's business, teaching; he has time scarcely for marks or the rules of faculties; he has to be fenced round, protected, forgiven by the less gifted. For him rules are made to be broken, and there is no known record of a great teacher who was not at war with the faculty rules of his time.

Faith in one's self is most needed, perhaps, by the teacher of younger pupils. Children are quickest to detect any loss of self-confidence. Adolescent youth, on the other hand, responds most sensitively to responsibility placed in its own hands; while the post-graduate student leans most upon the teacher's faith in subject-matter. But, for pupils of any age, the teacher's faith must be in himself as teacher, not in any other capacity. He may sigh to take part in a more active citizenship, or may envy the productive scholar, but he must press forward to the mark of his own high calling. He cannot, of course, be a teacher without keeping abreast of his time; he must study and probably produce some scholarly work, if his treatment of subject-matter is to be fresh. But he will never be puzzled as to which treasure lies closest to his heart.

It is often charged against the young women teachers who comprise three fourths of the nation's staff, that they choose the profession only in the expectancy of leaving it

early for marriage. This may be true. It is also true that thousands of young men teach a short time before entering other professions. The lives of the greatest Americans almost always contain such periods. But all this has but little to do with the standards that can be upheld. It is perfectly possible, as our army proved, to build up morale in a force whose term is short. The problem must be approachable from another angle. If school administrations, boards of education, and parents' associations will seek to prove that the community has faith in the teacher, it will not be hard for teachers to obtain faith in themselves.

If the community fails in this duty, there is but one alternative left to the teachers — to organize in defense against the community, and to demand, not only the salaries which the work deserves, but that share in civic responsibility which their service merits. Teachers will then be accused of greed and selfishness, of desertion of the high standards of their calling. Such censure will be unjust. If public opinion responds only to the power of group-interests, if disinterested service is forgotten, who will be to blame when the teachers join the other organized groups of labor in the civil war of class interests? The writer hopes that no such action will be taken; he believes that all gains of war are, in the final analysis, Pyrrhic victories. But we are drifting, and it may soon be too late to work for the true faith.

Misbegotten self-esteem, like the false knight of the "Faërie Queene," steals the accoutrements of the knight of the true faith and fools the world. Not so that faith of the born leader which is fortified by conviction that one's work is essential, that one's subject is indispensable, that one's students will be loyal; and having done all, stands. Such leaders of the teacher's faith we need to-day. The right wing of our school army has been broken in by the threat of

economic disaster; the left wing has disintegrated under the insidious filtration that is corrupting the integrity of our profession. It is time to move forward with our centre to the attack.

OUR VILLAGE

WILLIAM PETERS REEVES

HOURS from any city, our village has changed little since fifty years ago. It had then a hotel, and the country round-about was so wild that visitors from the city came in the summer for a change. Now, most of the great oak forests have been cut for railway-ties, the game has been shot, the bass may rarely be caught in the river. Hills that cut off the horizon are dotted with sheep; from the tops one gets a sweep of country with few farmhouses in sight. There are cities beyond; there is no sense of remoteness, such as one feels in looking to the north and knowing that one might go to the Arctic Circle without seeing a town.

Our isolation is, therefore, not geographical. We are in the midst of what a facetious editor of the nearest city calls "the garden spot of the world." Powerful limousines occasionally go through the village, showing a mild curiosity and large interests behind and beyond. The single track of railroad fills the valley at irregular intervals with unnecessary shrieks of freight engines; sonorous passenger whistles multiply warnings for bridge and station on the more familiar hours, or insolently rouse the sleeping villagers when the midnight train goes through without stop. Travelers rarely get off; salesmen supply our simple wants once or twice a year, between trains: there is no hotel, nor would their commissions justify staying over-night. There is not even a boarding-house.

The village is not interested in strangers to the extent of putting them up for the night. It has nothing to offer. There are no struggling manufactories needing capital;

there are no resources inviting capital. The villagers own their plain frame houses, built many years ago. Five new houses have been added in thirty years. Our taxes, less an amount barely necessary to run the school and street-lamps, go to the county and state. We have no paved streets, no sewerage system, no police or fire department. A private corporation, with most limited liability, furnishes water. All I get from taxes is a feeble natural gas-light below on the unmade street; but when the village could no longer pay a man to put out the street-lamps, the gas company shut off the gas. We then went out at night with lanterns.

We are all poor. Two or three villagers with independent means go and come; no one knows or cares, for their influence is negligible. No captain of industry commands anybody. There is no labor-problem, for there is no labor. A few able-bodied workmen may now and then be engaged, if they have nothing more important to do, and if they feel like working. When it is not loaned on mortgage, the village carpenter keeps a heavy balance in the bank. He has helped many a less energetic friend, without security and without return. We have no labor-union, perhaps because there are no employers of labor. I may get help when I am my own contractor and head-workman. I may practise any trade without boycott. Infrequent periods of such improvement furnish innocent excitement. Little checks change hands, neighbors stop to comment; night brings a sense of exquisite fatigue. One jingles money for unforeseen nails and bolts and paint. At other times one may go for weeks with only a bit of silver for church.

Occasionally an ancient oak must come down. An up-start red oak shows but ninety-seven rings; a white oak felled the other day had two hundred and sixty-five rings; where are other trees that were living in Milton's time?

Up in the garret, to stop squirrel-holes, I noticed that all the rafters and beams were of white oak. And the stone of the house was quarried from a local hillside. Infinite labor it took to saw and hew those timbers from the fellow of the white oak; men in the village to-day do not quarry the local stone, trim the huge blocks, and swing them on to two-foot walls, the prize of my modest possessions. Our two new houses came from mail-order concerns, machined from the thinnest lumber that will hold a house together.

Two small general stores maintain a rivalry begun generations ago. The village humorist and historian entered one the other day with a copy of the village paper printed in the eighteen-fifties. "I see in this paper that you advertise photographs of the village. I should like to buy some." The proprietor walked over to an old cherry cabinet, and from a drawer took out photographs faded and yellow with age. The man of humor gravely inspected them. "Well," he finally remarked, "I see it pays to advertise."

The newspaper-presses and type, and the building containing them, have all disappeared. The village tinker, who could mend a watch or gun or sewing-machine, is dead, and no one takes his place. Anciently there were three churches, each with a full congregation militantly active in urging a special form of truth. Two churches now more than answer the need, and only in days of acute national crisis have they been crowded.

Only two classes of people may live in our village contentedly: those who have ample resources of occupation and interest within themselves, and those who have and crave none. There is no ready-made amusement. We have no saloon, no theatre, no moving-picture show. There is no community playground or athletic field. There is no club. In front of a stairway of a fraternal order, buggies and sleighs will be hitched on an occasional night. Once a year,

one church will give the annual supper; once a year, the other church will give the annual supper. Women gather weekly, to sew for mountain whites. The school-board meets once a month, or oftener if the itch, measles, or other epidemic threatens; and between solemn prophecies on the state of the nation and personal criticism of the Powers, votes the budget for salaries and the gas-bill. At election time results of the 144 votes are posted, no longer showing an even balance of straight tickets, but highly eclectic groups.

The village is not gregarious. The common cause and common labor of the pioneer have changed to furtive ambitions and concealed purposes. Intensive individualism successfully withstands all attempts at coöperation, in time of peace. In war, without announcement, without noise or argument, the village exceeded its quota of men and money in every count, revealing unity, hard cash, and patriotism unguessed by anyone.

The lack of express community spirit had grieved more eager souls. Several years ago the parson brought back from the East ambitious plans for community welfare. There were many committees appointed, as on music, dramatics, lectures, sport. Soon complaints were lodged that the orchestra kept people awake, and no one can deny that the village regards sleep, beginning at ten o'clock, sun-time, as of more importance than the playing of an orchestra never so sure of itself as to put the audience at ease.

What, it will be asked, do we accomplish in such anti-social contentment? We read. The metropolitan press consumes from one to three hours a day; magazines fill several days a month; but books are the serious business of life. We read many books, big books, works in volumes, through. A literary man in a narrow city flat will write a book in less time than a villager will master one. But the villager se-

lects with canny choice; the best seller has little significance for him; he may still be reading Gibbon. A girl in the village school asked for the best edition of Chatterton. Fashion in books works little change in our taste; one may read Tennyson without impeachment; and while our sense of humor is too delicately poised to tolerate a Browning Society, there are those who find comfort in the legal entanglements of his old Italian law-case. The larger spirits of the past seem to satisfy. "I can read," said one villager, "almost anything but new books. Old men inform," he went on with Baconian antithesis, "new men disturb."

The village is little given to litigation. No attorney's sign may be seen. Years ago we had our last *cause célèbre*. It was about a piano. The school-board had purchased an instrument that would not stay in tune. The issue came up when the tuner in despair asked whether the piano was at concert or international pitch. No one knew. The tuner made remarks that led the board to think that they had been swindled. The last payment was refused, and the dealer sued.

The case came to trial before the local justice. The plaintiff's lawyer, a large man with long hair, which he roached up masterfully in his argument, wore a white clerical cravat and long black frock-coat. He listened to witnesses with good-natured tolerance. When our musical expert took the chair, — a timid woman who had never been in court, — the lawyer roused himself. "You say that you are a professional musician and that you know all about pianos. Will you kindly tell this court how many keys there are on this piano that the board bought and refuses to pay for? You cannot? You don't know how many keys there are on it? You presume to come here, under oath, and pose as a musical expert, and can't tell how many keys there are on a piano?" He motioned to his assistant to take down the

testimony. "Well, perhaps you can tell us the pitch of this piano? You don't know what pitch it is? Is n't the pitch of a piano important? You have a piano? You know what pitch it is? Concert pitch — very good. Now you say you don't know the pitch of the piano in litigation, and you claim to be a musical expert." Again the assistant takes testimony. "How old is this piano? You don't know that either? Are n't you familiar with the types and styles of pianos? You are. You could tell an old piano from a new one? You could; yes, one does n't have to pretend to be a musical expert or study under Liszt to do that. But you don't know how old this piano is? How 's that? An obsolete type? Too old to guess at? That 'll do."

The board won the case, for the clerk deposed that a piano at international pitch had been ordered, and the tuner could not affirm that the piano was at any pitch, or that, if tuned to a pitch, it would stay there over-night.

The other case never came to court. A city man had loaned a farmer money, taking a mortgage on the stock and fifteen tons of hay. Late the next spring hay had doubled in value, and with the note unpaid the city man came up to foreclose. He made a satisfied examination of the stock, and then saw that the mow was empty.

"Where 's the hay you put up as security?"

"Well — I gawnteed to keep the stock in good condition, and I fed 'em the hay."

We do not live on excitement. One or two men are members of city clubs, and are drawn periodically into the feverish and noisy life. Their example is not approved. As none of us makes money, the fine art of living lies in saving what we can. Pleasure is in making an old coat do another year, not in buying a new one. There can be no real enjoyment in paying club dues, smoking expensive cigars, drinking costly drinks, when the wife, with intelligent care, saves ten

cents a pound on coffee, and no one can tell the difference. Nor do our club-men come back apparently benefited: however gay and pleasant clubs may be within, a certain depression always accompanies the man home.

So, in our village, we do without everything the live, active, accomplishing world regards as necessary. We read Gibbon, eat light suppers, and go to bed early. But childhood is still the great miracle with us; angels, we know, live in our houses, and we look out upon a world of misery and pain, grieving that our arms do not reach beyond the village.

THE SUBURB DE LUXE

EDWARD YEOMANS

AUTOMOBILES are streaming in from all sides to the station, and are engaged at the platform in their everlasting business of disgorging well-dressed and highly polished men and women for the nine o'clock train.

Newspapers are selling fast. It is the beginning of another day, and a most auspicious beginning, because the day begins in Toppington. If you can begin your day in Toppington, you have begun it right; and if you can end it there also, in a tuxedo, you can fill it up with anything, and it must be a profitable day.

There is an air of glad well-being on the platform; shoes have been polished in basements by the man who does the shoes; clothes have been taken from closets full of very well-pressed and very recent clothes; and breakfast has been of the ritualistic sort — with the crusts trimmed off the toast, the cream particularly rich, the cantaloupes especially luscious, the coffee in extra large cups, the omelette soufflé.

The children have come in with the governess, made their morning salutations, been kissed and jollied, and taken their seats at a side table. There have been gracious remarks and inquiries as to how everybody slept, and plans hurriedly suggested for golf or other engagements in the afternoon.

Everybody is very sure that this is the height of family life, and that here the foundations of society are laid in the concrete of good form.

The motor whirls up to the front door, and amid hurried messages, kisses, and cigarette smoke, the males briskly enter the shiny car and buzz away to the train.

"Good morning, good morning; beautiful day! How is Natalie this morning? Oh, so glad to know she is better. And now you will be leaving soon for California. We go in January, but to Florida. No, the links in Florida are inferior, but Kate demands that Gulf air and the early tomatoes and strawberries."

"What do you think of Wilson's drool this morning? Going to the smoker? Well, so long, old top."

Or — "Hello, Joe — back again, eh? How long at a time do you pretend to live a serious life? You certainly are a bum. Where were you? Well, French Lick's the only place for you brokers. Did you see Jim there? He made a big killing, I hear, and is fixed for life. Bully for him! And I am especially glad for Helen and the kiddies, who have been down to brass tacks lately — only two servants, and Jim fixing his own furnace and blacking his own boots."

Or — from Harry, very highly dressed and very twitchy and jerky about the head, with roving eyes and a flannel mouth: "My dear boy, where the hell have you been? Oh, you're the predatory rich, all right! But see here, for God's sake, what about that gas stock? Sh! Come here, man; I'm going to talk to you."

From a bright and natty lady: "Good morning, doctor. I did so want to see you after church yesterday — to thank you for that beautiful sermon."

The doctor smiles, — a smile as old as Toppington; a smile that represents the worst that Toppington can do to a man, — and the doctor says: —

"I had you in mind — and that sweet family of yours. How is Rosalie this morning? Give her my love; she's a dear, dear child, and very close to all our hearts.

"No, my suggestion to the House Committee regarding whiskey at the Golf Club was — was — well, I actually think they resented it, and so, of course, I dropped the

matter. For it is furthest from my desire to offend anyone in this dear place.

"Is that Caroline? Dear me, did she really move to Roseville? I have often wondered how her father and mother survived that. And they do look older, don't you think so? But Helen, Rose, and Catherine are a great comfort. They are maintaining the fine old Toppington tradition; they are very dear girls, very dear girls, very close to all our hearts.

"Yes, I go in town Mondays, to look over our mission parish. Really, I regret the fact that our Toppington people take so casual an interest in this beautiful charity. I am sometimes afraid I do not quite fulfil my obligation here by pointing out a little more clearly the disparity between some of my friends here and some of them there, as regards income."

"Yes, but, doctor, nothing could be done about it, of course; it is just one of those things, you know, that happen to be so, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes, I know it; I think so; but those people are a little too much forgotten, perhaps, and I frequently have cause to think that they may remind us of their presence some day in an embarrassing manner. Did you ever think of that? And, you know, nothing is so embarrassing as to be confronted with an importunate widow, for instance, who kicks on the door and keeps screaming, 'Justice!'

"But, my dear, I mustn't worry you with my doubts. My best wishes for you always. Good-bye."

At that point the train grinds to a halt, with a resolute expression of taking into New York a group of people who add all the salt to that otherwise tasteless stew. Very important gentlemen, saying very important things and thinking priceless thoughts, take their seats and open their papers; and even more important ladies — on their way to

Lord and Taylor's, or leaving for a little change in Lake-wood or Asheville — settle into places and talk about nothing with great animation.

Two men in spats and gloves, and with the "club-car" faces of commerce, after looking over the paper, hurriedly begin to discuss the situation.

"One would suppose, now the war is over and the necessity for improvements and extensions is very great, the railroads would begin buying; but they don't seem to want to begin, for some reason."

"Why, don't you see," says the other pink-faced worshiper of Baal, "it's this way: the railroads, and the other interests too, for that matter, don't propose to do anything to promote employment until the labor-world comes to its senses on wages. They propose to show labor where it gets off at."

"Well, that sounds reasonable to me. I only hope they don't show us first. You know I sometimes say to my wife: 'Carrie, what would you do now if we busted higher than a kite — if we had to come to living on five thousand dollars a year, say — about a tenth of what it costs us now?'

"'Where would we live?' she asks.

"'Well, suppose we had to move to Newark or Jersey City?'

"'Don't talk utter nonsense,' she says, 'and be sure to engage two staterooms on the Limited to Santa Barbara for Friday, the twentieth.'

"But I can't help thinking of folks in Petrograd these days, who used to do about the same things we do — but are doing something very different now: standing hours in line for black bread. Two staterooms to Santa Barbara on the Limited!"

One of the wives in front, overhearing this outburst, turns about and with a flashing eye says to her husband's friend: —

"John is n't the sport he used to be, is he? What 's the matter with him, anyhow? I think it was that book by Jane Addams about children and the city streets. I 've had a lot of trouble with him since that. Brace up, John; just because you are virtuous, or dyspeptic, or senile, or something, do you expect *me* to join the Christian Endeavor Society?"

And so the conversation develops, indicating on the part of the men a certain faint-hearted respect for history, in spite of their repugnance for change; but revealing the women as defiant, and unchastened by any least appreciation of what is taking place in the world.

The entire package of humanity, done up in several dark-green steel cars, is injected into New York and ejected from New York daily. It stays long enough to move the little levers that divert a great deal of the wealth earned by thousands of poor folks into the channels that irrigate Toppington and sustain its beaming countenance. It is a nickel-in-the-slot machine raised to its highest power.

In the club car forward, groups of absorbed gentlemen, shrouded in tobacco smoke, play cards while the train rushes through more and more inferior suburbs as it approaches the city. They never look out of the windows. They might get a hint from Greenwood Cemetery as it flies past, making hideous gestures with its obelisks and granite deformities. They are polished people, operating in polished grooves — things outside have no interest and excite no curiosity. A man from Roseville may meet a man from Toppington on business, or through mutual friends; he may get a word on that occasion; but it is the only occasion on which he will. Thereafter he will get the fishy eye or the far-away gaze of the preoccupied man.

For Toppington is very much preoccupied; its engagements are imperative. It has an intense sense of its re-

sponsibilities. It is part of the two per cent who own sixty per cent of the wealth of the country. Its idol is *ability* — ability to maintain about that proportion of ownership. It is actually reptilian in its hissing anger against the opponent of orthodoxy. It is capable, with complete complacency, of defeating every effort to make this war anything but a frightful catastrophe with no actual moral value. It is draped in all sorts of flowing sentimentalism; and beneath that drapery is a hardness and selfishness beyond belief.

It poisons its own children with the insidious sense of caste — of the low value of real work and the high value of mental dexterity and sleight-of-hand. It produces mental invalids full of the immorality of self-pity and the vulgarity of parade.

If this war means anything, it means that the Toppingtons of this country will be left by the tide, and will dry up, like strangled jelly-fish, in the sun of a new adjustment that will appraise people according to their actual contribution to the wealth and welfare of the nation.

SENTIMENTAL AMERICA¹

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE Oriental may be inscrutable, but he is no more puzzling than the average American. We admit that we are hard, keen, practical, — the adjectives that every casual European applies to us, — and yet any book-store window or railway news-stand will show that we prefer sentimental magazines and books. Why should a hard race — if we are hard — read soft books?

By soft books, by sentimental books, I do not mean only the kind of literature best described by the word "squashy." I doubt whether we write or read more novels and short stories of the tear-dripped or hyper-emotional variety than other nations. Germany is — or was — full of such soft stuff. It is highly popular in France, although the excellent taste of French criticism keeps it in check. Italian popular literature exudes sentiment; and the sale of "squashy" fiction in England is said to be threatened only by an occasional importation of an American "best-seller." We have no bad eminence here. Sentimentalists with enlarged hearts are international in habitat, although, it must be admitted, especially popular in America.

When a critic, after a course in American novels and magazines, declares that life, as it appears on the printed page here, is fundamentally sentimentalized, he goes much deeper than "mushiness" with his charge. He means, I think, that there is an alarming tendency in American fiction to dodge the facts of life — or to pervert them. He means that in most popular books only red-blooded,

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optimistic people are welcome. He means that material success, physical soundness, and the gratification of the emotions have the right of way. He means that men and women (except the comic figures) shall be presented, not as they are, but as we should like to have them, according to a judgment tempered by nothing more searching than our experience with an unusually comfortable, safe, and prosperous mode of living. Everyone succeeds in American plays and stories — if not by good thinking, why then by good looks or good luck. A curious society the research student of a later date might make of it — an upper world of the colorless, successful, illustrated by chance-saved collar advertisements and magazine covers; an under world of grotesque scamps, clowns, and hyphenates drawn from the comic supplement; and all — red-blooded hero and modern gargoyle alike — always in good humor.

I am not touching in this picture merely to attack it. It has been abundantly attacked; what it needs is explanation. For there is much in this bourgeois, good-humored American literature of ours which rings true, which is as honest an expression of our individuality as was the more austere product of ante-bellum New England. If American sentimentality does invite criticism, American sentiment deserves defense.

Sentiment — the response of the emotions to the appeal of human nature — is cheap, but so are many other good things. The best of the ancients were rich in it. Homer's chieftains wept easily. So did Shakespeare's heroes. Adam and Eve shed "some natural tears" when they left the Paradise which Milton imagined for them. A heart accessible to pathos, to natural beauty, to religion, was a chief requisite for the protagonist of Victorian literature. Even Becky Sharp was touched — once — by Amelia's moving distress.

Americans, to be sure, do not weep easily; but if they make equivalent responses to sentiment, that should not be held against them. If we like "sweet" stories, or "strong" — which means emotional — stories, our taste is not thereby proved to be hopeless, or our national character bad. It is better to be creatures of even sentimental sentiment, with the author of "The Rosary," than to see the world *only* as it is portrayed by the pens of Bernard Shaw and Anatole France. The first is deplorable; the second is dangerous. I should deeply regret the day when a simple story of honest American manhood winning a million and a sparkling, piquant sweetheart lost all power to lull my critical faculty and warm my heart. I doubt whether any literature has ever had too much of honest sentiment.

Good Heavens! Because some among us insist that the mystic rose of the emotions shall be painted a brighter pink than nature allows, are the rest to forego glamour? Or because, to view the matter differently, psychology has shown what happens in the brain when a man falls in love, and anthropology has traced marriage to a care for property rights, are we to suspect the idyllic in literature wherever we find it? Life is full of the idyllic; and no anthropologist will ever persuade the reasonably romantic youth that the sweet and chivalrous passion which leads him to mingle reverence with desire for the object of his affections, is nothing but an idealized property sense. Origins explain very little, after all. The bilious critics of sentiment in literature have not even honest science behind them.

I have no quarrel with traffickers in simple emotion — with such writers as James Lane Allen and James Whitcomb Riley, for example. But the average American is not content with such sentiment as theirs. He wants a more intoxicating brew — to be persuaded that, once you step beyond your own experience, feeling rules the world. He

wants — I judge by what he reads — to make sentiment at least ninety per cent efficient, even if a dream-America, superficially resemblant to the real, but far different in tone, must be created by the obedient writer in order to satisfy him. His sentiment has frequently to be sentimentalized before he will pay for it. And to this fault, which he shares with other modern races, he adds the other heinous sin of sentimentalism, the refusal to face the facts.

This sentimentalizing of reality — to invent a term — is far more dangerous than the romantic sentimentalizing of the "squashy" variety. It is to be found in sex-stories, which carefully observe decency of word and deed, where the conclusion is always in accord with conventional morality, yet whose characters are clearly immoral, indecent, and would so display themselves if the tale were truly told. It is to be found in stories of "big business," where trickery and rascality are made virtuous at the end by sentimental baptism. If I choose for the hero of my novel a director in an American trust; if I make him an accomplice in certain acts of ruthless economic tyranny; if I make it clear that at first he is merely subservient to a stronger will, and that the acts he approves are in complete disaccord with his private moral code — why then, if the facts should be dragged to the light, if he is made to realize the exact nature of his career, how can I end my story? It is evident that my hero possesses little insight and less firmness of character. He is not a hero; he is merely a tool. In, let us say, eight cases out of ten, his curve is already plotted. It leads downward — not necessarily along the villain's path, but toward moral insignificance.

And yet, I cannot end my story that way for Americans. There *must* be a grand moral revolt. There must be resistance, triumph, and not only spiritual, but also financial recovery. And this, likewise, is sentimentality. Even Booth

Tarkington, in his excellent "Turmoil," had to dodge the logical issue of his story; had to make his hero exchange a practical literary idealism for a very impractical, even though a commercial, utopianism, in order to emerge apparently successful at the end of the book. A story such as the Danish Nex8's "Pelle the Conqueror," where pathos and the idyllic, each intense, each beautiful, are made convincing by an undeviating truth to experience, would seem to be almost impossible of production just now in America.

It is not enough to rail at this false fiction. The chief duty of criticism is to explain. The best corrective of bad writing is a knowledge of why it is bad. We get the fiction we deserve, precisely as we get the government we deserve — or perhaps, in each case, a little better. Why are we sentimental? When that question is answered, it is easier to understand the defects and the virtues of American fiction. And the answer lies in the traditional American philosophy of life.

To say that the American is an idealist, is to commit a thoroughgoing platitude. Like most platitudes, the statement is annoying because, from one point of view, it is indisputably just, while from another it does not seem to fit the facts. With regard to our tradition, it is indisputable. Of the immigrants who since the seventeenth century have been pouring into this continent, a portion large in number, larger still in influence, has been possessed of motives which, in part at least, were idealistic. If it was not the desire for religious freedom that urged them, it was the desire for personal freedom; if not political liberty, why then economic liberty (for this too is idealism), and the opportunity to raise the standard of life. And of course all these motives were strongest in that earlier immigration which has done most to fix the state of mind and body which we call being American. I need not labor the argument. Our political

and social history supports it; our best literature demonstrates it; for no men have been more idealistic than the American writers whom we have consented to call great. Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whitman — was idealism ever more thoroughly incarnate than in them?

And this idealism — to risk again a platitude — has been in the air of America. It has permeated our religious sects, and created several of them. It has given tone to our thinking, and even more to our feeling. I do not say that it has always, or even usually, determined our actions, although the Civil War is proof of its power. Again and again it has gone aground roughly when the ideal met a condition of living — a fact that will provide the explanation for which I seek. But optimism, “boosting,” muck-raking (not all of its manifestations are pretty), social service, religious, municipal, democratic reform, indeed the “uplift” generally, is evidence of the vigor, the bumptiousness of the inherited American tendency to pursue the ideal. No one can doubt that in this generation we believe, at least, in idealism.

Nevertheless, so far as the average individual is concerned, with just his share and no more of the race-tendency, this idealism has been suppressed, and in some measure perverted. It is this which explains, I think, American sentimentalism.

Consider, for example, the ethics of conventional American society. The American ethical tradition is perfectly definite and tremendously powerful. It belongs, furthermore, to a population far larger than the “old American” stock, for it has been laboriously inculcated in our schools and churches, and impressively driven home by newspaper, magazine, and book. I shall not presume to analyze it save where it touches literature. There it maintains a definite attitude toward all sex-problems: the Victorian, which is not necessarily, or even probably, a bad one. Man should

be chaste, and proud of his chastity. Woman must be so. It is the ethical duty of the American to hate, or at least to despise, all deviations, and to pretend — for the greater prestige of the law — that such sinning is exceptional, at least in America. And this is the public morality he believes in, whatever may be his private experience in actual living. In business, it is the ethical tradition of the American, inherited from a rigorous Protestant morality, to be square, to play the game without trickery, to fight hard but never meanly. Over-reaching is justifiable when the other fellow has equal opportunities to be “smart”; lying, tyranny — never. And though the opposites of all these laudable practices come to pass, he must frown on them in public, deny their rightness even to the last cock-crow — especially in the public press.

American political history is a long record of idealistic tendencies toward democracy, working painfully through a net of graft, pettiness, sectionalism, and bravado, with constant disappointment for the idealist who believes, traditionally, in the intelligence of the crowd. American social history is a glaring instance of how the theory of equal dignity for all men can entangle itself with caste distinctions, snobbery, and the power of wealth. American economic history betrays the pioneer helping to kick down the ladder that he himself had raised toward equal opportunity for all. American literary history — especially contemporary literary history — reflects the result of all this for the American mind. The sentimental in our literature is a direct consequence.

The disease is easily acquired. Mr. Smith, a broker, finds himself in an environment of “schemes” and “deals” in which the quality of mercy is strained, and the wind is decidedly not tempered to the shorn lamb. After all, business is business. He shrugs his shoulders and takes his part.

But his unexpended fund of native idealism — if, as is most probable, he has his share — seeks its due satisfaction. He cannot use it in business; so he takes it out in a novel or a play where, quite contrary to his observed experience, ordinary people like himself act nobly, with a success that is all the more agreeable for being unexpected. His wife, a woman with strange stirrings about her heart, with motions toward beauty, and desires for a significant life and rich, satisfying experience, exists in day-long pettiness, gossips, frivols, scolds, with money enough to do what she pleases, and nothing vital to do. She also relieves her pent-up idealism in plays or books — in high-wrought, “strong” novels, not in adventures in society such as the kitchen admires, but in stories with violent moral and emotional crises, whose characters, no matter how unlikelike, have “strong” thoughts, and make vital decisions; succeed or fail significantly. Her brother, the head of a wholesale dry-goods firm, listens to the stories the drummers bring home of night life on the road, laughs, says to himself regretfully that the world has to be like that; and then, in logical reaction, demands purity and nothing but aggressive purity in the books of the public library.

The hard man goes in for philanthropy (never before so frequently as in America); the one-time “boss” takes to picture-collecting; the railroad wrecker gathers rare editions of the Bible; and tens of thousands of humbler Americans carry their inherited idealism into the necessarily sordid experiences of life in an imperfectly organized country, suppress it for fear of being thought “cranky” or “soft,” and then, in their imagination and all that feeds their imagination, give it vent. You may watch the process any evening at the movies or the melodrama, on the trolley-car or in the easy chair at home.

This philosophy of living, which I have called American

idealism, is in its own nature sound, as is proved in a hundred directions where it has had full play. Suppressed idealism, like any other suppressed desire, becomes unsound. One does not have to follow Freud and his school into their sex-pathology in order to believe that. And here lies the ultimate cause of the taste for sentimentalism in the American *bourgeoisie*. An undue insistence upon happy endings, regardless of the premises of the story, and a craving for optimism everywhere, anyhow, are sure signs of a "morbid complex," and to be compared with some justice to the craving for drugs in a "dry" town. We must look for psychological as well as economic and geographical causes for mental peculiarities exhibiting themselves in literature. No one can doubt the effect of the suppression by the Puritan discipline of that instinctive love of pleasure and liberal experience common to us all. Its unhealthy reaction is visible in every old American community. No one who faces the facts can deny the result of the suppression by commercial, bourgeois, prosperous America of our native idealism. The student of society may find its dire effects in politics, in religion, and in social intercourse. The critic cannot overlook them in literature; for it is in the realm of the imagination that idealism, direct or perverted, does its best or its worst.

Sentiment is not perverted idealism. Sentiment *is* idealism of a mild and not too masculine variety. If it has sins, they are sins of omission, not commission. Our fondness for sentiment proves that our idealism, if a little loose in the waist-band and puffy in the cheeks, is still hearty, still capable of active mobilization, like those comfortable French husbands whose plump and smiling faces, careless of glory, careless of everything but thrift and good living, are nevertheless figured on a page whose superscription reads, "Dead on the field of honor."

The novels, the plays, the short stories, of sentiment may prefer sweetness, perhaps, to truth; the feminine to the masculine virtues, but we waste ammunition in attacking them. There never was, I suppose, a great literature of sentiment, for not even the "Sentimental Journey" is truly great. But no one can make a diet exclusively of "noble" literature; the charming has its own cosy corner across from the tragic (and a much bigger corner at that). Our uncounted amorists of tail-piece song and illustrated story provide the readiest means of escape from the somewhat uninspiring life that most men and women are living just now in America.

The sentimental, however, — whether because of an excess of sentiment softening into "slush," or of a morbid optimism, or of a weak-eyed distortion of the facts of life, — is perverted. It needs to be cured, and its cure is more truth. But this cure, I very much fear, is not entirely, or even chiefly, in the power of the "regular practitioner," the honest writer. He can be honest; but if he is much more honest than his readers, they will not read him. As Professor Lounsbury once said, a language grows corrupt only when its speakers grow corrupt, and mends, strengthens, and becomes pure with them. So with literature. We shall have less sentimentality in American literature when our accumulated store of idealism disappears in a laxer generation; or when it finds due vent in a more responsible, less narrow, less monotonously prosperous life than is lived by the average reader of fiction in America. I would rather see our literary taste damned forever than have the first alternative become — as it has not yet — a fact. The second, in the years of world-war, we placed, unwillingly, perhaps unconsciously, upon the knees of the gods.

All this must not be taken in too absolute a sense. There are medicines, and good ones, in the hands of writers and of

critics, to abate, if not to heal, this plague of sentimentalism. I have stated ultimate causes only. They are enough to keep the mass of Americans reading sentimentalized fiction until some fundamental change has come, not strong enough to hold back the van of American writing, which is steadily moving toward restraint, sanity, and truth. Every honest composition is a step forward in the cause; and every clear-minded criticism.

But one must doubt the efficacy, and one must doubt the healthiness, of reaction into cynicism and sophisticated cleverness. There are curious signs, especially in what we may call the literature of New York, of a growing sophistication that sneers at sentiment and the sentimental alike. "Magazines of cleverness" have this for their keynote, although as yet the satire is not always well aimed. There are abundant signs that the generation just coming forward will rejoice in such a pose. It is observable now in the colleges, where the young literati turn up their noses at everything American, — magazines, best-sellers, or one-hundred-night plays, — and resort for inspiration to the English school of anti-Victorians: to Schnitzler with his brilliant Viennese cynicism; less commonly, because he is more subtle, to Anatole France. Their pose is not altogether to be blamed, and the men to whom they resort are models of much that is admirable; but there is little promise for American literature in exotic imitation. To see ourselves prevailing as others see us may be good for modesty, but does not lead to a self-confident native art. And it is a dangerous way for Americans to travel. We cannot afford such sophistication yet. The English wits experimented with cynicism in the court of Charles II, laughed at blundering Puritan morality, laughed at country manners, and were whiffed away because the ideals they laughed at were better than their own. Idealism is not funny,

however censurable its excesses. As a race we have too much sentiment to be frightened out of the sentimental by a blasé cynicism.

At first glance the flood of moral literature now upon us — social-conscience stories, scientific plays, platitudinous “moralities” that tell us how to live — may seem to be another protest against sentimentalism. And that the French and English examples have been so warmly welcomed here may seem another indication of a reaction on our part. I refer especially to those “hard” stories, full of vengeful wrath, full of warnings for the race that dodges the facts of life. H. G. Wells is the great exemplar, with his sociological studies wrapped in description and tied with a plot. In a sense, such stories are certainly to be regarded as a protest against truth-dodging, against cheap optimism, against “slacking,” whether in literature or in life. But it would be equally just to call them another result of suppressed idealism, and to regard their popularity in America as proof of the argument which I have advanced in this essay. Excessively didactic literature is often a little unhealthy. In fresh periods, when life runs strong and both ideals and passions find ready issue into life, literature has no burdensome moral to carry. It digests its moral. Homer digested his morals. They transfuse his epics. So did Shakespeare. His world is predominantly moral; but his stories are not forged into machines contrived to hammer home neglected truth.

Not so with the writers of the social-conscience school. They are in a rage over wicked, wasteful man. Their novels are bursted notebooks — sometimes neat and orderly notebooks, like Mr. Galsworthy's or our own Ernest Poole's, sometimes haphazard ones, like those of Mr. Wells, but always explosive with reform. These gentlemen know very well what they are about, especially Mr. Wells, the lesser

artist, perhaps, as compared with Galsworthy, but the shrewder and possibly the greater man. The very sentimentalists, who go to novels to exercise the idealism that they cannot use in life, will read these unsentimental stories, although their lazy impulses would never spur them on toward any truth not sweetened by a tale.

And yet, one feels that the social attack might have been more convincing if free from its compulsory service to fiction; that these novels and plays might have been better literature if the authors did not study life in order that they might be better able to preach. Wells and Galsworthy also have suffered from suppressed idealism, although it would be unfair to say that perversion was the result. So have our muck-rakers, who, very characteristically, exhibit the disorder in a more complex and a much more serious form, since to a distortion of facts they have often enough added hypocrisy and commercialism. It is part of the price we pay for being sentimental.

The American sentimentalists, two million readers strong, are intrenched behind ramparts of indifference, which no shrapnel fire of criticism or countermine of honest writing can ever destroy. We can take a trench or two, blow up some particularly obnoxious citadel, and trouble their security by exploding bombs of truth; but defeat must come finally from within their own lines.

If I am correct in my analysis, we are suffering here in America, not from a plague of bad taste merely, nor only from a lack of real education among our myriads of readers, nor from decadence — least of all, this last. It is a disease of our own particular virtue which has infected us — idealism, suppressed and perverted. A less commercial, more responsible America, perhaps a less prosperous and more spiritual America, will hold fast to its sentiment, but be weaned from its sentimentality.

A CRITICISM OF TWO-PARTY POLITICS

J. N. LARNED

AMERICANS have taken from Englishmen the opinion that two political parties, in contention for the power to make and administer law in a representative democracy, produce conditions that yield a better average of government than can be got from the strifes and differences of more numerous parties, with none among them able to command a majority of the popular vote.

For this conclusion the English have one important reason which loses weight in American thought. Their form of popular government is an evolutionary product of two-party conditions. It took its shaping from the fact that two political parties had been alternating in the control of the British House of Commons for a long period prior to the practical withdrawal of administrative prerogatives from the Crown by that House. This has been the fact, indeed, since English parties of a strictly political character began to exist; and it gave apparent assurance that a responsible ministerial administration of government erected on the support of a majority in the Commons would be unlikely ever to lack that majority, from one or the other party, for its base. It was an assurance that held good for about a century and a half. Latterly it has been weakened, and possibly it has expired, since British ministries have had to obtain their executive commission from a coalition of parties quite frequently in recent years.

In this country the conditions are very different. The architects of its government, not attempting, like the English, to join the facts and forces of a republican system to

the theory and forms of an hereditary monarchy, discarded the latter, creating in its place a distinct and independent executive authority, which passes from person to person at fixed times, and which issues from the people directly. By this, and by further provisions in our Federal Constitution relating to the election and succession of our presidents and vice-presidents, the continuity of executive authority in our government is made secure. No dead-lock of factions in Congress can cast doubt on the constitutional authority of the President to administer existing law, by depriving him of a supporting majority in either House, or in both; but a British ministry in the same situation would exercise a questionable and much weakened authority, though it acted under the commands of the king. Factionous divisions may paralyze *legislation* as mischievously in Congress as in Parliament; but such paralysis cannot affect administrative government in the United States, as it may affect that side of British government in some conceivable situations.

The most important of English considerations in favor of two-party politics has, therefore, no weight for us. What others do we find to persuade us, as most of us seem to be persuaded, that a *mêlée* of parties, in the French and German manner of politics, would bring evils on us, which we must take care to avoid by keeping ourselves marshaled as entirely as possible in two great opposing hosts? We have had long experience of the bipartite organization of politics and its mighty dueling; and, in late years especially, we have been attentive observers of the more scrimmaging style of political warfare in other countries. We ought to be well prepared to draw evidence from both and weigh it in a fair-minded way. The present writing is an attempt and an invitation to treat the question thus, and learn perhaps in doing so how important it is.

One fact which stands indisputably to the credit of a bi-

sected partisanship in politics is this: the whole business of government is simplified and made easier for those who conduct it, when all differences in the popular will, which they are expected to execute, are so nearly gathered up by two agencies of organization that one or the other of these must be able to confer full authority at any given time. It is needless to say that the ministry which takes such authority from a single dominant party has every advantage, — of assured tenure, of defined policy, of confident and courageous feeling, — over any ministry which acts in dependence on some precarious combination of separately powerless political groups. It has a distinctly mapped course to pursue. Its measures are substantially fore-planned for it. It knows what to expect, of support and opposition alike, and its measures are furthered almost as much by the concentrated organization of antagonisms as by their support. These conditions are plainly the most favorable to an easy and effective working of the apparatus of government; and this fact is decisive of the question, no doubt, in the judgment of most people who take a practical part in political affairs.

Such a judgment, however, surely rests on inadequate grounds. Something more than ease and effectiveness in the working of government demands to be taken into account. The quality of the result has a prior claim to consideration; and results accomplished with least difficulty and most facility are quite likely to be not the best. For this reason I suspect that the school of practical "politics" does not give the right training in judgment for a right decision of this question of parties in government; and I fear that prevailing views on the question have come mainly from that school.

It may be said that the assured support in measures of government, the confident feeling, the definite programme,

are conducive to deliberate and judicious action, as well as to ease and facility in it — which is true in theory, and ought to be true always in fact; but the same conditions are contributory also to influences on political action which work powerfully against its fidelity of service to the public good. Many motives, both noble and base, from the purest in altruism to the meanest in selfishness, may inspire the ambition for political authority and power; but it is certain that the lower promptings are more energetic than the higher, and prick men on to more arduous striving for the coveted prize. In our American political experience there has been no fact more glaringly manifested than this, unless it is the fact that our two-party system is stimulating and helpful to the sordid political ambitions and discouraging to the nobler aims.

A common phrase in our political talk and writing explains why this is so. One or the other of our two contending parties is always subject to description as “the party in power.” The power of government is always the power of a party, shifted to and fro between the two organizations of political rivalry as the prize of a lottery, which has its annual, biennial, and quadrennial drawings at the polls. For a given term, the one party or the other ordinarily receives complete possession of that tremendous power, to the utmost of its range. It is power to make and administer law, to levy, collect, and expend public revenues, to undertake and carry on public works, to hold the stewardship of public property, to grant public franchises, to fill public offices, to distribute public employments — to be, in fact, for a given term, *the public* of cities, of states, and of the great nation, in all the handling of their stupendous corporate affairs. To obtain a realizing conception of the immensity of power which this involves, and of the diabolical temptations and invitations it offers, not only to conscious

dishonesty, but to selfishness in all forms, is to know why our politics are corrupted as they are.

By giving these awful masses of corrupting opportunity always into the possession of one or the other of two party organizations, we draw what is corrupt and corruptible in the country into almost irresistible leagues for the controlling of both. Men of one sort are induced to devote their lives to the practice of the arts of political engineering which have produced the "machine" organization of party and brought it to a marvelous perfection. Men of another sort are made willing to be cogged wheels in the machine, some as congressmen, some as state legislators, some as aldermen, some as executive officials, but all, on their appointed axes, going round and round in obedient responsiveness to the hand which turns the mandatory crank, making law, enforcing law, or stifling law, as the "boss" commands.

The construction, the maintenance, and the operation of the machine are attended by heavy cost; and this brings a third order of men into the wide circle of corruption which it spreads. These are its patrons — the liberal subscribers for such profitable products, of legislation from one hopper, of chloroformed law from another, and of public jobs from a third, as it is prepared to turn out on demand. They finance the expensive "plants" of the two parties, with all their advertising shows and stage-plays for the captivation of weak-minded voters, and they receive in return friendly statutes and tariffs, and public franchises and contracts, and official connivances and negligences, which accomplish public pocket-picking on the biggest conceivable scale. The total result is a state of rottenness in American politics which has become a stench in the nostrils of the world.

If our two parties represented a *natural* bisection of political opinion in the country, such effects might seem curable; but they do so no longer, although there was that sponta-

neous cleavage in their origin, both in England and with us. Parties in English politics had their rise in the struggle between a disfranchised class and a ruling class, and that was fought to its practical finish forty years ago. In our own case, when the Federal Union took form, a single wide cleft in political public opinion was opened by the conflict between national and provincial trends of feeling, producing the Federal and Anti-Federal parties of early American politics. In the next generation that contention between nationalizing policies and provincial exaggerations of "state rights" ran into and was reinforced by the sectional slavery question, prolonging and embittering the duel of parties until it culminated in the sectional Civil War. Both of the questions at issue having then been settled by a judgment beyond appeal, a decade or so sufficed for the practical clearing from our politics of all that was residual from the old state of things, and we entered on new conditions, which brought new problems and new diversities of mind into our political life.

There has been nothing of conflict since, in actual belief or opinion, that could carry forward the old division of parties on one continuous line, as it has been carried to the present day. On the first large general question that arose, which was the question of the monetary standard, — the "silver question," — there was so little intellectual sincerity in the final championship of the gold standard by the party which carried it into law, that the stand of that party on the question was in doubt almost till the opening of the decisive campaign of 1896. On each side of the question there was a considerable body of genuine opinion; but neither side of that opinion was coincident with either side of the old two-party division of voters in the nation. Both of the old parties were ruptured temporarily by the new issue, which carried a few companies of recalcitrant Demo-

crats into independent revolt or into the Republican ranks, and *vice versa*; but the greater mass of the combatants in that fight had the banner that they fought under determined for them, primarily by the cold tactical calculations of party leaders, and finally by the sweep of that blind partisan spirit — that unreasoning *vis inertiae* of human temper which keeps men running, like other animals, in herds.

It must be remembered that what we mean when we speak of the "party spirit" has no reference to any motive that is inspired by an object — a belief, a social interest, a social right or a social wrong — which a party may be formed to promote or resist, but is the fanatic devotion which seems to be so easily diverted to the party itself, as an object of attachment distinct from its instrumental use. There have been times and occasions when this motiveless zealotry had a naked exhibition, divested of everything in the nature of a rational cause — originating, even, in no more than a color or a name. A famous instance is that of the factions of the Roman circus, which Gibbon describes in the fortieth chapter of the "Decline and Fall." Rightly considered, the lesson to be taken from the story of those factions, which arose in connection with the colors (white, red, green, and blue) of the liveries worn by drivers in the Roman chariot-races, is one of the most important that history affords.

In the party spirit which made that exhibition (and other exhibitions hardly less puerile and revolting, in other times and places) the fundamental quality is the senselessness, the objectless inanity, of the association that inspired it. That, in fact, is what constitutes a party spirit, whenever and however it becomes generated in a party, with no inspiration from a *cause* that the party is made use of to support. Acting, as it does, with the weight and momentum of a mass of people, and with utter unreason, this motiveless

zealotry is the most mischievous of all the mischief-makings that have come from empty or idle human brains. Its malign influence in history has actually been unequaled by any other. More or less it has perverted all human association, especially in those spheres of it which passion can most easily invade. Its worst workings have not been in politics, but in the religious organizations of the world. It may be doubtful whether religious or political divisions have been most creative of this senseless party spirit, which perverts the rational uses of party; but it is certain that religious contentions have enraged it most, and produced the most revolting examples of its malignant power. By an easy degradation, the religious spirit has always been prone to lapse into partisanship, and then religious and political partisanship have sought unions that begot a demonism in humanity, which reveled in savage tyrannies and horrible wars.

Those fiendishly passionate developments of the party spirit belong, perhaps, to the past, and illustrate a danger that cannot seem imminent at the present day. We may reasonably hope that our social growth has left them behind. But no human disposition so insensate can be tolerated and cultivated, as this continues to be, without immense mischiefs of some nature to the race. If mischiefs from its primitive violence are disappearing, the very narcotizing of it has produced equally bad, if not worse, ones of paralysis, to replace them. Now it is threatening, not to our social peace, but to the vital energies in our social life. So far as a sectarian party spirit enters the churches, it deadens the religious spirit; and so far as a political organization is held together and actuated by something else in the feeling of its members than an earnestness of opinion on questions of the public good, it is infected with a party spirit that is sure death to the public spirit on which democracies depend as

the breath of their life. Who can doubt that such an infection is rank in both of the alternative parties that control American politics to-day? Look at the facts of their history since the close of the Civil War!

One of these two parties came out of that war much injured in credit and character; the other with an immense prestige. While the war lasted, the supporting of the government was a duty so imperious to large majorities of the people, that it forbade any obstinacy of opposition to measures taken in the conduct of the war. By this cause the Republican Party, having control of the government, acquired a great number of adherents who agreed in little but their common determination to keep the Union intact, with no concession to the doctrines that had set secession and rebellion afoot. By the same cause the Democratic party, in critical opposition to the government, drew into its membership every shade of opinion that was weaker in Unionism or sympathetic with the secessionist attack.

Many Republicans of that period were intensely opposed to the greenback issue of legal-tender paper money, which eased the financing of the war and doubled its cost, while enriching a few by inflated prices and distressing the many. Other Republicans were forced to grit their teeth with anxiety and anger as they watched the tariff-making of the war years, and saw pilfering protective duties stealing in under cover of the great revenue needs of the time, and the industries of the country being captured by monopolists, who have fattened on them ever since. In the last year of the war, when reconstruction questions were rising, a probable majority in the Republican party was with President Lincoln in opinions opposed to the entire immediate incorporation of the whole body of recent slaves in the voting constituency of the states to be reconstructed. On all these points of public policy, especially on the latter, there were

thousands in the Democratic Party who held precisely the same views. The ending of the war raised these matters at once to an importance above everything else in national affairs, and every rational consideration in politics made attention to the treatment of them the foremost duty of the time.

Why, then, were not agreeing citizens brought together, from what had been the Republican Party and the Democratic Party, to form new combinations for dealing with the issues of the new situation — the questions of reconstruction, of protective duties, and of money? A simply rational and natural instinct in politics would have drawn voters who had real opinions into such combinations, in order to represent themselves effectively in Congress on one or more of the issues that appealed to them most strongly; and the result would undoubtedly have saved the country from two decades or more of drifting, blundering, unrighteous legislation, which enriched a class at the expense of the mass and demoralized American life in a hundred ways. What prevented, of course, was the bondage of the Anglo-American mind to the inherited two-party idea of practical politics, and the antagonism of party spirit, which that idea promotes and excites. Even the few Republicans and Democrats who broke away from their respective parties, to do battle for Lincoln's reconstruction policy, or for sound money, or against protective tariffism, — even those few made their fight as guerrillas, "mug-wumps," independents, — and attempted no party organization. The general body of their fellow believers stayed with the old banners, expostulating loudly from time to time against the roadways of their march, and suffering a succession of disgusts as they arrived at such achievements as carpet-bag government in the Southern States, Bland and Sherman silver bills, McKinley and Dingley tariffs, and the like. And still, to this

day, the columns of our two-party campaigning are substantially unbroken, and men who agree in opinion on the greater matters of public concern are facing one another in antagonistic organizations, instead of standing shoulder to shoulder for some effective promotion of their beliefs.

Of course, no effective expression of public opinion on any question of public policy, or any principle of right, is possible under conditions like these; and what must be the effect on the political attitude of the citizen-mind, — on its thoughtful interest in public questions, and on the intelligent sincerity of action inspired by it, — when the expression of political opinion is so hampered or suppressed? Unquestionably the effect has been, and is increasingly, to deaden public opinion as a political force, and to engender the senseless party spirit in its place.

In the presidential election of 1908, the pronouncements of purpose and promised policy by the two chief parties, on all questions brought forward in the canvass, were substantially and practically the same. On the regulation of interstate railway traffic and of so-called trusts; on tariff revision; on currency reform; on questions between labor and capital; on the conservation of natural resources and the improvement of the waterways of the country, there was no difference of material import in what was proposed. Both parties contemplated some prolongation of American rule in the Philippines, with ultimate independence of the islands in view, and disagreed only as to making or not making their ultimate independence the subject of an immediate pledge. Actually nothing of conflict in the principles or projects of policy set forth by these two parties could make the choice between them a matter of grave importance to any citizen when he cast his vote. It was manifest that they existed no longer as organizations of opposing opinion, but had degenerated into competing syndicates for the capture

of political power. Thus the citizen who exercised a thoughtful judgment on the public questions of the day was actually driven to determine his vote, as between these parties (one or the other of which would inevitably be "the party in power"), by something else than that judgment; by something of a feeling that grows easily into the mischievous spirit that finally cares for nothing in politics but the party and the party's success.

The minor parties in our politics, — Prohibitionist, Socialist, Populist, — which justify their existence by special aims, are respectable as parties because consistently formed and coherent by the force of real motives of union; but they promise no disturbance of the demoralizing certainty, in every election, that undivided power, of legislation or administration or both, will go to one or the other team of the professional players in the two-party game.

What, then, could be thinner and poorer than the exhibition that we make now in our politics? Our parties mean so little; represent so faintly and vaguely the public mind; offer so little invitation or stimulation to thought on public questions and to well-considered action in politics; furnish so perverted an agency for receiving and executing any mandate from the people! Is it not time to reconsider our traditional belief in the two-party organization of politics, and question whether something that would be better in the whole effect might not, after all, be obtained from a structure of parties more flexible than in the pattern that England gave us?

The natural cleavage between conservative and progressive, or liberal, opinion, which originated the two-party division in English and American politics, gave origin, likewise, to the more numerous political parties of the European continent. But, while Englishmen and Americans have made one mixture of all tinctures of conservative polit-

ical opinion, and another mixture of all degrees of progressive liberality, the French, German, and other Europeans, have not been satisfied with so crude and careless a lumping of their differences of judgment on public questions, but have subdivided their main divisions of party in a rational and, we may say, a scientific way. After entering upon an experience of representative government, they soon discovered that moderate and extreme dispositions, whether conservative or progressive, may separate men by wider differences of view than arise between the moderately conservative and the moderately progressive man; and that there is a considerable breadth of ground within the range of the latter's differences, on which men from both sides can act together more effectively for what they desire in government than by action on either side of the prime division. Recognition of this fact tends naturally to the formation of at least three parties of a comprehensive character (not limited, that is, to single specific objects), namely: one on the conservative slope of opinion, one on the progressive, and a third on an area between these.

This was so natural an organization of politics that the continental Europeans, coming into the enjoyment of representative institutions much later than the English, fell into it as if there was nothing else to be done; and in the seating of their legislatures they found a natural name for the natural parties that took form. According to the places in which the parties became grouped, at the right or the left of the presiding officer's chair, or in front of it, they came to be known as the party of the Right, the party of the Left, the party of the Centre; or simply the Right, the Left, and the Centre. Generally, at the outset of the introduction of parliamentary institutions on the Continent, conservative opinion had the strongest representation in the legislative bodies, and its deputies took the seats that gave them the

name of the Right. The naming then established became fixed in European use.

For the simple politics of the Swiss Republic the three parties of this most natural division — Right, Left, and Centre — have sufficed for many years. In most countries of Europe, however, the Right and Left parties, especially the latter, are subject to fissures that produce Right Centre and Left Centre parties, and frequently others, taking different names, with branchings, moreover, on the Left, of parties like the Socialist, which acknowledge no fundamental relationship with parties on that side, but stand on ground of their own. No doubt this segmentation of parties has been practiced excessively in Latin and German countries, and has been often troublesome in the conduct of government; but the question to be considered is, whether the transient difficulties so caused have ever been comparable in seriousness with the deep-seated evils that arise in our politics from the hard-and-fast crystallization of our two historic parties, and the fixed fact that one or the other will always win the corrupting prize of power.

Experience of a systematically representative government was opened in France in 1876, when the Constitution of the Third Republic went into effect. The first elections to the Chamber of Deputies gave the supporters of this republican Constitution great majorities; against hostile Bonapartists, Bourbon monarchists, and anarchists; but the presidency had been filled by previous election in the National Assembly, and Marshal MacMahon, who occupied it, was extremely anti-republican in his views. Discord between the majority in the Chamber and the ministries selected by the President was inevitable, and it resulted in the resignation of MacMahon at the end of January, 1879. The Republicans, however, were far from forming a compact political party. Their deputies were divided into so

many groups or varieties, that Dr. Lowell, in his account of "Government and Parties in Continental Europe" mentions only five of "the most important," which bore the following names: Left Centre, Republican Left, Republican Union, Radical Left, and Extreme Left. The group which called itself Republican Union, headed by Gambetta, though it was not a majority of the Chamber in its own numbers, yet exercised a practical dominance, which it maintained for a number of years.

Considering the formidable difficulties that attended the establishing of republican government in France, from royalist and imperialist antagonisms, from the originally open hostility of Rome, from the discouraging memory of two failures in the past, from the recent loss of national prestige, and from ever-impending dangers in the feeling between Germany and France — have we any good reason for supposing that a two-party organization in the conflicts involved would have brought the country through them with better success? The same generation that suffered the crushing downfall of the Second Empire, and had reason for well-nigh despairing of France, has been able to found and build on that great ruin a well-ordered radical democracy, and make it one of the substantial political powers of the world. At the same time, however, these people have not hesitated to take up, and apparently to give a lasting treatment to, such hazardous undertakings as the secularizing of public education, the separation of the State from an anciently established Church, and the subjection of its religious orders and societies to civil law.

What greater achievements in the workmanship of politics has our time produced? And what other country in our generation has suffered tribulations so many and so distracting as the workers at these formidable tasks have been tormented by meanwhile? When I call to mind the Bou-

langer intoxication, the Panama Canal failure and its scandals, the madness of the Dreyfus iniquity, the Morocco trouble, and the almost paralyzing strike of postal and telegraph employees, the safe passing of the French democracy through all these merciless testings, in the period of its organization and schooling, claims my wondering admiration.

In the corresponding period what do we show of political achievement that will make good any boast of a better working of government under the two-party organization of our democracy? A few years prior to the undertaking of republican government in France we passed, as a nation, through the greatest of our trials, when, at stupendous cost of life and suffering, we rescued our Federal Union from rupture, and then applied ourselves to the reconstruction of society and government in eleven shattered states. I have alluded already to the fact that a probable majority of the party then all-powerful in possession of the government was favorable to the policy of reconstruction which President Lincoln had begun to carry out before his death. By the loss of his sane influence and by the passions which his murder excited, an ascendancy in the party was transferred suddenly to its radical and vindictive minds and tempers, and the party as a whole (or nearly so), with its whole irresistible power, was swept by them into their recklessness of dealing with these gravest problems of our history. It was so swept by the habit of solidified party action (dignified in our talk of it as "loyalty" to party) which is cultivated and educated in us by the two-party prejudice of our minds.

Suppose that we had been habituated in that period to the more natural three-party division of opinion and disposition, — with or without subdivisions, — and accustomed to the organized occupation of a middle ground in our politics, — the ground for a "Right Centre" and a "Left Centre," — where moderate Republicans and mod-

erate Democrats would be in readiness at all times to throw the weight of their moderation against extremes of action on either side! Can anyone doubt that a much saner and more effective reconstruction would have been given to the states disordered by rebellion? that they would have been spared the abominations of the "carpet-bag" *régime*, and the nation spared the shame of it? that race antagonism in those states would not have been what it is, and that the condition and prospects of their colored population would have been infinitely better to-day?

Apply the surmise, again, to the treatment in our politics of those most vital of economic questions, the questions of tariff! There have always been three attitudes of people on this subject: one proceeding from opinion formed intelligently, by study and thought; another from opinion adopted carelessly, without knowledge; the third from dictation of self-interests, considered alone. As these have been mixed and lumped in both of our parties, by strains of party influence which obscured the subject, no fair opportunity has been afforded for the instructing of ignorance or for the combating of selfishness in dealing with the matter. Is it not more than probable that such subsidiary groupings in party organization as European constituencies have found practicable would have given many more openings to such opportunity, and would have saved us from some, at least, of the oppressive tribute which protected greed, helped by ignorance and thoughtlessness, has been able to levy on us for scores of years?

To my mind it appears more than probable that, in the treatment of all serious situations and all questions of high importance, we should fare better if no single organization of party could always, as a rule, control the determination of them. Ordinary legislation need not be rendered more difficult by some articulation of our political parties in the

European manner, requiring majorities in legislative bodies to be made up and handled in two or three sections, and not in a ready-made, unchangeable mass. If agreement on the graver matters became slower of attainment and less easy, it could not often fail to be made wiser and more just by the disputation through which it came. Admit everything of hindrance and inconvenience in government that can be charged against that rational articulation of parties, and what force can we feel in it, as against the intolerable evils which our contrary practice has brought upon us? That the worst of those evils are not curable without some loosening of the rigidity of our two-party organizations is the conclusion to which I am driven. Briefly, let me rehearse the reasons for this conclusion: —

1. A serviceable expression of public opinion in politics through no more than two organs of its collected utterance is possible only when some single question, or group of related questions, is overriding all others in the general mind. In common circumstances the citizen who tries to exercise an intelligent and useful judgment in his political action needs more latitude of choice than between the two categories of collective opinion, on everything in public affairs, which two rival parties put forth. By voting with one or the other of these parties, he represents himself in government as a full indorser of all that its category declares, and he is fortunate, indeed, if his vote does not falsify half of his judgments and beliefs. Of course, there is no practicable organization of political opinion, for collective expression, that will avoid some considerable compromise and sacrifice of personal judgments by every citizen; but our system imposes the maximum of falsification on our suffrages, instead of the least. How much this causes of depression and weakening in the political working of large classes of minds — on the activity of their interest in public matters, on the

earnestness of their convictions, and on the vigor of the expression given to them — cannot be known; but there can be no doubt that the effect goes seriously deep.

2. By so organizing our political action that the whole power of government, with all that it carries of stupendous opportunity for nefarious private gain at public expense, must go undividedly to one or the other of two lastingly established parties, we make it inevitable that irresistible leagues of self-seekers will acquire control of those parties, with nefarious designs. Such control is always made visible to us in the perfected machination of our party organizations. We shall never make them otherwise than machines until the corrupting opportunities they offer for exploitation are minimized by some disintegration of the power now solidified in them.

3. Nothing effective to this end is accomplished simply by independent voting, because the weight of the independent vote has to go, just as the partisan vote goes, to the tipping, one way or the other, of the two-party beam. The better motive in it can often improve immediate results. It can menace, admonish, rebuke, one or the other of the oligarchies of party at a given election. In this way it is of excellent occasional service, in improving nominations for office and in securing an election of the better; but it can never advance us by a step toward escape from that which makes machines of our political parties, to hold them down to two in number, with the guaranteed prize of all governmental power to be striven for between them, and with every possible motive for the selfish and unscrupulous use of that power invited into combinations for handling it.

4. As the focal points of political organization are necessarily in cities, it is there, naturally, in American municipal government, that our two-party system of politics shows its working most flagrantly to our shame. Municipal govern-

ment is, therefore, the present subject of our most earnest undertakings of political reform. We are making great endeavors to create something in the nature of municipal politics, distinct from and independent of the two-party national politics, in order that some degree of home rule may be realized, and local interests may have some measure of consideration in the treatment of local affairs. But what reasonable hope can we entertain of success in this endeavor, so long as the two-party organization is what it is, and the cities are the inevitable seats of its management; where its mastery of the agencies of political action are most easily exercised, and where the interested influences that work for it and with it have likewise their principal seats?

In England, the showing of effects in municipal government from these causes is becoming the same as in the United States. Ever since Parliament became democratized by successive extensions of the popular suffrage, in 1867 and 1884, the organizations of the two dominating parties have been growing steadily machine-like, taking on the structure and character of our own; and with equal steadiness the municipalities have been falling under their control. M. Ostrogorsky bears witness to these facts, in his remarkably thorough study of "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," published in 1902. He wrote then of English municipal politics: "There already appears a general phenomenon, . . . the indifference to municipal matters which is growing up among the citizens. They inevitably leave the burden of their duty to the common weal to be borne by the political parties who have monopolized local public life. . . . The first effect of this state of things is strikingly manifested in the decline of the intellectual and, to some extent, moral standard of the personnel of the town councils. . . . Devotion to the party being, under the Birmingham system [of party organization], the

first qualification for admission to honors, it inevitably became before long the principal condition of such admission. . . . On the occasion of my first tour in the provinces [in 1889] I pretty often heard it said that 'good men' (the Tories said 'gentlemen') would not stand for the town council; but on visiting the same towns after an interval of six years I was much struck by the tone of melancholy and sometimes of exasperation in which the effects of the introduction of politics into municipal affairs were spoken of."

5. Through every influence it exerts, the two-party system is weakening or vitiating the public opinion and the public spirit which are the vitalizing forces in democracy, and lending itself powerfully to a substitution of the purely partisan spirit, which all history has proved to be the most pestilent by which human society can be infected.

Our bondage to the inexorable old system has been relentless for so many generations that release from it had seemed impossible until a little time ago, when Western "insurgency" showed its head. Now there appear some glimmerings of encouragement of the hope that our politics may yet develop a Centre, with its Right and Left wings, disjointable from necessary connection with the extremes of Right and Left.

THE VALUE OF EXISTING TRADE-UNIONISM

CHARLES NORMAN FAY

DURING the thirty years from 1879 to 1909 I was at the head successively of several corporations employing from two hundred to two thousand working people. Like most believers in democracy, I originally believed also in the organization of labor; in the right of the working men, singly weak, to strengthen themselves by union in any honest effort for their own betterment. I believed that organization, bringing to the front the ablest minds among their number, would tend to educate the working people in the economics of labor, to their own good and that of the community. Results, however, have been disappointing. The management of trade unions appears to have become like that of city politics — an affair of personal self-interest rather than of the public good. This conclusion is drawn from various personal experiences, and from public documents to which I shall hereafter refer.

I came into contact with organized labor when, about 1899, a small typewriter factory in Chicago which I controlled, employing some two hundred and fifty men, joined the National Association of Manufacturers, consisting of over three thousand of the largest employers in the United States. At the moment I found its attention preoccupied with the matter of union labor. A great dread of labor-unions swept over employers about 1900, and the National Association of Manufacturers, the Anti-Boycott Association, the Metal Trades' Association, the Typothetæ, and many local associations were formed, largely for the purpose of defense. Labor conditions grew worse; strikes,

original and sympathetic, multiplied, until many employers moved their works out of the city, and many others, including our concern, opened negotiations with various country towns for removal thither. We joined the Anti-Boycott Association about 1901, and I became a member of the committee in charge of the litigation begun by this association in the Chicago courts. I was made, about the same time, the vice-president for Illinois of the National Association of Manufacturers, and subsequently the chairman of its special committee on strike insurance.

My company's factory was unionized in 1903, for the first time in its nine years of existence, and forthwith was "struck" by six unions affiliated with the Chicago Federation of Labor. The union demands included an eight-hour day instead of ten hours, an advance of twenty per cent in wages, the handing over of shop rules and discipline to a union committee, the sanctioning of sympathetic strikes, the closed shop, and a number of lesser requirements.

Our company was young. Engaged as we were in a fierce competition with the so-called Typewriter Trust, and other large typewriter-makers, whose works were without exception in country towns, and who paid lower wages for ten hours a day, the narrow margin of profits that we had attained would have vanished instantly, and we should have started at once toward bankruptcy. I stated these facts to the union leaders, and invited them to put an expert on our books to verify my assertion. They replied that they could not bother with our books; that we could "cook" our accounts to suit ourselves; and anyhow, they did not care to deal with weak concerns. If we could not do business in Chicago under union conditions, we had better get out of business or out of Chicago.

"What then of our men whom you have just unionized?" I asked. "Would you destroy their jobs forthwith?"

"They must sacrifice themselves for the cause of labor," was the reply; and the poor fellows did. As the business agents left, they whistled, and most of the men dropped their tools and marched out.

Before this there had been a fortnight of negotiations, during which I looked about for help. I tried to join the Metal Trades and the Employers Associations, and to get under their collective-bargain umbrella; but I found no room there. These associations were controlled by the larger local factories such as the harvester, ice-machine, and electrical works, with whose methods, scale of operations, sales, and seasons, our little typewriter factory had practically nothing in common. Labor conditions which were tolerable to them were to us about as deadly as the union demands. So I found myself, with a heavy heart, compelled to make my fight alone.

A few months before, I had met on the railway train one of the Studebakers of South Bend, whose factory had recently passed through a strike, of which he told me as follows:—

"There had never been any unions in South Bend until the organizers came from Chicago to organize our men. As soon as this was done, they called a strike. Their demands seemed to us impossible. So we called the men together, and I made them a speech. I said to them, 'We have got along with you men, from father to son, for thirty years, and have never had any trouble until these strangers came in to make it. Now you have put up to us demands that we believe are impossible. You, of course, believe the other way. And what you believe, any other body of men are likely to believe. If we can't get along with you, we can't get along with anybody else. Therefore, we are not going to try to supply your places or to run this factory unless we run it with you. We shall simply shut down and give you a

chance to look around for a better job. If you don't succeed in finding one and wish to come back, the old job is ready for you, on the old conditions, whenever men enough decide to come to work to run the shops. If you never come back the shops will stay closed.'

"So we shut down and left simply the watchmen there, as at night. We employed no strike-breakers, and there was no hard feeling. After a few weeks the older men began to think and argue, and, in the course of two months, the strike gradually faded out. The men came back, a few at a time, work started up, and we have been non-union ever since. No property was wrecked and no men killed, and we have had nothing to regret."

Mr. Studebaker's narrative impressed me strongly, and when I faced a similar situation I followed his lead exactly. We paid off the men and inclosed in every pay-envelope a letter stating that we should not fill the men's places, but merely wait until they found out that all the unions in Chicago could not furnish them another job; after which, if they chose to come back, the old jobs would be ready, under the old conditions. If they found other work and did not return in a reasonable length of time, we should feel free to start up with new employees, first giving each man ten days' notice so that he could, if he chose, apply for his old situation.

So the shop remained closed for nearly eight weeks. The unions picketed it in the meantime, but without reason. After six weeks the majority of the men indicated that they wished to return to work, and we gave them the agreed ten days' notice. Before starting up, as many of the men expressed the fear of slugging, we agreed to put the property under the protection of the courts, and applied for an injunction restraining the unions and our union employees from picketing, intimidation, and violence.

Nevertheless, on the day that work was resumed, two men were slugged. We caught the sluggers, brought them before the court, had them sentenced, and then had the sentence suspended during good behavior. We also furnished our men with police escort to and from work.

These precautions ended all difficulties. The majority of our employees privately told their foremen that they had had no grievances, and had joined the union only because they were afraid to stay out. As soon as they felt themselves protected by the law, they quit the unions and returned to work.

None of them except the pickets received strike benefits from the unions while the strike lasted, although they had been told when joining the unions that a large war-fund had been laid by in previous years in anticipation of this year of struggle, from which they should benefit.

When our strike was announced in the papers, the Chicago manager of a detective agency called to see me, stating that his office made a specialty of handling strikes, and that he could give me advance information of every movement made against our company. I expressed some doubt as to his ability to do so. He replied about as follows: —

“These union leaders are all grafters; they will take money from you, or from me, from the politicians, and from the men — anywhere they can get it. Our agency practically owns an official in every important union in America. We will give you detailed typewritten reports of the proceedings of the executive and finance committees of the six unions with which you are concerned. When you start up, the unions will slip a union man in your shop to reorganize it. We will slip one of our operatives in there, too, and he will keep you informed as to what the union man is doing.”

He finally persuaded me to accept his services, and for

nearly six months I received his daily reports, whose accuracy, regarding our strike at least, was sufficiently verified by my knowledge of the facts from our own side. The financial statements, which came in twice a month, showed that but one fifth of the union war-fund came back to the men, mostly in the shape of pay for pickets, while four fifths went in salaries and expenses of the organization. The largest single items were the bills of a certain lawyer, perhaps the most conspicuous champion of down-trodden labor in America, aggregating many thousands of dollars, paid him for defending sluggers and fighting injunctions against violence and intimidation of non-union men. Our strike collapsed in about eleven weeks, but according to these statements our pickets, who disappeared from the neighborhood entirely about that time, were continuing to draw pay when I stopped taking the statements some three months after. As the business agents were frequently seen about our neighborhood, and must have known that the pickets were not there, the interesting query arises — *who got the money* that was charged as paid for the services of the latter?

Another interesting item in the financial report was two dollars per man paid to the organizers for organizing our shop. To cover this, each man had been charged an initiation fee of three dollars, and about fifty of our men failed to pay it. After the collapse of the strike the business agents proposed to me to "call it off," provided the company would pay the union the amount of these defaulted initiation fees — a proposal quite in keeping with the whole miserable performance.

When we finally started up as a non-union shop, desiring to keep out union spies while filling a few vacancies, we advertised anonymously for men of the six trades, in three different ways, thus running eighteen "ads" at once: for

union men, closed shop; for non-union men, non-union shop; and for men, open shop. Nearly a hundred applicants answered both union and non-union advertisements and were, of course, rejected; but the far more interesting development was the fact that, out of about one thousand applications received by mail, over eight hundred and fifty were for the non-union job. Many wrote strongly, eager for steady work from which they could not be called by business agents every little while. Even from the "polishers," supposed to be solidly unionized, of fifty-one applications, thirty-one were for the non-union job. This "straw vote" satisfied me that our little shop, at least, could ignore the unions; and it did.

Meantime the work of the Anti-Boycott Association was going on in Chicago and the vicinity. Its purpose was to enforce the common and statute law regarding conspiracy and combination in restraint of trade against the labor-unions. The strikes of 1901 to 1903 afforded a favorable opportunity, and Chicago a good strategic point for its operations. Several important injunction suits were brought, and fought through the local committee of which I was a member. The moral effect of the protection of the courts upon the laboring population was so marked that, during the years from 1900 to 1903, not far from one hundred injunctions were taken out in Chicago and the vicinity. It became well understood among employers that the majority of employees, even union men, preferred to remain at work *if protected*; naturally the hostility of the unions to the issuing of injunctions by the courts grew bitter, and still persists.

Eventually less aggressive counsels prevailed in the National Association of Manufacturers. Suggestions of a great fighting association of employers and the formation of a

large war-fund, of extensive lockouts and the like, came to nothing. Collective bargaining accomplished little. The Studebaker method of non-resistance, involving merely ability to shut down, appealed to me as the best defense against professional trade unionism. I therefore proposed at the annual meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers a method of conferring that ability on every member: namely, a plan for mutual strike insurance, permitting any member to insure against loss of profits and waste of fixed charges during idleness caused by strikes.

The Honorable Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, had published, in 1901, the first report of the Department of Commerce and Labor on Strikes and Lockouts, covering the years 1881 to 1900. The averages from this report indicated that such insurance could be written at a premium of less than one per cent per annum.

The association listened to the suggestion and appointed a committee on strike insurance, of which I was made chairman; and in that capacity I conducted an extensive correspondence, sending out printed interrogatories to the entire membership of the association, which yielded much valuable information — among other things the fact that union labor was universally found to be from thirty to forty per cent less efficient than non-union labor.

I then thought, and still think, strike insurance an absolutely lawful, cheap, and practical method of coöperation among employers, which, if generally adopted, would put professional labor leaders clean out of business. For an employer need only say to the business agents, "Go ahead and strike. It will cost me nothing. I am insured, and I will shut down and go fishing until the men feel like going to work again."

But my associates, like myself, had had their experience in 1903; and had found out that unionism had not entirely

superseded the laws of supply and demand. They answered my committee substantially as follows: "Your proposals are sound, but not worth while. We do not have strikes very often. When business is good, and we want men, we have to bid up for them; when it is bad and we do not want them, they come around after us. We prefer to take our chances, and if a strike comes, meet it in our own way. Organized or not, we can and will pay labor only what trade justifies."

In short, by 1904, to these representative employers, over three thousand of the largest in the land, organized labor was no longer the devouring monster of 1900, but had shrunk to a mere gadfly of trade, at which the patient ox of industry might indeed switch an uneasy tail, but against which it was scarcely worth while to screen him.

Later on, our company dropped out of the National Association of Manufacturers and of the Anti-Boycott Association, and my personal contact with the labor organizations ceased. I now relate these experiences merely as a "story" to lead the reader on to a far more important and convincing array of facts found in certain public documents, namely: —

The Second Report of the Commissioner of Labor, on Strikes and Lockouts from 1881 to 1905; the Report of the Senate Committee on the Course of Prices and Wages from 1900 to 1907; of the Census Bureau on Manufactures brought down to 1905; and the advance bulletins of the Census of 1910.

According to the first-mentioned report, there were in the United States in 1905, besides transportation companies, some 216,262 wage-paying concerns, employing 6,157,751 workers. In 1881 the workers numbered 4,257,613; so that for the twenty-five years included their average number may be assumed as 5,200,000. During this period there

were no less than 36,757 strikes (not counting those of less than a day), involving 181,407 concerns, and 1546 lockouts, involving 18,547 concerns. Neglecting the lockouts and excluding railroad employees, 8,485,600 persons were thrown out of employment by strikes, for an average period of 25.4 days. These totals are large enough to form the basis of reliable percentages and sound conclusions. Assuming the low normal of 250 working days per annum, we may figure the total time lost by strikes during that twenty-five years as two thirds of one per cent of normal working time — an almost negligible fraction.

Of the establishments involved, 90 per cent were "struck" by organized, and but 10 per cent by unorganized labor.

Organized labor won or partly won in 65 per cent, and unorganized labor in 44 per cent, of strikes undertaken.

Lockouts averaged 85 days in duration, against 25.4 days for strikes. Employers won or partly won in 68 per cent of the lockouts begun.

Sixty-seven per cent of all strikes concerned wages, hours, and other primary questions between employers and their men; 33 per cent concerned recognition of the unions, and other secondary questions between employers and the unions, as distinguished from the men. But, during the twenty-five years, as labor-organization progressed, this proportion changed steadily and significantly. In 1881, for instance, wage-questions caused 71 per cent of the strikes, and "recognition" but 7 per cent. In 1905 the figures were respectively 37 and 36 per cent. As the percentage of strikes for recognition rose, the percentage of victories fell, from the grand average of 65 per cent for the twenty-five years, to 52 per cent in 1904 and 1905, the last two years.

Substantially no strikes were undertaken for sanitary conditions, or against dangerous machinery, child or female

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labor, and the like "welfare" questions, which the labor leaders have practically left to the philanthropists.¹

To-day, after fifty years of organization, we may say roughly that 70 per cent of the industrial workers and 90 per cent of all wage-earners *remain non-union* and may be presumed not to favor strike-machines. The enormous majority of wage-workers neither unionize nor strike, but prefer to remain at work and settle their wage-questions and working conditions for themselves directly with their employers.

In valuing the widely differing results of strike-effort, that is, the efficiency of trade-unions, certain general considerations must be borne in mind. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." All an employer needs to win any ordinary strike is the ability merely to shut down, and wait until starvation does its work. This he knows perfectly well.

¹ Strikes succeeded according to their causes as follows: —

For higher wages	69 per cent
For shorter hours	61 " "
For recognition	57 " "
Against reduction of wages	48 " "
Sympathetic strikes	23 " "

The building trades developed 39 per cent of all strikes and 55 per cent of all lockouts.

During the whole twenty-five years, 45 per cent of all male and 28 per cent of all female employees have struck, averaging one strike each. The maximum number on strike in any one year was 563,143 in 1902, or about one hand in every ten. On the average, but one hand in fifty struck each year.

The Federation of Labor (see its reports) claimed 692,000 members in 1890, 1,500,000 in 1905, and 1,700,000 in 1910. Including unions not in the Federation, perhaps 2,000,000 may be assumed as the present membership, and 750,000 as the average membership, of all the unions in the United States, for the twenty-five years ending in 1905; this last being, say, 15 per cent of the "industrial" wage-workers, and but 5 per cent of the entire wage-working population. It made, however, 90 per cent of the trouble.

But low wages, long hours, and such primary questions between him and his men are seldom worth to him a shut-down, or a fight to keep running. They mean merely increased cost of labor which, like that of material, can generally be added to prices, and the burden passed along to the consumer. Indeed, the large majority of increases and decreases, the natural fluctuations of wages and prices, take place automatically under the law of supply and demand; and differences come to the striking point, as we have seen, only two thirds of one per cent of the time — which is too seldom to count much. Ordinarily, therefore, the employer is indifferent, and easily yields wages and hours demanded. He is seldom the tyrant blood-sucker of helpless laboring men, women, and children that union leaders and muck-rakers love to depict; with rare exceptions he is a pretty decent fellow, who likes his working people, and willingly pays full going wages, and runs as short hours as his trade will permit.

Of prime importance to him, on the other hand, is the kind of work he gets for wages paid during the 99½ per cent of the time between strikes. "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or he will hold to the one, and despise the other." When "recognition" means that employees must take orders from half a dozen different unions instead of from the man who pays them; that old and faithful hands must unionize or leave; that sympathetic strikes and boycotts and refusal to handle non-union material may unexpectedly and uselessly involve him in the troubles of distant strangers; in short, that brains, foresight, and energy may any day be ripped out of his business, as a scullion rips the vitals from a fish, and it must broil helpless on the gridiron of competition, — all of this being exactly what "recognition" does mean, — verily the employer is bound to fight or lock out, if he can. But

first, with property and trade at stake, he carefully considers his position.

He cannot fight or lock out, but must yield for the nonce, when, as in the building trades, time is of the essence of his obligations, with important work to be finished by a day certain; or when he is financially so weak that he must keep going or fail. He cannot yield or lock out, but must fight, when, as in the railroad and other public service, the law and franchises enforce continuous operation, yet limit prices for service; or when, as of late in the soft-coal and garment trades, competition is so intense as to have precisely the same effect. The poor chap ponders long, and often decides wrongly. But the labor leaders are held back by no financial responsibility of their own or of their unions. The union men may suffer individually, but the leaders' comfortable salaries run on, and union treasuries are on tap. The leaders' personal importance increases enormously during a strike, while for the grafters among them — and union history is full of graft — the strike is their greatest opportunity.

The student can understand, then, why there were ten strikes to one lockout, and nine union strikes to one called by unorganized labor; why labor has won the majority of strikes so far, and lost the majority of lockouts; why, as they strike more and more for "recognition" and like secondary causes, the unions win less and less; and why the leaders fight three times as desperately, and hold their unlucky followers out three times as long, for "recognition," involving their own power and prestige, as for wages, concerning only the men — yet, nevertheless, lose oftener in the end. One can understand, too, why, when trade conditions compel reductions of wages or demand shop discipline and efficiency, capital takes a stand and labor is comparatively helpless.

And finally one can understand why — as Allan Pinker-

ton said of the Mollie McGuires thirty years ago — "Organized labor is organized violence." It must always be. So long as the great majority of laborers remain outside the unions, and a majority of those inside are there only through fear, terrorism becomes the only means of preventing free competition in labor and the settlement of strikes according to the real attractiveness, or the contrary, of labor conditions. Samuel Gompers is credited by a recent New York daily with the remark, "Organized labor without violence is a joke." It seems impossible that he should have said such a thing, but the thing itself is true of existing trade-unionism.

Seeing then that labor is at actual "war" with capital but two thirds of one per cent of the time; and that even then organized labor wins but three times to unorganized labor's twice, what, after all, is all this colossal organization worth to labor? What is the net value of three wins to two during less than one per cent of the time? Does this minute increase of efficiency justify the cost of organization during the remaining ninety-nine per cent?

The labor leaders will answer that organization is the sole foundation of good wages *all* the time. Well, is it? Let us turn to the Senate Report on Wages and Prices for the following testimony: —

While from 1900 to 1907 the average price of 25 leading commodities advanced 17 per cent, farm labor, entirely unorganized, advanced from 60 to 67 per cent. Ribbon and hosiery mill-labor, poorly organized, two thirds of whose strikes failed (see strike report) advanced respectively 44 and 36 per cent; railway labor, highly organized, advanced as follows: trainmen 33 per cent, machinists 30 per cent, engineers 20 per cent, miscellaneous 18 per cent; building-trades labor, over-organized, advanced but 32 per cent; cabinet-makers, well-organized, advanced but 20 per cent.

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Another comparison from the same report of wages paid in 1907 in different cities and countries, shows that union carpenters earned in Philadelphia \$21 per week, in Louisville \$18, in Baltimore \$21, in Chicago \$27.50, in London, England, \$10.65. Union compositors earned in Philadelphia 43 cents per hour, in Chicago 67 cents, in San Francisco 80 cents.

That is to say, of the different classes considered by the Senate Committee, entirely unorganized, unskilled labor gained most in wages, badly organized labor came next, and the best organized and strongest of all union labor, the railway engineers, gained least; while laborers of the *same* unions at one and the same time, in different cities of the same country, drew widely different and apparently inconsistent rates of wages for the same work.

How can these contradictory facts be accounted for on the theory that unionism is the foundation of wage-scales? *It is not.* Actually, they are fixed, the world over, by local conditions of supply, demand, and efficiency; and trade-unionism has had about as much effect upon them, broadly speaking, as has had that magnificent fake, the protective tariff.

If unionism cannot, what then can secure for the workingman high wages, that is, a high standard of living? The answer is plain — nothing but efficiency: high-producing power conferred on labor by conjunction with brains and capital. This almost axiomatic proposition is prettily demonstrated by the 1905 Census Report on Manufactures, which shows: —

That small establishments whose annual product amounted to \$5000 or less employed 1.9 per cent of the labor, drew 1.6 per cent of the pay-roll, and produced 1.2 per cent of the total output.

That middle-sized concerns, with from \$100,000 to

\$200,000 annual product, employed 18.8 per cent of the labor, drew 18.3 per cent of the wages, and produced 14.4 per cent of the output.

That large concerns with \$1,000,000 or more annual product employed 25.6 per cent of the labor, drew 27.2 per cent of the pay-roll, and produced 38 per cent of the output.

Evidently the little fellow who is "crushed by the trust" and goes to work for it, "no longer free but a mere slave," draws more pay than before, as it grows bigger, and his efficiency grows with it. A little of the resulting saving comes to him direct; a little goes to the trust; but the bulk of it comes to you and me, to everybody, himself included, in reduction of prices and cost of living. That is the law of trade.

How much ought to come to him direct? What should be his share of the increment of his productive value due, not to himself, but to capital and brains? Not much! Like the "unearned increment" on real estate, most of it rightfully belongs to the community; and one way or another the community gets it. What, then, are those "rights of labor," which labor is to get when Mr. Gompers's prophecy of the final domination of muscle over mind is realized? Probably labor itself would define them as an even "divide," master and man alike, all round. Well, what would that amount to? Here is a crude guess.

The census of 1910 gives the total wealth of the nation as about \$107,000,000,000, of which about one quarter was in the land; which last, the nation neither made nor saved. The rest was in worldly goods produced by all, and saved by some of us. It amounts to, say, \$983 each for every man, woman, and child in the United States; or, say, \$4500 per family. At the usual capitalistic return of 5 per cent, this would yield \$225 per annum, or 61 cents per day per family. That is, were all the brains and property of the country to

continue as now at the service of labor, and were it to work as hard as now, and were each family head to draw 61 cents per day greater average pay, labor would get everything — nothing left for capital, brains, and time spent in evolution of the commercial situation.

Labor would probably turn upon Gompers and say, "Is that all? Where are our rights — our automobiles and Scotch castles, our golf and idle days?" And some wiser man than Edward Bellamy would answer, "Those things are not on the cards, boys. You will each have to turn out many hundred times more work than you are doing every day in order to pass such luxuries around." The boys would probably reply, "If 61 cents a day extra, and hard work for life, is all there is in it, we will take a vacation and spend our \$4500 apiece right now, and have one good time while it lasts."

As a matter of fact, there are no "rights," there is no enormous profit stolen from its daily toil, which labor does not get. The whole wealth of the country, its accumulation of three centuries, was \$80,000,000,000 in 1910, land-values neglected. The farm products of that year were \$9,000,000,000, the industrial products \$15,000,000,000, and the precious metals \$126,000,000; probably, all in all, we produced \$25,000,000,000 of value last year. The savings of three centuries, then, are barely three years' product! and they, too, are perishable. The food and merchandise disappear in a year; the roads, rolling-stock, and machinery in ten years; the buildings, say, in thirty. All must be renewed from year to year. The world really lives from hand to mouth, its toiling millions consuming at least 97 per cent of all they produce. A few millions of workers of rare industry and thrift, a few hundred thousand of still rarer brain and energy, gather together the small fraction that remains, and concentrate it by the world-wide machinery of modern

commerce in a few favored countries — for themselves, as they fondly suppose, but really, under a mightier intelligence than theirs, mainly for the use and benefit of labor, which works and thinks as little as possible, and saves hardly at all.

Let us inquire now what are the plainly evident interests of wage-working people, and upon them try to build logical and useful principles of association with those of their fellow men who, possessing brains, will always also control capital. Those interests are, as I see them: —

Employment. The laborer must have a job, furnished him by someone else, for he has not the ability to create one for himself. It must be continuous; for his time is all he has, and every day lost is so much pay gone forever. He, himself, should be the last man to interrupt or cripple his own job; nor should it be subject to interruption by quarrels of other men with other jobs in which he has no concern.

Freedom to work. If employment fails, does not pay, or is unsuitable, it is absolutely vital that the laborer shall be free to seek any other employment or locality, without being shut in or out by union walls. It is best for him, as for the community, that labor, like capital, should be liquid, free to flow where most needed; in ample supply everywhere, in stagnation nowhere.

The highest going wages, regularly paid. As “going” wages, the world over, practically absorb the product of each country, it is idle to attempt to secure more. The only way the laborer can induce, or indeed enable, his employer to pay the highest wages is to produce the utmost in return, and make him prosperous. For, though it does not follow that a prosperous business always pays the highest wages, a losing business practically never does. Therefore, up to the point of healthy fatigue, the workman in his own interest

should put his heart and back into his work, in fullest accord with the brain that creates and pays for his job; doing his level best to increase output and decrease unit-cost to his employer and to the community.

As labor seldom saves, and figures ahead only from pay-day to pay-day, pay-days must be regular and frequent, and the work steady. The employer, to be ideal, must be strong, and successful; in short, a capitalist, independent as far as possible of the troubles of other business concerns.

If these are the interests of labor, they are plainly identical with those of capital and of the community. There will always remain, to be determined justly, however, the questions, what are "going wages" and "healthy fatigue."

These are questions of fact and of individual capacity, whose determining factors, in spite of all our contrivances, will probably always be those of supply, demand, and efficiency in open market — namely, of competition: questions whose mastery demands more study than average working people are capable of. Nevertheless, to satisfy "Labor" — which nowadays "wants to know," and would cut loose from simple and sound old methods — that labor-competition is inevitable, as well as immediately and ultimately just, and yet to mitigate as far as may be, its harshness, "Capital" might well, it seems to me, utilize the fine principle of brotherhood, of strength in union among laboring people; devising for the larger industries, with its greater intelligence, a form of union among employees, more logical than present unionism, wage-contracts more just to the individual, and more efficient than present collective bargaining, and last, but not least, a practical method of enforcing such contracts on both sides. For it is useless to make contracts which cannot be enforced. The law will not compel a laborer to work, and neither he nor his union has any property good for damages resulting from his breach of contract.

When the pinch comes, the union leaders calmly say they "cannot hold the men" (which is perfectly true), and that is the end of their contracts — mere ropes of sand!

Capital prefers, therefore, to hire from day to day, and take its chances of getting such labor as it wants in the open market. If, now, labor desires that capital shall bind itself by long-term contracts to stay out of the open market, and deal only with particular bodies of laborers, it is not only justice, but common sense, that the latter also shall be bound, and that their side of the contract as well as capital's shall be guaranteed by property.

To accomplish all this, let us suppose that the employer first, in order to disentangle his concern from the labor troubles of others, himself quits all employers' associations, and proposes to his employees to form a union of their own, not tied to other unions and their wars; offering each man who joins it a written contract providing: —

1. For its termination only on three months' notice by either party, or by common consent.

2. For steady work, without strike or lockout, while trade conditions permit.

3. For the highest efficiency consistent with healthy fatigue, and corresponding highest "going" wages; reasonable maximum scales of efficiency and wages, to be proposed by the employer as conditions change from time to time, employees falling below maximum efficiency to draw reduced wages in proportion to performance.

4. For the prompt acceptance or rejection, by representative members of the union, of trade conditions, scales of efficiency and maximum wages, working rules, etc., from time to time announced or proposed by the employer; fullest facilities for investigation thereof to be afforded by him.

5. For the creation of a joint guarantee fund, equal, say, to five per cent of each employee's wages, to be contributed

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on pay-days, one half by him and one half by the employer, and placed in trust to accumulate at interest; its sum to be divided between himself and the employer if he quits or is discharged *with* the three months' notice, or by mutual consent; or to be forfeited entire by or to him, if he quits or is discharged *without* the three months' notice, during his first fifteen years' employment. After fifteen years he may at any time either retire, and withdraw the whole as a savings fund, or retire on a pension representing it, upon giving the three months' notice.

Employees who prefer not to join such a union are not to be forced to do so, or to quit other unions; but to remain without benefits, as ordinary employees by the day. Those who join and sign contracts are, of course, free to quit or strike without notice, if they think it worth while to forfeit their half of the guaranty fund. In case of a deadlock between the employer and the union representative, the employer as well as the men, if dissatisfied with existing scales or conditions, must give notice and wait three months before lockout or strike, or forfeit the guaranty funds. Individual men preferring not to give notice would, of course, hold their jobs and their guaranty funds.

At the end of the three months' notice, should the deadlock continue, the men would draw their shares of the accumulated guaranty fund, and go their ways, sacrificing their pension-standing, etc. The employer would have to build up a new force. Probably both sides would try the ordinary endurance test, to see which would yield first; the men better financed than usual, and the employer having had three months for finishing work in process and preparing to shut down, with his share of the guaranty fund as a financial anchor to windward. The possibility of strikes would not be abolished, but would, in my judgment, be greatly lessened under this plan. Nothing clears the judgment like financial responsibility.

Such a form of unionism would, it seems to me, promote as well as human contrivance can the common interests of labor and capital, namely, continuous employment, freedom for labor to flow where wanted, high efficiency and high wages under healthy conditions; and would add to the general blessings of industrial peace the special blessings of thrift and insurance. A prominent Western actuary recently laid before his employer friends a plan under which the employer's half of such a five per cent guaranty fund would more than suffice, and might be used during the first fifteen years to pay the premiums upon a death, accident, and sickness insurance policy in one of the standard companies, covering (in lieu of employers' liability) the same scale of benefits that is now provided for working men under the admirable German Compulsory Insurance laws. At the end of the fifteen years, the accumulations of the employee's half of the fund and interest would suffice to take the place of the insurance policy, which could then be dropped; and thereafter the whole fund would accumulate, to provide the same benefits, and a savings fund or retiring pension at the employee's option.

He would, however, sacrifice all the accumulations and the two and a half per cent of his wages, should he break his contract and quit without notice; or should he, in case of accident or injury, elect to abandon his contract benefits, and hold his employer liable under existing laws — a strong reason for doing neither.

Would the men sign such contracts, offering incomparably greater benefits to themselves and the community than are offered by existing trade-unions, laws, and charities? If we may forecast their probable action from the foregoing statistics, most of them would. It is certain, however, that no union man would do so if the present union leaders could prevent. Prying capital and labor apart with

a wedge of class-hatred, and inserting themselves between, is now their gainful, conspicuous, and interesting vocation. Permanent, peaceful, and profitable relations between employer and employee would put them out of power. Therefore, when Mr. Taylor, by long experiment, finds ways for men to do vastly more work with less effort, and draw much more pay, Mr. Mitchell promptly repudiates for labor the idea of doing so much for the money. If Mr. Perkins offers Steel Corporation shares to its employees on easy payments, so that they may be directly interested in its success and in the profits from their own toil, Mr. Morrison denounces the offer as bribery, and those who accept it as traitors to their class.

So there you have the issue sharply defined. However sordid the motives of capital, its methods have been enormously beneficial to the race. It has learned that human efficiency means abundance for human need, and abundance low prices, and low prices larger trade, and larger trade greater profits. With the purely selfish purpose of garnering these profits, capital has for a century produced and supplied to the race, in return for its daily toil, an ever-increasing store of the necessities and luxuries of life.

On the other hand, labor, equally selfish but less intelligent, everywhere and always fights efficiency, discipline, scientific management; in short, fights every means of increasing output and reducing unit-cost. Everywhere and always, strange as it may seem, labor stands for monopoly, violence, and coercion, and against personal independence. The non-union man has no right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of a job. At the very moment of time when the world demands of capital the utmost commercial freedom, the widest competition, the greatest energy, the cheapest and best service, labor stands for the exact opposite — for tyranny, combination in restraint of trade, high cost, in-

efficiency, and sloth. To sum up, in hauling the heavy load of human existence, it is the admitted principle and purpose of organized labor to balk and not to pull.

A priori, and from the broad experience, personal and national, cited above, the conclusion comes to me irresistibly, that the principle is false, the purpose wrong, and the result inevitable; in fine, that *existing* trade-unionism is of *no* value, to itself or to the community, and must make way for something better.

THE ECONOMIC NECESSITY OF TRADE-UNIONISM¹

JOHN MITCHELL

THOSE who declare themselves to be in favor of trade-unionism in the abstract, but opposed to it in the concrete, are not unlike the Western farmer who announced that he was unreservedly in favor of the construction of railroads, but unalterably opposed to the running of trains. Trade-unions were formed for a definite purpose; they have well-defined policies and methods of procedure; they are great democratic institutions, administered by practical men, who are earnestly and successfully striving for the amelioration of the conditions of the poor.

In its fundamental principle, trade-unionism is a recognition of the fact that under modern industrial conditions the individual unorganized workingman cannot bargain advantageously with the employer for the sale of his labor. Since the workingman has little or no money in reserve and must sell his labor immediately; since, moreover, he has no knowledge of the market and no skill in bargaining; since, finally, he has only his own labor to sell, while the employer engages hundreds or even thousands of men and can easily do without the services of any one of them, the workingman, if bargaining on his own account and for himself alone, is at an enormous disadvantage. Trade-unionism recognizes the fact that under such conditions the workingman becomes

¹ The omitted portions of this essay deal with the relations of labor-unions to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and to the problem of rising prices. The essay is, in general, a reply to Professor J. Laurence Laughlin's "Monopoly of Labor" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1913.

nore and more helpless, because the labor that he sells, unlike other commodities, is a thing which is of his very life and soul and being.

In the individual contract between a powerful employer and a single workingman the laborer secures the worst of the bargain. He is progressively debased because of wages insufficient to buy nourishing food, because of hours of labor too long to permit of sufficient rest, because of conditions of work destructive of moral, mental, and physical health; and, finally, because of danger from accident and disease, which kill off the workingman or prematurely age him. The individual bargain or individual contract between employers and employees means that the condition of the economically weakest man in the industry is often that which the average man must accept. Therefore, there can be no permanent prosperity to the wage-earners, no real, lasting progress, no consecutive improvement in conditions, until the principle is firmly and fully established that, in industrial life, especially in enterprises on a large scale, the settlement of wages, hours of labor, and all essential conditions of work, shall be made between employers and employees collectively, and not between employers and employees individually.

The policy of collective bargaining, as advocated by the unions, recognizes and teaches the interdependence of labor and capital. It is the bridge that spans the gulf which modern industrialism has created between the workingman and the employer. It is necessary only to attend a joint conference between the representatives of any of the great trade-unions and the representatives of employers or employers' associations, when wage-agreements are under discussion, to be convinced that there are no more antagonisms engendered, and no more ill-feeling displayed, than there are

between any other groups of men meeting in conference for the purpose of buying and disposing of a commodity which one must have and the other must sell.

The organized workingman, as a rule, is not hostile to the employer of labor; he does not entertain any feelings of hatred against the man who has honorably acquired wealth. The workingman understands full well that his wages must come from the earnings of industry; therefore he is interested in the successful conduct of industry. In common with many other good citizens, he may fear that there is some danger to society, and to the institutions of our country, in the possession of enormous wealth by a few men; and he regards as immoral the acquirement of wealth through the payment of less than living wages and the imposition of unjust conditions of employment.

It is true that in their wage-conferences the employers and the organized workingmen are not always able to agree, and that strikes or lockouts occur. It is equally true that strikes and lockouts occur in trades and industries in which the workers are not organized. Indeed, many of the most bitterly contested strikes of which we have any record have been inaugurated and conducted by non-union men. Fresh in the memories of all are the reports of the scenes attending strikes of non-unionists at McKee's Rocks and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, at Paterson, New Jersey, and at Lawrence, Massachusetts. If one desires to learn the truth in regard to the causes that make for class-hatreds, let him mingle with the non-union men employed in some of our great industries. These men, denied by their employers the right of organization, compelled to work long hours for low wages, frequently hate their employers with an intensity that results in scenes of turmoil and disorder when strikes take place.

Trade-unions strive for peace based upon industrial right-

eousness. A strike, nevertheless, is of itself neither illegal nor immoral. On the contrary, a strike may be, and often is, a manifestation of a wholesome, yea, even a divine, discontent. Said Abraham Lincoln, in a speech delivered at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1860: "Thank God, we have a system of labor where there can be a strike. Whatever the pressure, there is a point where the workingman may stop."

Quite apart, however, from constitutional and legal considerations, it must be obvious to all thoughtful men and women, especially those who are familiar with the struggles of the wage-earning masses for more humane conditions of employment, for better living opportunities, that it would be ethically wrong to consider labor and the products of labor as if they were one and the same thing. It must be clear that associations formed for the sole purpose of protecting and promoting the welfare of the men and women and children who labor should not be placed by the law in the same category with monopolies or combinations organized for profit, and be condemned as unlawful conspiracies in restraint of trade.

"Organizations of labor," says Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, "have their origin in human need, they seek human welfare and betterment, they have to do with human labor-power. Capitalistic monopolies have their origin in desire for great profit, they seek economic control and the elimination of competitive rivals, they deal in material things — the products of labor, wealth. Between wealth and labor there is a vital and fundamental difference, an understanding of which is essential to those upon whom falls the responsibility of dealing with matters influencing the freedom of men. Wealth consists in material things which are external, useful, and appropriable. Wealth is that which a man has — not what he is. To classify skill, knowledge, labor-power as wealth is

an error that has crept into the thinking of some economists and political scientists. It is an error conducive to grave injury to the working people. These attainments or attributes are not possessions of the individual: they are the individual, and cannot be separated from personality. Cultivation of powers and ability increases and enriches the resourcefulness and efficiency of the individual; but these things are subjective and immaterial, and are not in themselves wealth. The individual may be able and powerful, and therefore fortunate, but it does not necessarily follow therefrom that he is wealthy. The wealth that he may produce is separate and distinct from himself. It follows, then, that to apply to voluntary associations of working people (commonly called labor-organizations), which are concerned with individuals and their powers, the same regulations that are applied to organizations manipulating the products of labor, would lead to mischievous results and perversion of justice."

Unrestricted competition of labor — that is, non-unionism — finds its natural and inevitable sequence in the sweat-shop and the slum; it finds its logical expression at Lawrence, at Paterson, at McKee's Rocks, at Bethlehem, and in the mining fields of West Virginia. Unrestricted competition of labor is portrayed by Millet, and depicted by Markham in "The Man with the Hoe."

The suggestion, heard in more than one quarter, that trade-unionism is in conflict with the law and the state, or that trade-unionists wage war on society, has no foundation in fact. Trade-unionism stands for the constructive development of society; it seeks the more equitable distribution of wealth, in order that all our people may develop to the extent of their highest and best possibilities. In contradiction to the dire apprehensions sometimes expressed by critics and opponents of trade-unionism, listen to the words

of the great English statesman, William E. Gladstone: "Trade-unions are the bulwarks of modern democracies"; to those of Wendell Phillips: "I rejoice at every effort workingmen make to organize. I hail the labor movement; it is my only hope for democracy. Organize and stand together; let the nations hear a united demand from the laboring voice!" Again, hear Thorold Rogers, during his life Professor of Political Economy at the University of Oxford: "I look to the trade-unions as the principal means for benefiting the working classes"; and Mr. Taft, when President of the United States: "Time was when everybody who employed labor was opposed to the labor-union; when it was regarded as a menace. That time, I am glad to say, has largely passed away, and the man to-day who objects to the organization of labor should be relegated to the last century."

Notwithstanding the splendid work and the great achievements of the organized wage-earners in protecting those in our social and industrial life who are least able to protect themselves, efforts are constantly being made to discredit and destroy the trade-unions. Open foes and professing friends alike have sought their undoing, the former by siege or assault, the latter by insidious attempts to divert them from the course they have pursued so successfully. And yet every year the unions grow in strength, in numbers, and in influence; they grow in the affections of the wage-earners; they grow in the respect of fair-minded employers; they grow in the esteem of right-thinking men and women everywhere.

The critics of trade-union policy have suggested that the employer "introduce into his shops carefully worked-out plans for helping the operatives to rise in life, to better conditions by welfare-work, to encourage savings and thrift, to introduce the stimulus of profit-sharing." I have no

desire or disposition to detract from the value of welfare-work; on the contrary, I wish to commend every employer who undertakes, *at his own expense*, to improve and make more pleasant and wholesome the conditions under which his employees work. Welfare-work, however, is not a substitute for wages. If the employer desires to supplement the wages agreed to between himself and the union, such action is not inimical to trade-unionism and may be of great value to all concerned; but the workingmen will not be lured by any device from their allegiance to trade-unionism; they will not accept welfare-work or profit-sharing in lieu of just wages and the right to organize; they will not, and should not, depend upon Lords Bountiful and Ladies Charitable; they prefer to depend upon themselves and their trade-unions as the means through which to work out their economic salvation.

THE ETHICS OF SPECULATION

CHARLES F. DOLE

THE preachers and moralists call this a materialistic age. They deplore the mad rush of multitudes to "get rich" quickly. They call attention to the colossal fortunes which have been piled up by the kings of finance and industry, at the expense of the poor, within a single generation.

Everyone agrees that this eager pursuit of wealth is somehow related to speculative methods in business. A considerable class of men are known as speculators. The great stock and produce exchanges in every big city are centres of feverish speculation. The quotations and fluctuations of stock are published in all the newspapers. Farmers in distant country towns, ministers, often women, watch these quotations, telegraph orders to their brokers, and lie awake nights in alternate hope or fear. Periods of panic sweep like storms over the market, new deals are made, and fortunes are won or lost in a day. Tragedies, suicides, nervous prostration, and insanity follow these speculative fluctuations of value in the staples and the wealth of the world. Everyone is interested perforce in this aspect of modern business. The successes and the ruin involved in both great and small speculation appeal to the popular imagination, sometimes with a wholesome alarm, and again, more dangerously, with a zest to enter into the arena and take its gilded ventures. It is difficult to see how the fineness of moral standards, the delicacy of spiritual insight, the ideals of public service, or the purity of domestic life can help suffering blight in the prevalence of an atmosphere of speculation.

We are generally agreed that what is known as gambling

is pernicious and demoralizing to both winners and losers; that is, it is "wicked." We manage occasionally to catch in the meshes of our system of law the frequenters of gambling-houses or Chinese dives, and we have largely driven the lottery out of existence and made it disreputable. We are waging a legal battle against pool-selling, and public opinion is already attacking the nuisance of the "bucket-shop," which fatally lures multitudes of the poor to loss and many a young clerk to dishonor and ruin. Where now is the dividing line between undisguised gambling and the enormous transactions on the stock exchange? In other words, is speculation always gambling? And if not, if speculation is sometimes right, when does it cease to be right and become wrong? Moreover, what, precisely, is the harm in gambling itself, — a new crime in the world, unknown as such to our fathers, — provided one can afford to lose the amount of the stakes? These questions, important as they are, are not so simple as they may at first appear.

Let us be sure that we approach our question with candor and without any cant. We must admit, to begin with, that we are all materialists, though we hope that we are not mere materialists. All civilization proceeds upon material foundations. Wealth is evidently the sum of the outward values by which man on his physical side holds the earth. It is a kind of power, whether held individually or by society. We learn all higher and spiritual values, justice, integrity, faithfulness — the conduct of "the simple life" itself — through the accurate and honest use of material values. If it is not unworthy to love to exercise power, it cannot be unworthy to be pleased to handle wealth.

Again, there can be no harm in liking to "get rich" quickly. Let us call things by their right names. Avarice, greed, injustice are wrong; they hurt society and dwarf a man's own soul. But we are made to enjoy success in what-

ever we do. Does not a farmer like to have a grand crop — a hundredfold over what he put into the ground? Does not every fisherman like to strike a school of mackerel or blue-fish? All inventions and the labor-saving application of natural powers are simply means to bring about the most rapid production of wealth. The complaint never ought to be that riches are produced too rapidly, but that they are not fairly distributed.

Moreover, there is doubtless a speculative element, a factor of venture or "chance," in all human enterprises. This element, called wrongly sometimes "a gamble," was quite as prevalent in the primitive industries as it is anywhere to-day. Hunting and fishing were largely matters of "luck." The early unscientific agriculture seemed to depend on a series of lucky chances. There are some kinds of business to-day that are from their nature especially speculative: for example, mining, and the establishment of a thousand and one new undertakings in food and clothing and domestic furniture. The telephone was thus, at first, a great speculative venture. But this element of hazard did not make it wrong to buy its stock at a few dollars a share. In fact, if some people had not believed in it and risked their money, the world would have had to wait indefinitely for the use of this wonderful new instrument of civilization. We suspect that even Mr. Emerson would have been pleased with the results, if he had trusted the proceeds of one of his lectures in the infant enterprise.

Alongside of, and involved with, this unknown element of venture, "chance," or speculation in all human enterprise, is the constant factor of intelligence, skill, forethought, purpose, experience — all of them names for some form of effort, activity, and cost. We draw on the more or less unknown forces of nature, which continually challenge us to watchfulness, to patience, to accurate investigation, to the

use of all our faculties and our energy. The best, or most successful, man is he who invests, and ventures the utmost skill and force of will in his enterprise.

A profound law governs the processes of civilization. The law is that the civilized man always tends to minimize the variable element, or the risks of his business, and to depend more and more largely upon the use of clearly defined and intelligible means, the result of his own observation and of the widening experience of the race. Everything industrial becomes a science. The expert endeavors to predict how much gold or copper will be produced to every ton of the ore. Science teaches the farmer or the fisherman the conditions upon which he may quite confidently expect the largest possible yield. We shall have occasion presently to refer again to this significant law of progress in industrial civilization, whereby all legitimate business tends to become less a mere speculation and more completely a science.

Let us now try to see just what the mischief is in gambling. Here is a familiar sport of all barbarous peoples. The savage wants excitement, and finds it in venturing everything that he owns, even his wife or his own person. The idle classes in a modern city gamble likewise for excitement, to titillate their jaded nerves. Thus, bridge-whist, with its genteel stakes, represents the survival of a very ancient form of barbarism.

Gambling needs to be distinguished from good sport, as also from good business. In true sport the element of intellect, patience, attention, activity, rises in value, and the factor of chance declines. The better the sport, the greater the activity of body or mind, the less the need of extra or factitious excitement. The players in the football game or at chess need least of all to bet on their own success. They have "fun" enough in the effort itself. It is the idle minds with lazy and unintellectual games, or the hangers-

on, watching the games of others, who buy a cheap excitement by betting on the sport. Theirs is not true sport. In fact, the more the brains or the skill are used in a sport, the less use have any civilized players for going over into the field of gambling. Pure gambling is based on ignorance; it deals in what we call "chance." Thus, throwing dice is a pure gambling game, for the reason that intelligence has no possible exercise in its use. On the other hand, the more skill or intelligence enters into a sport, the greater becomes the folly of those who, with little or no skill, put up their stakes on the mere chances of the game.

What harm, however, is there if the players like to enhance their fun by the excitement of putting up stakes? One easy answer is that the friendly or neighborly instinct in us is more or less offended in pocketing even a small gain at another's loss. This is a rational instinct, which grows stronger and more sensitive as one becomes more humane and kindly, and especially as we set before ourselves the ideal of living on terms of good-will with all men.

But the supreme objection to gambling in all its forms, whether in sport or in speculative business, is that it works harm and loss to society. As soon as any practice or conduct is found to be socially hurtful, it thereby becomes wrong, whatever men may have thought of it before. Does not all morality rise to consciousness through the fact of social advantage or injury? Now, the long and costly experience of mankind bears uniform testimony against gambling, till at last the verdict of civilization has become as nearly unanimous as human judgment can be, that it is an intolerable nuisance. It is a dangerous and unsocial form of excitement; it hurts character, demoralizes industry, breeds quarrels, tempts men to self-destruction; and it works special injustice to women and children. We may not know precisely why morphine preys upon the nervous system and

has to be labeled "poisonous." The fact is the main consideration. So with the stimulus or excitation of gambling. Grant that I profess myself willing to pay for my fun. The fun is degrading, like the prize fight or bear-baiting.

But suppose, says the casuist, that the players have plenty of good-humor, and self-control enough not to take unreasonable risks. Suppose that mildest form of gambling, the raffle at a church fair, where a hundred people take tickets to pay for a piano, and then cast lots — surely a scriptural method — to determine who shall have the quite indivisible prize. The answer is that, at the best, you, the enlightened leaders of public opinion, who set up your tiny stakes and raffle in church lotteries, are playing about the edge of the very precipice which your own laws have marked "dangerous" for the public. Who are you, who ask the special privilege of doing what you deem it foolish or wicked for common people to do? Moreover, the more "reasonable" you make the stakes of respectable gaming, or of gambling speculation, the tamer the game is. If you want extra excitement beyond what grows out of the normal use of skill and intelligence, you must bid high enough to hurt you a little when you come to lose. In other words, the psychological principle that underlies all craving for factitious excitements makes "reasonable" gambling either worthless for the purpose of excitement, or else a practical impossibility. The truth is that the normal interests of society grow continually more coöperative or mutual. Gambling, on the other hand, is by its nature divisive and therefore unsocial. It sets *meum* over against *tuum*, my gain against another's loss. Even in its more refined forms, this tendency in gambling threatens petty jealousies, suspicion, and alienation.

It is a dry task and comparatively unprofitable merely to say, "Thou shalt not." Let us pass over now to the more

fruitful and constructive side of our subject. Let us trace the grand and positive law that determines and inspires all legitimate business. Let us define what is good business, and we shall at once set all kinds of bad business aside. The simple law, governing all social activity, is that each individual ought in some way to render at least an equivalent service for all that he draws or uses out of the common wealth. If you live in society, you must perform some useful function whereby to justify your existence. If the individual cell in the body only uses up and exhausts energy, without contributing any corresponding service, here is the beginning of death, menacing the whole body. If the tiny cell functions abnormally, putting its force or its substance to hurtful uses, here is a sort of fever or disease. Give account of yourself, says the body of society to every member or part; show what you are about; of what use you are; why you should eat and drink and be clothed out of the life-blood of society.

The Day of Judgment is coming sooner than many people are aware. The multitudes of the working people of the world are pressing with a new significance these searching and inevitable questions of social justice. There is no such thing to-day as individual independence or national independence. All men in all nations are dependent upon one another, involved in a vast network of mutual services and obligations. There is nothing to which a man, whether a capitalist or a workman, can point and say, "This is all mine. I created it." All the men in the world who are of any use, besides a host of the inventors and toilers of past ages, stand behind every act of creation or discovery or manufacture and claim their share in it. It is idle merely to "say grace" over our food. It is necessary to give thanks in the only way, under God's laws, by which we can render efficient thanks, namely, by trying at least, with all our

might, to do our part to keep up the mighty tide of the circulation of the life of the world. This is to give thanks to God through our mutual service to one another. So far from high position or wealth exempting anyone from this law, the obligation is only made greater. This ought to be obvious enough to everyone who has ever begun to ask the question, "Where does my living come from?"

It is easy at once to illustrate how this law actually applies to one after another of the trades and professions by which men "earn a living." Every trade and occupation as it comes up to-day for judgment is either approved or repudiated according to the answer of the men who carry it on to the question, "How are you serving society?" The farmers, for example, and a whole line of honest tradesmen, easily answer this question. But what if the farmer only raises rye or corn to turn into whiskey? Men's consciences already are righteously vexed over such issues as this. The teachers and educators easily pass the judgment seat. But suppose the teacher works for his hire and not for the sake of his pupils? The good doctors and nurses evidently justify their calling. The lawyers must pass examination at a more tremendous bar than any of their courts. Are they serving justice and helping to make justice prevail in the world? No glory of splendid fees will protect the man who has to say, No, to this master question. The ministers and churches may well tremble at the new judgment. Either their religion must make life in every way richer, or else the world has no further use for them.

We are ready now to distinguish between that which is socially useful and that which is injurious in business. Any honest man ought to have the satisfaction of knowing that his business carries some wholesome use or service for his fellows. For example, our grocer or our baker may be sure, if honest, that he serves society by the distribution of its

products, as truly as ever soldier or policeman is supposed to serve it. His purpose to this effect gives him the same dignity as any honorable profession gives its members.

Suppose, now, a man gets his living by gambling. Possibly he keeps a gambling house, or he may be a "professional" gambler, or he may have made lucky guesses or bets in the stock market. His living certainly comes out of the toil of the people who work in fields and factories, or, anyhow, out of the people who, by the use of their directing intelligence or by their wisdom or their active virtue, add in some way to the value and worth of life. This man has none neither. Every successful gambling transaction of his has simply put moneys into his pocket which other people somewhere have earned. Why is not this the essence of stealing? Everyone would see that this is so, if the more subtle gambling transactions were not veiled behind the vastly impersonal character of modern business. The man who lives by gambling speculations sees his winnings, while unfortunately he is rarely able to look into the faces of the people who are made poorer by the fact of his parasitism.

The imagination that revolts at the idea of hurting a man is not yet sufficiently trained to revolt at the idea of preying upon a corporation, upon a city, upon the national government, upon the corporate body of human society. The fact remains that the men whose business consists only in some form of betting upon the daily fluctuations of the values of the world evidently take from society, that is, from all of us, that for which they give no honorable return.

Pure gambling, however, as a means of livelihood, is practically almost impossible. The unwritten laws of the world are against it. As has often been said, it is not so much wickedness as folly. The gamblers, whether at the faro table or in the bucket shops, obviously have to support the group of parasites who in turn wait upon them; and the

sum of all their winnings must always be less than the amount of their losses. In the long run, they can make success only by fraud, or, as occasionally on the stock exchange, by "tips," or bits of secret information, imparted by sagacious friends who possess previous or exceptional knowledge about the conditions of the market. Most of the gambling of the world is, therefore, synonymous with ignorance, and will give way only before the increase of enlightenment. No stringent laws against it are enough by themselves to prevent silly lambs from offering themselves to be shorn.

We have admitted that there is a necessary element of speculation or venture in all enterprises. Is there such a thing as honorable or useful speculation? It is at this point that the chief difficulty of our subject lies. There are three lines of justification of legitimate speculation. The original meaning of the word *speculate* suggests one use to which society puts a certain class of its members. They are scouts or outrunners, who, by their far sight or mobility, explore new routes by which the marching caravan behind them may proceed, or discover treasures and supplies for the benefit of the rest. The inventors and promoters are thus surely useful to the slower and cautious multitude. No one grudges them generous return for their forethought, patience, courage, and faith. The trouble with this class of speculators is that they have frequently failed entirely to see their relation to society. Their honorable business is to serve all of us. They have heretofore been suffered to imagine that they could appropriate for their selfish use whatever they might lay their eyes upon. Sent forward as scouts from the main body, upon whose approach they always reckon, and by whose continued support they are enabled to exist, they have confidently written their own names as proprietors upon the lands, the springs of water, the forests, the minerals, and all those natural resources which

rightly belong to the body of society — never to a few of its members.

There is, then, a kind of speculation which is itself righteous, namely, the discovery and promotion of new means of wealth. The injustice begins when men set an excessive price of their own on their work, as if they had performed an act of original creation. We can applaud Mr. Carnegie's and Mr. Rockefeller's enterprise, but we denounce their system of tariff, their manipulation of railways, and their appropriation of mineral lands, through which their speculation has passed over from useful social service into the form of colossal extortion. We cannot even see the social use of any sort which has attended the building of the Astor and other similar fortunes. The scout in this case has merely seized and fortified a height above the city and become a robber-baron. We must say, however, by way of excuse, that these men have turned to their own selfish use legal enactments for which we are all responsible.

A second use of the speculator is as an appraiser of values. Here is the social use of the stock and produce exchanges. For the economists tell us that the maddening din of the vast exchange is not for nothing. The men penned there together like gladiators are helping to fix, and even to maintain, the values of the great staples of the world, — the wheat and the cotton, — or, again, the values of innumerable stocks and bonds. Grant this fact if you will. Ask next, who these people are who are crying prices up or down. There are really two sets of speculators, present in person or by proxy. One set are actual experts in valuation, whose business it is, as dealers or as manufacturers, to study crops and harvests and movements of traffic and labor. These men are playing the game by the use of experience and intelligence. They have a certain normal relation to the values in which they are dealing. It is evidently these men

alone, — only a limited number, — who at the best can claim to confer a social service by their speculations. These men also tacitly obey the law of which we have spoken earlier. They tend always to minimize the element of venture and to make their business as largely as they can a matter of intelligence and science. In other words, the good speculators endeavor, not to gamble, but to know. So far as they break this law, they injure society and put back the course of civilized business. Their valid use is to establish values, and not to manipulate them; to maintain the health of business, and not to provoke fever and excitement. Let any professional speculator then be ready to answer this question: What effect, beneficent or otherwise, have such transactions as mine upon the economical health of the world? It is a shame to a man if he can give no honorable answer to this question. Moreover, society is going to press this question till men who cannot answer it will feel the shame.

✓ Another group — a very large one, by all accounts — represented in the transactions of the speculative exchanges are people who are only ignorant guessers or bettors. No doubt, they often act under advice of their brokers, but they contribute no particle of intelligent study in the appraisal of values. This class surely are of no sound economic use in crowding upon the market. So far from helping to fix or maintain values, they probably add an element of exaggeration, excitement, and peril to the conduct of business. Their presence and the stakes which they wager tempt the *bona fide*, or expert, class of speculators to play upon their hopes and their fears, and to create artificial “booms” or panics, and actually to unsettle values. In short the people who “take flyers” are mostly gamblers pure and simple. They pay their money to support a considerable and expensive group of bankers and brokers. To

the honest question: What actual social service do you render through your speculative transactions, such as might justify you in pocketing your expected winnings, abstracted doubtless from the common wealth? they can give no rational answer. They are not merely trying to get something for nothing, — a harmless amusement, — but they are trying to get what does not belong to them.

There is one other ground on which a class of somewhat irregular speculators stand. They have a possibly legitimate function as traders. Some new stock, an invention, a Japanese loan, comes into view. Our speculator believes in the enterprise; he takes his risk with it, and puts up his money on a more or less hazardous margin, and buys. He does this on the trader's confidence that his more cautious neighbors will in due time be glad to take the load off his hands, and reward him for holding it through the period of their uncertainty. He thus helps to market and distribute investments among those who can afford later to hold them permanently. All this is plausible. His gains (if he makes them) do not appear to come out of the losses of others, but to accrue from the normal rise in the values in which he had trusted. In short, the speculator in this case is a kind of promoter, a non-commissioned agent of his banker and broker.

The ground of this form of speculation, however, is rather slippery. Except as the man really becomes a regular banker, his field of quite honorable operation is both perilous and limited. Suppose now that, from helping to market promising ventures, he goes over to the other side, as he will surely be tempted to do, and takes an amateur hand in knocking values downward. Does he then help or harm his fellows? Moreover, his only chance of success is by virtue, not of the element of chance, but of prevision, skill, intelligence — all very rare qualities, for the lack of

which ninety-nine per cent of the people who try to follow his example will inevitably fail.

The pathos of speculation lies in this direction. It is not wrong that the village schoolmaster, or the country minister, or the dressmaker with her scanty earnings, wishes to have a share in the fabulous wealth which modern society is accumulating. They rightly think "it would be fine" if their bit of investment in the wonderful mine described in their denominational journal turns out as successfully as they hope. What they do not see is that they have no business to hope for this success; they do not know enough. No one has taught them that every useful or promising kind of speculation depends upon effort, skill, experience, the play of intelligence upon the conditions of each new problem. Honorable speculation is a form of science. It is never mere cheap guess-work. But these innocent people — a great host of them — are daily matching their ignorance against the loaded dice of those whom their credulity tempts to make a business of floating all kinds of plausible and worthless enterprises.

When will the world learn the supreme law of life? We have no right to expect to receive when we give no equivalent return. We have no right to expect ordinary gains, unless we give at least ordinary service. Much less have we the right to extra gains from our investments, where we put in no extra skill, foresight, or other form of service. We only make fools of ourselves in expecting great dividends, where we have not the least knowledge of the conditions of business. Indeed, we have no right to live, even upon our own incomes, unless we are trying continually to make good to society for all that we cost. We are always servants and trustees for society, or else we are robbing our fellows. No success, no secure or permanent happiness, lies away from the line of this law.

DOES AMERICANIZATION AMERICANIZE?

GINO SPERANZA

"I HAVE a solemn vow registered in heaven that I will preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." These words, spoken by President Lincoln at a critical moment in the life of the Republic, are, in substance, what the alien repeats when admitted to American citizenship. Imagine, however, what must have been their significance to Abraham Lincoln, and what, at best, they possibly can mean to tens of thousands of "new Americans" when reciting them in the oath of allegiance, which makes them our fellow citizens! And yet we wonder why things are not all as they should be to-day, and why we should be obliged to ask ourselves again, as we did half a century ago, how it is that "an instructed and equal people, with freedom in every form, with a government yielding to the touch of popular will so readily, ever would come to the trial of force against it."

Of the causes behind the existing unrest this paper will attempt to deal with only one phase — our attitude and policy toward the immigrant as a potential citizen, premising the statement that such attitude and policy have labored under one fundamental error: the failure to distinguish clearly and consistently between the *human* rights of immigrants and their *political* rights, between our human duties toward *them* and our political duties toward our *commonwealth*. To their human rights and to our human duties toward them we shall refer here only incidentally, dwelling instead upon the study of a policy which has tended, and tends, to grant political rights to very large numbers of

aliens wholly unprepared for American life, and utterly unqualified for participation in the government.

As we look back, we see that three methods or processes have found favor among us at various times, as means of converting the alien into an American: naturalization, assimilation, and Americanization. The first, which once was supposed to possess a sort of special sanctifying grace *per se*, has sunk back in public opinion to its purely legalistic function; the second has been relegated with the melting-pot to the top shelves of social laboratories; while the third is now the object of a nation-wide "drive."

There is something both stirring and touching in the almost religious belief that many Americans held regarding naturalization in the early days of immigration to this country: they honestly and sincerely relied upon it as an almost instant solvent for changing a German or a Swede into an American; they looked upon it, in their intense patriotism, as a rite with well-nigh sacramental and mystically spiritual effects.

With the decline of the belief in naturalization as an infallible process of transformation, there came into favor, as a spiritual aid to the former, the less legalistic process of assimilation. The method sounded logical and was picturesque and attractive. We all fell under its sway more or less, especially the social workers and the schools of philanthropy. It was, on the whole, a useful movement, not only because it showed the essential inadequacy of naturalization, but especially because it made us realize very vividly the human rights of the alien in our midst, and our indifference to such rights.

The war, which passed like a steam-roller over numberless favorite and popular theories, served also to show the limitations of assimilation as we had attempted to develop it, and the strength of alien nationalism, even — and indeed

especially — in what we had hopefully considered safe and “desirable” North-European stock.

The ancient problem being still with us, and looming large on the background of present-day labor unrest, American optimism promptly has come to the rescue with a new and sure remedy — Americanization. It is part of our enthusiastic idealism, part of our “habit of practical performance,” to wish to correct every trouble and right every wrong *quickly*; and, in order to do it quickly, we often refuse to see any subtle and intimate complexity in the problems which confront us, but cheerfully and rather naïvely “simplify” them and reduce them to “essentials,” which can be, as it were, surgically treated with ease and precision.

But there are problems and processes so obscure and complex in their causes, so slow, intricate, and subtle in their development and ramifications, as to be refractory to any simplification and impossible of any accelerated or swift solution. One of these is Americanization, which, like every essential and effective change of nationality, involves two distinct processes and two vital decisions in a man's life: a divesting one's self of a deep-rooted patrimony of ideas, sentiments, traditions, and interests, and an honest and whole-hearted acceptance of, and participation in, an entirely new set of ideas, sentiments, traditions, and interests.

In order to grasp the difficulties in the way of real, and, therefore, of the only worth-while Americanization, let us consider the processes involved in the reversal of such conversion. Think how suspicious we are of any instance of de-Americanization; how suspect, for instance, to the popular mind is the Anglicization, not only of a Waldorf Astor, but even of a Henry James, and, generally, how taboo is the man who “turns.” Or let us illustrate the process on a large

scale as being nearer to our own problem: let us suppose that the French government, or a large section of the French people, had decided to attempt to Gallicize our boys of the A.E.F. while they were in France, and had made a nation-wide "drive" to accomplish it in five years, at the end of which time any of our men who said they wished to change would have been admitted to French citizenship. Will any American claim that this would have worked at all, or that the French citizens thus secured would have been much of an asset or a help to the French nation?

I do not give this as a parallel example to the process of Americanizing our immigrants; but I do contend that, on the whole, the Gallicization of a million picked American youths, at a time of tense and stirring life, would have been infinitely easier and more possible than to convert a million mixed Syrian, Russian, Greek, Slav, and Finnish peasants — or even French, British, and Italian subjects — into reliable American citizens, as we claim we can do in this country. To feel that the powers of attraction and assimilation of America are tremendous is both true and patriotic; but to practise the belief that such powers can work miracles — such as the rapid conversion of the mixed and unstable immigrants of Europe into *real* American citizens — is sheer superstition and, as such, the child of ignorance.

The fact is that there is much loose thinking, inexactness, and sentimentalism on the subject of Americanization. The very fact that the first professorship of Americanization in this country was fitted into a department of political economy indicates how even trained minds tend to look at the process from too narrow a standpoint: for might it not reasonably be urged, with equal force, that Americanization belongs rather to the department of history, or of philosophy, or of psychology?

But consider some of the means in vogue to-day to secure

Americanization: for instance, anything which betters a man, such as being taught to read and write, is, of course, in a roundabout way, Americanization; but why call it that, as something new, instead of using the exact word such betterment has meant for ages past — schooling? Imparting a knowledge of civics, government, and history is likewise, in a sense, Americanization; but why claim for it a power that is no greater than, and no different from, what it was when the identical thing was called education? So, also, bringing the alien “into contact with what is best in this country,” which a recent publication glibly announces as a “new method” in this process, is in one sense Americanization; but is it not the same thing as what was more correctly called social or public service, or, more anciently, Christian duty?

Changing their names does not render inapplicable methods applicable, but only lulls us into a dangerous contentment. That the insufficiency or inadequacy of such methods is being grasped in certain quarters is evidenced by the conditions and provisos proposed here and there as necessary for the success of the “drive.” Thus Secretary Lane, in a popular magazine, cautions his readers that “before we take up this work of the Americanization of others, we must first be certain that we have Americanized ourselves.” The implication, that even real Americans may be in need of Americanization, shows the essential intricacy and slowness of the process, even at its best.

To understand the real significance of Americanization (and lack of clearness on this point is the root of the trouble) we must consider it in relation to the larger question of *nationality*, of which it is only a part or instance. One of the lessons of the Great War, of peculiar significance to us in relation to our immigration problem, is the tremendous strength of national or ethnic sentiment: indifferent

Political cowardice, squeamish conscientiousness, and cant have avoided a frank, open, and frontal attack against what is variously styled "the Irish vote," the "East Side vote," and the like; as if the toleration of anything but a thoroughly and wholly American vote were not a gross failure in the practice of an elementary American duty.

What are all the schools and professorships of Americanization worth while we allow, in daily practice, such destructive distinctions in the political life of the country? "For the successful conduct of a nation's affairs," says President Hadley in his book, *The Relation between Freedom and Responsibility*, "we must have a certain degree of conformity between its political institutions and the moral character of its members." The duty, then, of every Irishman and grandson of Irishmen, of every Italian and son of Italians, in this land is to conform his moral character to American political institutions; to conform, not his speech or even merely his vote, but his every thought and hope and plan — for it must be an unreserved spiritual conformity — to this, his country. There cannot be two nationalisms even if one is major and one minor, even if one claims to be American first and German second.

It will justly be urged that criticism is not necessarily helpful unless it is constructively suggestive as well as destructively analytical. While I do not believe that the current methods or plans for Americanization can bring about what is claimed for them, yet, in themselves, they are praiseworthy; in so far as they are new names for schooling, education, hygiene, and the Golden Rule, they are the minimum of what we should do — and should have begun doing decades ago — for a somewhat helpless and often ignorant and exploited class of our inhabitants, both alien and native. These are all part of our human duty and of our public duty to our fellow men.

The objection to such methods — which fail to Americanize, even though they may humanly improve, those beings subjected to them — is that, in effect, they accelerate and widen the inclusion of new “foreign votes” in the American electorate. In this respect they perpetuate the basic error of all our immigration policy — that of inviting and hastening that purely legalistic Americanization known as naturalization. This, in a land swept by large migratory currents of varied and even nondescript nationalities, where manhood suffrage is the fundamental law, constitutes a real and growing danger.

No country has so cheapened the electoral franchise as the United States, by practically giving to everybody the right to enjoy it, for the mere asking. The only controlling and controllable test is a certain arbitrarily fixed length of residence; for it will hardly be urged that the so-called “intention,” supported by a declaration of forswearing allegiance to foreign potentates, and so forth, enters seriously into the transformation. Length of residence, that is, time (in a process which, in the majority of cases, requires some generations), if an element at all, should be a very long period. Some students have urged fifteen years; but to the writer twenty-five years would not seem too long for what might be called a splendid political apprenticeship. Provision, however, should be made for shortening such apprenticeship upon proof of special qualities of a high order, or of public or quasi-public service rendered to this country.

Length of residence was chosen because it was easily proved and easily ascertainable; but to-day no one could claim it as either a safe or even a rational test. There are services and sacrifices which an alien may undergo in this country a month after landing, of such a character as to entitle him to immediate or honorary citizenship; there are acts and omissions by an alien resident here ten years,

which should bar him everlastingly from citizenship, or divest him of it if naturalized. The real test for citizenship should be political *fitness* and personal *worthiness*; and if the lawyers argue that these are too subtle and spiritual to be defined by statute, then it would be better that we should suspend naturalization for half a century, while we try to live down our past errors in this field.

This nation has two functions in history and toward mankind: first, to disseminate principles of democracy, freedom, and humanity among all men throughout the world; and, second, to be a nation characteristically American from top to bottom. It is this latter function that we have sacrificed — if not seriously endangered — by our policy and desire of forcing quick or accelerated Americanization, be it political or spiritual. The present “drive” has already brought forth a number of bills in Congress, which, in effect, would compel aliens, after a certain length of residence, to become “citizens” or leave the country. Yet the more “raw” citizens (if I may use the term) you take in, helping the process by a veneer of Americanization, the more you threaten our characteristically American form of democracy. “If we believe,” as I said several years ago before the American Academy of Political Science, “in the great system of self-government developed and stubbornly fought for by the English people through centuries of training and struggle, we may fairly claim that its continuance and stability will depend on a citizenship attached to and understanding its spirit and history, and in sympathy with its political ideals. . . . We want and must have *real* spiritual allegiance; we want and must have only such citizens as think in terms of American life.”

As the finest contemporary exponent of America said, in his “American Ideals,” there is “one quality that we must bring to the solution of every problem: that is, an intense

and fervid Americanism." Even in the great struggle now going on between capital and labor, "the outcome," as President Hadley has said, will depend "on the character of the people," that is, on whether our business shall be dominated by "the spirit of the adventurer or by the spirit of the Puritan."

If such American spirit and such American citizenship cannot be obtained by any rapid process working on our alien masses, — and I contend that it cannot, except in special cases, — then why encourage or permit the naturalization of such masses, or, as at least one Congressional bill provides, force American citizenship on alien residents? Naturalization is not the right of an immigrant, but a privilege, which the United States can grant, withhold, or condition.

We are constantly concerned with the restriction of immigration, but it is a far more important matter for America to bar the immigrant from its body-politic than to shut him out from the country. Indeed, I believe we should encourage a back-and-forth alien migration, rather than a stable one which ends in becoming an alien colonization in our midst. If we cared for America more and for our political party or our labor-union less, we should concentrate our efforts, not so much on excluding able-bodied alien workmen, who are needed to help develop the resources of our country, but more on the urgent and vital need of barring numberless "new-made" citizens from our electorate.

For over fifty years the tendency in this country has been to make American citizenship easily achievable; to-day, when we begin, though darkly, to see the evil consequences of such largesse, we grasp at the slender raft of Americanization to escape the storm; and in the name of such an empirical and simplistic remedy, some of our Congressmen, with equal good faith and simplicism, propose legislation

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which, in effect, will add to our un-American or pseudo-American vote.

We cannot remedy the past, or cover our mistakes, by a resort to disfranchisement; but we can and should oppose any attempt, made in however good faith, to increase the number of such Americanized citizens within our body-politic, as to-morrow may have the power, as well as the desire, to change the character of our democracy. The foreign vote is already making itself felt in some parts of our country as a distinctly foreign vote. Let us, then, take to heart the words written many years ago by the most balanced observer and student of our immigration problem, Richmond Mayo-Smith; words which to-day sound like a patriotic warning: —

“The change in social ideals wrought by the infiltration of peoples having different customs and habits of life can be detected only as these elements and habits of life gradually become dominant, and as we see the decay of habitudes which we had valued. We then exclaim against the degeneracy of the times, forgetting that we ourselves have admitted the elements which have superseded the old.”

AMERICANIZATION: THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CASE

JOHN KULAMER

BEFORE putting the patient under the anaesthetic and operating on him, give him a chance to say a few words: they may help the wise doctors in their diagnosis, and may suggest the kind of operation to be performed. It is no consolation to the patient or to his friends to say that the operation was successful but the patient died. "Americanize the foreigners" is the cry heard all over the country. Several state legislatures have already passed laws, more or less practical, to satisfy this hysterical cry; and the present session of Congress has similar legislation on its programme. I say hysterical advisedly, for the reason that it looks so to the "foreigners" who have gone through the mill, who are in better position to know the situation, and can judge better the results of ill-advised attempts by legislators to make to order Americans out of "foreigners." It is not a question of principle with us alien-born American citizens; but the means by which "foreigners" are sought to be Americanized give us cause to raise our voices in protest. By all means, let those who seek the bounty of this liberal country to settle here permanently become in spirit and in truth Americans; and let those who come here temporarily, so long as it pleases America to admit them, gratefully accept her munificence, and observe scrupulously all her laws; but the question is, can a "foreigner" become a true American by force? Some of the legislation already passed, and some of the methods contemplated, savor strongly of force. Is that wise? Is it practical? Is it American?

I preface this, so as not to be misunderstood. Although born in far-off Czecho-Slovakia, under the shadow of the snow-capped Tatra, I can without boasting say that I yield to no one in my loyalty to the Stars and Stripes; and if I differ in my views as to the methods to be used in Americanizing those who, like me, were born in other countries, I do it out of love for my adopted country, and because I am anxious to see these efforts crowned with success. We who are Americans by our free choice (pardon the boast) deplore sincerely the faults of our compatriots, and are most anxious to see them remedied; we are heartily in favor of any practical movement on the part of American-born citizens to help these people to become true Americans, in the full meaning of the word; but we say that you will never succeed by using the same methods that drove many of them to seek the shelter of free American institutions. Do not transplant Prussia or Hungary to the shores of liberal America. Prussian and Magyar methods have proved to be a failure; the Irish nation is a fairly lively corpse, in spite of the fact that the prohibited Celtic language is almost reckoned among the dead languages. Remember this: a parrot does not become a man by learning to say, "Polly wants a cracker," or to swear like a sailor. Do not confuse the means with the end: a man can commit treason in English as readily as in Hottentot.

First of all, why this hectic outcry just now? Why this feverish activity to remedy by legislation the evils that grew up through years of neglect, nay, almost brutal opposition, on the part of the American-born; through years of galling ridicule and heartless exploitation; through years of contempt and prejudice? Let us face the facts squarely. Is it because of the activities of the paid agents of foreign governments during the war? Is it because of foreign and native propaganda now? Why does not the government

deal with individuals according to their just deserts? Why does the government so scrupulously adhere to the constitutional safeguards of individuals in its proceedings against those who openly renounce and ridicule them? Could anything be more humiliating than the arrogance of the departing Emma Goldman? Of all the "foreigners" whom it is proposed now to Americanize, only a negligible percentage is dangerous to American institutions, and the government of such a powerful nation ought to have no trouble in getting rid of these.

Some of them are crude in their manners, illiterate, and ignorant of the fine points of our Constitution; but at heart they are loyal to their new country; their greatest desire is to become like Americans, whom they admire; their greatest boast is that they are citizens, and they almost worship their "second papers," if they have been able to get them. I need not cite proofs of this: it is inscribed in letters of blood on the pages of American history. To-day many of them are, besides, bound to this country by gratitude for the help which it extended to their oppressed brethren in the land of their nativity. During the war they looked upon the Stars and Stripes, not only as the flag of their adopted country, but also as a symbol of hope, a guaranty of freedom to their mother countries: and so it is now.

They are living beings, and it is the essential principle of life to respond to favorable environment. All efforts at their Americanization should be founded upon this principle. Remove difficulties out of their way, create a favorable environment, and they will respond to it. Do not place new difficulties in their way.

The greatest obstacles to the speedy Americanization of foreigners are the ridicule of, contempt for, and prejudice against them on the part of native Americans. In showing this, I will confine myself to the experience of the Czecho-

Slovaks, so that I may be able to make out a concrete case, and because I am best acquainted with their spirit and situation. The Bohemian or Czech portion of the Czech-Slovaks are old settlers in this country; most of them are considered as Americanized. The Slovak immigration is rather recent, and is included in that invidious term, "foreigners." The first immigrants came here, or rather were brought here, by American agents scouring Europe for laborers; so that originally they were sought after. They first settled in the hard-coal regions of Pennsylvania. After them came thousands seeking larger opportunities, or fleeing from Magyar political persecution. That they are hard workers and economical, everyone concedes. But it is said, in justification of the existing prejudice, — if class-prejudice can be justified, — that they have so many bad habits, their manners are so uncouth, their dress so ridiculous and crude, they live in such an unsanitary way, they are such drunkards and fight so much — in fact, they are chronic trouble-makers. There are two other specifications, of a different nature, charged against them: that they constitute the cheap labor of the country and compete unfairly with the American laborer, and that they come here only to save up money and take it home with them, thus taking out of the country a large portion of its capital. Before answering these accusations categorically, let me say this in general: they are deeply religious, no matter what religion they profess; there are hardly any professional hardened criminals among them; and there are no anarchists.

It may be a little humiliating to proud Americans to know that the manners of these foreigners deteriorate in the United States. They have lost many good points by their contact with Americans, principally on account of bad example. Trained in the hard school of centuries of servitude under the most cruel masters, the Slovaks are naturally

respectful to their superiors, — not necessarily servile, — retiring, and law-abiding; they are trusting, kind-hearted, and cheerful. To them the state and its authority are things sacred. True, the laboring class does not possess the polish of the salon, cannot wear a tuxedo with grace and elegance; but are American laborers courtiers? They learned to chew tobacco in America, but nothing is more repellent to them than to see the cheek of a well-dressed man bulge with a “quid,” and they cannot understand how a man in an exalted position, say a judge in the courtroom, can squirt tobacco-juice under the bench. Their dress may appear ridiculous; but when milady turns up her puissant nose at the unshapely dress of her Slovak sister, let her remember that she looks so ungainly because she is trying to imitate Parisian fashions; in her native country she wore lace and embroidery over which milady would rave, and that made with her own hands; she wore the finest hand-made linen, her own product, from the flax to the garment. She has not tortured her shape all her life out of the proportions which nature bestowed on her.

They will amuse themselves on Sundays in a boisterous manner, have music and dancing. It should not be, even if there is no real harm in it, if for no other reason than out of deference to American customs. At home they did it mostly in the open air, under some spreading tree; and they hardly realize the difference when it is done in confined quarters.

Now about their housing conditions. Here the same statement applies as to their manners: they live here, as a rule, worse than they did at home. Who is to blame? The first settlers lived exclusively in company houses, and thousands of them still use such quarters as their employers supply them. Those living in cities mostly occupy houses from which proud American families draw rents. And what exorbitant rates they pay! At the rate which they pay for

their two or three rooms they could rent palaces at home, if counted by rooms. In the old country, no matter how humble the cottage, it had a small plot of ground around it, and the flower-garden in front of it was one of the house-keeper's greatest prides. A large coal company in Pennsylvania, in recent years, has made some effort to better the housing conditions, and now in the blooming front gardens you can see the reproduction of some old country village. The Slovak women are the largest buyers of stove-polish, and no other women spend so much time on their knees scrubbing the floors.

So long as the American government drew large revenues from the sale of liquors, who dares to accuse them of disloyalty because they drank a good deal? As to being trouble-makers: if the facts were thoroughly sifted, it would appear that in the majority of cases the fights at celebrations were caused by American hoodlums who wanted forcibly to share their kegs of beer, which the "hunkies" naturally resented. I need not describe how much the first settlers in the hard-coal regions of Pennsylvania suffered at the hands of a certain organized gang of another nationality, dozens of whom finally expiated their crimes on the gallows. We heard of their terrorism four thousand miles away.

Now take the other side of the picture: what did the "foreigner" have to endure? Ridicule, contempt, persecution, exploitation, extortion, injustice, all of which was due to the prejudice against him. He is very seldom called by his name, is always referred to as "hunkie," or "dago," or the like; he is made on all sides to feel that he is despised, that he is a stranger and unwelcome. His children are discriminated against, no matter how hard he tries to bring them up according to the American standard. To bring this home: several times my little girl asked me, "Daddy, why does Jennie call me a 'hunkie?'" It hurts, and not

everybody can take such matters philosophically, especially when he knows that his child is just as good as, if not better than, the other.

This ostracism by American-born children and young folk is bearing very disastrous fruit. Fine clean-cut young men of foreign parentage have gone wrong because compelled to associate with American scum. They are shunned by their equals, made to feel uncomfortable among them, and so they seek other society, often dangerous. And this discrimination is not always crude and brutal, owing to ignorance. Some years ago I had occasion to make an argument before the court *in banc*, three judges sitting. Some days later one of the judges was kind enough to compliment me on my effort, and added that Judge —— had remarked upon the fact that a foreign-born attorney could acquit himself so well. And why not, pray? It would take volumes to describe the abuse, ill-treatment, discrimination, and even brutality which the "hunkies" have to suffer at their work — work which the native American would disdain to perform, but which must be done. Let us spread a pall of forgetfulness over it. Furthermore, only those connected with the practice of law know the amount of injustice and extortion that is practised on them. Prejudice often blinds even the jurists sitting as judges. Details could be given *ad nauseam*. At times it seems as if Americans thought that the foreigners have no ordinary human feelings.

It is true that the first settlers competed with American labor; but they soon learned their lesson. There are no stauncher supporters of organized labor than foreigners, and they form the backbone of some large unions. Just now there is an outcry against them, and all the labor unrest is laid at their doors. But go to their meetings, and you will find that in some locals the only Americans are the officers who are their leaders. In whose hands is the national lead-

tion. Only one thing need be added to their present system: teach the American-born children to treat the others as their equals. The problem will solve itself, if you will remove the friction between native and alien-born, and keep meddlers, who cannot take the foreigner's view, from interfering with the natural process.

In the vast mass of literature spread broadcast over the country so far I have seen but one item which showed the proper spirit. The Massachusetts Bureau of Immigration gave out this motto: "Our foreign-speaking neighbors desire our friendship; we desire theirs. We should make these strangers in a strange land feel 'at home'; that we want them to share 'our house.' You can help make America united by special courtesy and patience in your daily contact with all who do not speak our language readily. Help make America, its institutions, and Americans dear to them, so that they, too, will become steadfast Americans."

Sincere thanks from all foreigners to the composer of this beautiful motto. In other words, Americanize the American first, and there will be no trouble with the foreigners; for all these various methods are not truly American. These foreigners have a very high conception of Americanism. My teacher of English (and he was a Prussian), so far as I can remember (it was twenty-eight years ago), said to me: "John, no higher compliment can be paid to a man than to say that he is an American gentleman; the qualification 'American' raises him above everybody." That was my first lesson in Americanism; quite often I was disabused; but when I meet with an American gentleman, I have no trouble in recognizing him from this description.

All the legislative programmes contain in one form or another a provision for forcing the foreigners to learn the English language. That is a great mistake. By all means, raise the bars against immigrants as high as public policy

demands; be very stringent in granting the foreign-born the supreme privilege of citizenship. It is right, nay, it is the duty of the country, to protect itself against undesirables; but the language test is the poorest test that could be thought of. It is just as futile as the literacy test in the immigration legislation; it will produce results contrary to those desired. It will admit into the country and to citizenship the crook, the agitator, the dangerous criminal, and keep out the honest, hard-working man. The swindler, the agitator, and his like are usually educated men, and can easily comply with the provisions of such legislation; the ignorant, unlettered man is politically harmless.

It is also proposed by some to abolish the foreign-language press. That would be taking away from aliens the only means of acquiring information, and from the government the only means of reaching the foreigners. I am surprised that no government officials raise their voices in protest after their experience during the war; after the help that they received from the foreign-language newspapers in counteracting the poisons spread by agitators of hostile foreign governments. They could also tell that they received voluntary information concerning meetings at which dangerous principles were advocated.

History has proved that language will not necessarily make a man a loyal citizen. What has England gained by forcing the Irish to learn the English language? Prussia tried to Prussianize the Poles by prohibiting the use of the Polish tongue, and Hungary tried to Magyarize its various nationalities by similar legislation; and what has happened? The principle of the oppressed nations was that action creates reaction; and the more the government tried to force a strange tongue on them, the more strenuously they opposed it.

Language is a very useful means to an end; also it is

something to which a strong sentiment attaches; but it is a mistake to make the language an end, the test of a man's loyalty. So long as a man is free to learn another language, he will do his best to learn it, if it is to his advantage; but if you try to force him to learn it, his opposition to it will at once be awakened. The psychology of this need not be discussed; it is a fact. The foreigners in this country realize the value of the English language, and are doing their best to acquire it; but let them find out that it is obligatory, and they will present a thousand and one excuses against learning it. For one thing, they will argue: "You call this a free country; we came here because we thought it was so; we fled from our native land because they wanted us to learn a strange tongue; and behold, America is doing the same thing." They do not object to the English language as a language, but they will more or less strenuously oppose it, if required by law to learn it. Their objections are not wholly for sentimental reasons; most of them are hard-working men, doing back-breaking labor in grime and amid intense heat which completely exhausts them; to require them, after a day put in at such work, to go to school and to learn a new language, at an advanced age, is almost inhuman. It is all very well for a professional Americanizer, sitting at his desk, with plenty of leisure, to learn another language; but it is a different matter for a hard-working man.

Besides, it is unnecessary: the new generation knows English; a great many young men and women are even ashamed of their mother-tongue. Outside of small villages, where the population is in some cases almost entirely foreign, the children do not speak their mother-tongue even among themselves. It is a common experience with some parents to be answered in English by their children when addressed in their mother-tongue. What advantage can be

gained from arousing the secret opposition of these people by such legislation? Because of the undue importance given to language in European countries by their governments, it received an equally undue importance in the estimation of the people; language was raised by these means to the same sentimental heights as religion. It is not wise for legislators to meddle with sentiments not directly harmful to the country.

This problem of language will also solve itself, if left to its natural course. Liberal and generous treatment, in accord with the principles of Americanism, on the part of individuals in their daily contact with the foreigners, will do more than volumes of laws. Let every American constitute himself a committee of one to behave with ordinary courtesy toward the foreigner, and not to discriminate against him, and he will respond wonderfully. He need not show special courtesy as the Massachusetts Bureau asks: ordinary courtesy will be sufficient. The American is not asked to go out of his way to please the foreigner; he needs only to meet him half-way. If the government will supplement this by energetic action against the real undesirables, the country will have nothing to fear from the others. There is no one more disgusted with the dilatory, temporizing tactics of our government in dealing with these pests than the alien-born citizens.

It can be said with assurance that the solidarity of the United States during the past war, in spite of its very much mixed population, rested solely on its past liberality, these unpleasant features notwithstanding. The foreign-born population overlooked all that, and their love for their adopted country wiped out all past irritation, healed all their wounds when the great crisis came. Do not repay them with distrust and unnecessary burdens. Was not the Kaiser disappointed in his "American party"? And the evidence against the Germans seemed to be the strongest.

The position of the foreigners here is analogous to that of the Christians in the days of persecution by the Roman Empire. They are treated, not as individuals, according to their deserts, but as a class, and the whole class is condemned. There seems to be a certain perversity that is unexplainable; indulgence to the individual transgressor and severity with the class. A man can openly renounce his allegiance, declaim against organized forms of government, denounce the right of the government to interfere with the individual, laugh at constitutional guaranties, and at the same time invoke them for his protection, and they will be granted to him; but you condemn a whole class without a hearing. It seems so un-American, for the American boasts of his fondness for fair play.

Let Congress stop playing politics, catering to the popular clamor; let it pass stringent laws for the protection of the country, and wise and constructive laws to promote its future welfare; let the executive powers enforce those laws fearlessly; let them hunt down the violators, high and low, native or alien, and it will be found that those of Czecho-Slovak origin, naturalized or unnaturalized (I speak now for them alone), are, as a class, loyal, law-abiding, hard-working inhabitants of the United States, and that there are no more criminals and traitors among them than among native-born Americans. What more is wanted of them?

NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND INTERNATIONALISM¹

BERTRAND RUSSELL

IN the relations between states, as in the relations of groups within a single state, what is to be desired is independence for each as regards internal affairs, and law rather than private force as regards external affairs. But as to groups within a state, it is internal independence that must be emphasized, since that is what is lacking; subjection to law has been secured, on the whole, since the end of the Middle Ages. In the relations between states, on the contrary, it is law and a central government that are lacking, since independence exists for external as for internal affairs. The stage we have reached in the affairs of Europe corresponds to the stage reached in our internal affairs during the Wars of the Roses, when turbulent barons frustrated the attempt to make them keep the King's peace. Thus, although the goal is the same in the two cases, the steps to be taken in order to achieve it are quite different.

There can be no good international system until the boundaries of states coincide as nearly as possible with the boundaries of nations. But it is not easy to say what we mean by a nation. Are the Irish a nation? Home Rulers say yes; Unionists say no. Are the Ulstermen a nation? Unionists say yes; Home Rulers say no. In all such cases, it is a party question whether we are to call a group a nation or not. A German will tell you that the Russian Poles are a nation; but as for the Prussian Poles, they, of course, are

¹ Reprinted from Bertrand Russell's *Political Ideals*, by permission of the author and of the publishers, The Century Company.

part of Prussia. Professors can always be hired to prove, by arguments of race or language or history, that a group about which there is a dispute is, or is not, a nation, as may be desired by those whom the professors serve. If we are to avoid all these controversies, we must endeavor, first of all, to find some definition of a nation.

A nation is not to be defined by affinities of language or a common historical origin, though these things often help to produce a nation. Switzerland is a nation, in spite of diversities of race, religion, and language. England and Scotland now form one nation, though they did not do so at the time of our Civil War. This is shown by Cromwell's saying, in the height of the conflict, that he would rather be subject to the dominion of the royalists than to that of the Scotch. Great Britain was one state before it was one nation; on the other hand, Germany was one nation before it was one state. What constitutes a nation is a sentiment and an instinct — a sentiment of similarity and an instinct of belonging to the same group or herd. The instinct is an extension of the instinct that constitutes a flock of sheep, or any other group of gregarious animals. The sentiment that goes with this is like a milder and more extended form of family feeling. When we return to England after being on the Continent, we feel something friendly in the familiar ways, and it is easy to believe that Englishmen on the whole are virtuous, while many foreigners are full of designing wickedness.

Such feelings make it easy to organize a nation into a state. It is not difficult, as a rule, to acquiesce in the orders of a national government. We feel that it is our government, and that its decrees are more or less the same as those which we should have given if we ourselves had been the governors. There is an instinctive, and usually unconscious, sense of a common purpose animating the members of a

nation. This becomes especially vivid when there is war or a danger of war. Anyone who, at such a time, stands out against the orders of his government feels an inner conflict quite different from any that he would feel in standing out against the orders of a foreign government, in whose power he might happen to find himself. If he stands out, he does so with a more or less conscious hope that his government may in time come to think as he does; whereas, in standing out against a foreign government, no such hope is necessary. This group instinct, however it may have arisen, is what constitutes a nation, and what makes it important that the boundaries of nations should also be the boundaries of states.

National sentiment is a fact and should be taken account of by institutions. When it is ignored, it is intensified and becomes a source of strife. It can be rendered harmless only by being given free play so long as it is not predatory. But it is not, in itself, a good or admirable feeling. There is nothing rational and nothing desirable in a limitation of sympathy which confines it to a fragment of the human race. Diversities of manners and customs and tradition are on the whole a good thing, since they enable different nations to produce different types of excellence. But in national feeling there is always latent or explicit an element of hostility to foreigners. National feeling, as we know it, could not exist in a nation which was wholly free from external pressure of a hostile kind.

And group feeling produces a limited and often harmful kind of morality. Men come to identify the good with what serves the interests of their own group, and the bad with what works against those interests, even if it should happen to be in the interest of mankind as a whole. This group-morality is very much in evidence during war, and is taken for granted in men's ordinary thought. Although almost all Englishmen consider the defeat of Germany desirable

for the good of the world, yet, nevertheless, most of them honor a German for fighting for his country, because it has not occurred to them that his actions ought to be guided by a morality higher than that of the group. A man does right, as a rule, to have his thoughts more occupied with the interests of his own nation than with those of others, because his actions are more likely to affect his own nation. But in time of war, and in all matters which are of equal concern to other nations and to his own, a man ought to take account of the universal welfare, and not allow his survey to be limited by the interest, or supposed interest, of his own group or nation.

So long as national feeling exists, it is very important that each nation should be self-governing as regards its internal affairs. Government can be carried on only by force and tyranny if its subjects view it with hostile eyes; and they will so view it if they feel that it belongs to an alien nation. This principle meets with difficulties in cases where men of different nations live side by side in the same area, as happens in some parts of the Balkans. There are also difficulties in regard to places which, for some geographical reason, are of great international importance, such as the Suez Canal and the Panama Canal. In such cases the purely local desires of the inhabitants may have to give way before larger interests. But in general, at any rate as applied to civilized communities, the principle that the boundaries of nations ought to coincide with the boundaries of states has very few exceptions.

This principle, however, does not decide how the relations between states are to be regulated, or how a conflict of interests between rival states is to be decided. At present, every great state claims absolute sovereignty, not only in regard to its internal affairs, but also in regard to its external actions. This claim to absolute sovereignty leads it into

conflict with similar claims on the part of other great states. Such conflicts at present can be decided only by war or by diplomacy, and diplomacy is in essence nothing but the threat of war. There is no more justification for the claim to absolute sovereignty on the part of a state than there would be for a similar claim on the part of an individual. The claim to absolute sovereignty is, in effect, a claim that all external affairs are to be regulated purely by force, and that when two nations or groups of nations are interested in a question, the decision shall depend solely upon which of them is, or is believed to be, the stronger. This is nothing but primitive anarchy, "the war of all against all," which Hobbes asserted to be the original state of mankind.

There cannot be secure peace in the world, or any decision of international questions according to international law, until states are willing to part with their absolute sovereignty as regards their external relations, and to leave the decision in such matters to some international instrument of government. An international government will have to be legislative as well as judicial. It is not enough that there should be a Hague Tribunal, deciding matters according to some already existing system of international law; it is necessary also that there should be a body capable of enacting international law, and this body will have to have the power of transferring territory from one state to another, when it is persuaded that adequate grounds exist for such a transference. Friends of peace will make a mistake if they unduly glorify the *status quo*. Some nations grow, while others dwindle; the population of an area may change its character by emigration and immigration. There is no good reason why states should resent changes in their boundaries under such conditions, and if no international authority has power to make changes of this kind, the temptations to war will sometimes become irresistible.

The international authority ought to possess an army and navy, and these ought to be the only army and navy in existence. The only legitimate use of force is to diminish the total amount of force exercised in the world. So long as men are free to indulge their predatory instincts, some men or groups of men will take advantage of this freedom for oppression and robbery. Just as the police are necessary to prevent the use of force by private citizens, so an international police will be necessary to prevent the lawless use of force by separate states. But I think it is reasonable to hope that, if ever an international government, possessed of the only army and navy in the world, came into existence, the need of force to exact obedience to its decisions would be very temporary. In a short time the benefits resulting from the substitution of law for anarchy would become so obvious that the international government would acquire an unquestioned authority, and no state would dream of rebelling against its decisions. As soon as this stage had been reached, the international army and navy would become unnecessary.

We have still a very long road to travel before we arrive at the establishment of an international authority, but it is not very difficult to foresee the steps by which this result will be gradually reached. There is likely to be a continual increase in the practice of submitting disputes to arbitration, and in the realization that the supposed conflicts of interest between different states are mainly illusory. Even where there is a real conflict of interest, it must in time become obvious that neither of the states concerned would suffer as much by giving way as by fighting. With the progress of inventions, war, when it does occur, is bound to become increasingly destructive. The civilized races of the world are faced by the alternative of coöperation or mutual destruction. The present war is making this alternative

daily more evident. And it is difficult to believe that, when the enmities which it has generated have had time to cool, civilized men will deliberately choose to destroy civilization rather than acquiesce in the abolition of war.

The matters in which the interests of nations are supposed to clash are mainly three: tariffs, which are a delusion, the exploitation of inferior races, which is a crime; pride of power and dominion, which is a schoolboy folly. The economic argument against tariffs is familiar, and I shall not repeat it. The only reason why it fails to carry conviction is the enmity between nations. Nobody proposes to set up a tariff between England and Scotland, or between Lancashire and Yorkshire. Yet the arguments by which tariffs between nations are supported might be used just as well to defend tariffs between counties. Universal free trade would indubitably be of economic benefit to mankind and would be adopted to-morrow if it were not for the hatred and suspicion that nations feel one toward another. From the point of view of preserving the peace of the world, free trade between the different civilized states is not so important as the open door in their dependencies. The desire for exclusive markets is one of the most potent causes of war.

Exploiting what are called "inferior races" has become one of the main objects of European statecraft. It is not only, or primarily, trade that is desired, but opportunities for investment: finance is more concerned in the matter than industry. Rival diplomatists are very often the servants, conscious or unconscious, of rival groups of financiers. The financiers, although themselves of no particular nation, understand the art of appealing to national prejudice, and of inducing the taxpayers to incur expenditure of which they reap the benefit. The evils that they produce at home, and the devastation that they spread among the races whom

they exploit, are part of the price that the world has to pay for its acquiescence in the capitalist régime.

But neither tariffs nor financiers would be able to cause serious trouble, if it were not for the sentiment of national pride. National pride might be on the whole beneficent if it took the direction of emulation in the things that are important to civilization. If we prided ourselves upon our poets, our men of science, the justice and humanity of our social system, we might find in national pride a stimulus to useful endeavors. But such matters play a very small part. National pride, as it exists now, is almost exclusively concerned with power and dominion, with the extent of territory that a nation owns, and with its capacity for enforcing its will against the opposition of other nations. In this it is reinforced by group morality. To nine citizens out of ten it seems self-evident, whenever the will of their own nation clashes with that of another, that their own nation must be in the right. Even if it be not in the right on the particular issue, yet it stands in general for ideals so much nobler than those represented by the other party to the dispute, that any increase in its power is bound to be for the good of mankind. Since all nations equally believe this of themselves, all are equally ready to insist upon the victory of their own side in any dispute in which they believe that they have a good hope of victory. While this temper persists, the hope of international coöperation must remain dim.

If men could divest themselves of the sentiment of rivalry and hostility between different nations, they would perceive that the matters in which the interests of different nations coincide immeasurably outweigh those in which they clash; they would perceive, to begin with, that trade is not to be compared to warfare; that the man who sells you goods is not doing you an injury. No one considers that

the butcher and the baker are his enemies because they drain him of money. Yet, as soon as goods come from a foreign country, we are asked to believe that we suffer a terrible injury in purchasing them. No one remembers that it is by means of goods exported that we purchase them. But in the country to which we export, it is the goods we send which are thought dangerous, and the goods we buy are forgotten.

The whole conception of trade which has been forced upon us by manufacturers, who dreaded foreign competition, by trusts, which desired to secure monopolies, and by economists poisoned by the virus of nationalism, is totally and absolutely false. Trade results simply from division of labor. A man cannot himself make all the goods of which he has need, and therefore he must exchange his produce with that of other people. What applies to the individual applies in exactly the same way to the nation.

There is no reason to desire that a nation should itself produce all the goods of which it has need; it is better that it should specialize in those goods which it can produce to most advantage, and should exchange its surplus with the surplus of other goods produced by other countries. There is no use in sending goods out of the country except in order to get other goods in return. A butcher who is always willing to part with his meat but not willing to take bread from the baker, or boots from the bootmaker, or clothes from the tailor, would soon find himself in a sorry plight. Yet he would be no more foolish than the protectionist who desires that we should send goods abroad without receiving payment in the shape of goods imported from abroad.

The wages system has made people believe that what a man needs is work. This, of course, is absurd. What he needs is the goods produced by work, and the less work involved in making a given amount of goods, the better.

But, owing to our economic system, every economy in methods of production enables employers to dismiss some of their employees, and to cause destitution, where a better system would produce only an increase of wages or a diminution in the hours of work, without any corresponding diminution of wages.

Our economic system is topsy-turvy. It makes the interest of the individual conflict with the interest of the community in a thousand ways in which no such conflict ought to exist. Under a better system, the benefits of free trade and the evils of tariffs would be obvious to all. Apart from trade, the interests of nations coincide in all that makes what we call civilization. Inventions and discoveries bring benefit to all. The progress of science is a matter of equal concern to the whole civilized world. Whether a man of science is an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German, is a matter of no real importance. His discoveries are open to all, and nothing but intelligence is required in order to profit by them. The whole world of art and literature and learning is international: what is done in one country is not done for that country but for mankind. If we ask ourselves what are the things that raise mankind above the brutes, what are the things that make us think the human race more valuable than any species of animals, we shall find that none of them are things in which any one nation can have exclusive property, but all are things in which the whole world can share. Those who have any care for these things, those who wish to see mankind fruitful in the work which men alone can do, will take little account of national boundaries, and have little care to what state a man happens to own allegiance.

The importance of international coöperation outside the sphere of politics has been brought home to me by my own experience. I was until lately engaged in teaching a new

science, which few men in the world were able to teach. My own work in this science was based chiefly upon the work of a German and an Italian. My pupils came from all over the civilized world: France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Greece, Japan, China, India — and America. None of us were conscious of any sense of national divisions. We felt ourselves an outpost of civilization, building a new road into the virgin forest of the unknown. All coöperated in the common task — and in the interest of such a work the political enmities of nations seemed trivial, temporary, and futile. But it is not only in the somewhat rarefied atmosphere of abstruse science that international coöperation is vital to the progress of civilization. All our economic problems, all the questions of securing the rights^o of labor, all the hopes of freedom at home and humanity^h abroad rest upon the creation of international good-will.

So long as hatred, suspicion, and fear dominate the feelings of men toward each other, so long we cannot hope to escape from the tyranny of violence and brute force. Men must learn to be conscious of the common interests of mankind in which all are at one, rather than of those supposed interests in which the nations are divided. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to obliterate the differences of manners and custom and tradition between different nations. These differences enable each nation to make its own distinctive contribution to the sum total of the world's civilization.

What is to be desired is not cosmopolitanism, not the absence of all national characteristics that one associates with couriers, *wagon-lit* attendants, and others who have had everything distinctive obliterated by multiple and trivial contacts with men of every civilized country. Such cosmopolitanism is the result of loss, not gain. The international spirit which we should wish to see produced will be

something added to love of country, not something taken away. Just as patriotism does not prevent a man from feeling family affection, so the international spirit ought not to prevent a man from feeling affection for his own country. But it will somewhat alter the character of that affection. The things which he will desire for his own country will no longer be things which can be acquired only at the expense of others, but rather those things in which the excellence of any one country is to the advantage of all the world. He will wish his own country to be great in the arts of peace, to be eminent in thought and science, to be magnanimous and just and generous. He will wish it to help mankind on the way toward that better world of liberty and international concord, which must be realized if any happiness is to be left to man. He will not desire for his country the passing triumphs of a narrow possessiveness, but rather the enduring triumph of having helped to embody in human affairs something of that spirit of brotherhood which Christ taught and which the Christian churches have forgotten. He will see that this spirit embodies not only the highest morality, but also the truest wisdom, and the only road by which the nations, torn and bleeding with the wounds which scientific madness has inflicted; can emerge into a life where growth is possible and joy is not banished at the frenzied call of unreal and fictitious duties. Deeds inspired by hate are not duties, whatever pain and self-sacrifice they may involve. Life and hope for the world are to be found only in the deeds of love.

ON THE FENCE

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

LAST spring, when it became apparent that New Hampshire might be the "pivotal state" on the suffrage question, and that consequently my husband's vote on the Susan B. Anthony amendment in the Senate might count a great deal more than one vote usually does, I was naturally asked, more than once, my opinion on the subject, especially as the general impression seemed to prevail that my own inclinations had been against equal suffrage rather than for it — and this was true, to a certain extent. But he voted, with my entire approval, for the amendment, and I was immediately the recipient of countless grateful letters from women who imagined that I might, after all, have used such influence as I possessed in urging him to do so. As a matter of fact, I did not. We talked the question over, and agreed, as usual, that the stand he afterwards did take was the stand he ought to take; but I did not try to change his opinion, nor have I changed my own. For frankly — there seems to be no reason, now that the question is settled, or practically so, why I should not be frank — my position is, and has been for a long time, the extremely awkward one of being "on the fence." I should be delighted if someone would rescue me from it.

Most of the stock arguments in favor of suffrage seem to me to be so irrefutably true as to be absolutely bromidic. Women are certainly "people." They are certainly "equal" to men. If they have property, they certainly ought to have a part in the management of public affairs in the locality where it lies. It is eminently "fair," for all these reasons,

that women should vote if they wish to, and the majority of them apparently do wish to — the majority, that is, of the whole country, not the majority in certain sections of the country where it is still unpopular. And, though they are still untrained in politics, there seems to be no reason why they should not acquire experience, and develop talents along these lines; for so far they have proved that they can do anything that men can do, and do it well. Anyone unconvinced of this before the late war must be certain — even if reluctantly certain — of it now.

Nor can there be any question — any intelligent question — as to whether they “have time” to vote. It does not take long to go to the polls. The poorest and most ignorant woman — for poor and ignorant women unfortunately do exist — can pile her dishes in the sink, and give the baby a dose of paregoric, and run down the street for half an hour. The richest and most frivolous woman — for these, quite as unfortunately, exist, too — can step into her limousine, and be back again at No. 930 Golden Avenue with scarcely an interruption of a rubber of bridge or a luncheon engagement. And all the women in between these two extremes — who, thank Heaven, exist, too — can crowd one more thing into their already crowded day if they wish or need to.

As to one of the stock arguments *against* suffrage, — that some of its advocates have not behaved with dignity and good sense, — it is so silly that it ought to carry no weight at all. It is, of course, true. Suffragists — and anti-suffragists — are human beings, with faults and virtues like other human beings. There are bound to be some among them who do not measure up to the highest standards of conduct and intelligence, and who have done their cause immeasurable harm by violence of speech and action, by rebellion against law and order, by using suffrage as a means of self-

advertisement, or, worse still, by combining it with some other doctrine, — free love, for instance, or its direct opposite, — when, in fairness to their sister workers in suffrage who agreed with them not at all on these other points, if for no other reason, they should have confined themselves to the one common interest. But to condemn all suffragists, ninety per cent of whom are sincere and high-minded and “righteous altogether”; to say that they are not properly so described, is like saying that all doctors are mercenary, that all lawyers are tricky, that all actresses are immoral. It is untrue. It is stupid. It is wicked.

There is, moreover, one very decided advantage which, it seems to me, suffrage is sure to bring, and that is economic independence for women. Curiously enough, there is much less said about this than about the probable “purifying” of politics, over which I am personally much more skeptical. The states which already have suffrage, even those which have had it for some time, are not noticeably purer than those which have it not, and the reason is so self-evident as to require very little comment. There are all kinds of women in the world, just as there are all kinds of men. We are not, as a sex, above every sort of reproach, no matter how much idealists — men and women both — would like us to believe that we are. We have faults which are no more attractive than men’s faults, though they are not always the same ones. We hope, of course, that American women — and American men — are going to grow better as time goes on; but it will probably be some time before we are perfect, and, meanwhile, we shall all vote, if any of us do. The rain will continue to fall upon the just and the unjust, as it has been doing for some ages already, and as it is eminently desirable that it should continue to do.

But all women, good, bad, and indifferent, want money,

need money, and ought to have money; and so far, many of them — in a good many cases those who need it and deserve it most — have not had their fair share of it. A man is responsible for his wife's or his daughter's bills, but he cannot be compelled to give them one cent in actual cash unless he wishes to; and a lamentably large number of husbands and fathers do not wish to. I believe that, even without suffrage, women would have been better treated in this regard, as time went on, than they have been in the past, or than they are at present. A hundred years ago, if a woman with property married, the property all became her husband's. This unjust law, like many others, has been changed — by men. And the recent war has proved a great eye-opener to many wilfully blind males. They have seen their wives and sisters and sweethearts, and even their mothers, — who might perhaps be supposed to carry on old-fashioned traditions better than the younger generation, who "could n't be trusted to handle money"; who "had no business instinct," — fare forth without turning a hair, without more ado, in fact, than they formerly made about getting breakfast or putting the baby to bed (for which they were *not* paid), and bring home very well-filled pay-envelopes once a week. The uses of adversity have indeed proved sweet. These same women, who have always worked hard, harder, in a good many cases, than at their new jobs, are never going to be satisfied again to ask for money for carfare and postage-stamps, with the possible chance of being refused. And their husbands and brothers and fathers are becoming aware of the fact — drowsily aware, perhaps, but still aware.

"My dear," Jane is saying to John all over the country, "I love you and John, Junior, and I love to live at home with you both. I'd rather do it than anything else in the world; much rather than run an elevator at Smithkins and Smithkins. But is n't my doing it *worth* anything, in hard

cash, to you, or the government, or — or somebody?" (Jane is still a little vague in places.) "It seems to me a much more important job than running an elevator—to you and the government and — and everybody; and I got paid for *that!* Who is going to look after you and John, Junior, if I don't? And if no one looks after you, and poor helpless men-creatures like you all over the country, what 's going to *become* of the country? Of course, I shan't go back to the elevator, even if we don't have a more satisfactory arrangement than we had before you went across — that is, I don't think I shall; but it is n't fair, just the same — is it?"

So John begins to do a little thinking, — drowsily at first, but gradually, with that elevator running up and down in the back of his mind, in a more and more wideawake manner, — and decides that it is n't fair, and that, moreover, as Jane hints, it's a very poor risk for him to take, to try it. I do not believe for one minute that the wives of to-day are less loving, as some persons try to make us believe, than those of a generation ago; but they are more self-respecting. I do not believe that they consider marriage less sacred, but more so, because they refuse to endure the gross offenses which, alas, sometimes defile it. The old-fashioned woman put up with all kinds of faults — sometimes with all kinds of crimes; she suffered indignities and allowed her children to suffer abuse, because she was afraid of losing her man, that is, her means of support. But she hated and despised and revolted against him while she did it. There is a good deal of truth in a little verse I read somewhere not long ago—

When the old-fashioned wife with her husband had strife,
"I'll go back to my mother," she'd sob;
But the wife of to-day does n't argue that way;
She says, "I'll go back to my job."

John does not want Jane to go back to her job. He is just as much afraid of losing her as his grandmother was

afraid of losing his grandfather, and usually with more and with better reasons. It has a very wholesome effect upon him. He behaves, as a rule, much better than his grandfather did to his wife. His morals and his manners are both better. So I think, in time, he would probably find a way to be "fair" to Jane, as I have said before, even if she did not help him make the laws. But he will find it much more quickly when she does. He will not allow himself to be side-tracked by treaties and investigations and other impediments. Jane will see to it that he does not. She will get her fair share in a fair length of time.

"But," I can hear dozens of other women saying, "my husband — or father — is not like that. You are very unjust to dwell on isolated cases. The average woman has not had to earn her own living; she has been supported and given all the money she could possibly use, and she has been very comfortable just as she was. I'm sure I don't *want* to be economically independent. It's much easier just to charge things, and to ask for twenty-five dollars or so whenever I need it. I can't add up accounts to save my life. I would much father George did all that."

This is exactly where "comfortable" women have been criminally blind and lazy. The "average woman" to whom Ethel refers — let us call her Ethel for convenience — is the average woman of *her acquaintance*, which is a very different thing from the average woman of the whole country — of the whole world. The average woman is not, as Ethel likes to think, a "nice," sheltered, well-educated, well-to-do girl, with a pleasant home and indulgent father; whose life is made easy for her at every step; who never worries about anything or works at anything, and who marries, in her early twenties, some nice, intelligent, well-to-do man, whose indulgence simply supplements that of the still indulgent father.

This kind of woman has, indeed, been very "comfortable," and has received quite as much as she deserved — in many cases a good deal more than she deserved — from the men who have supported her. But she represents a very small minority. She is not the average woman. Ethel has only to consult statistics, — if she will take that much trouble, — to find this out. Eighty per cent of the married women in the United States do all their own housework, and that represents an amount of labor which Ethel cannot even comprehend. More than half the cases of insanity among women are found in farmers' wives, the women whose "simple, healthful, wholesome life" Ethel likes to contemplate from a safe distance, — very often from the back seat of her limousine as she rides through "the rural districts," — which gives her not the smallest inkling of the long hours, and hard drudgery, and bleak isolation that such a life often contains. Ethel, perhaps, has not read the uncomfortable fact that something like twenty-five thousand women in this country die in child-birth every year for lack of proper medical care; and the still more uncomfortable one that seventy per cent of the operations performed on women are made necessary by the sins of others for which they are in no way to blame. The average woman is exactly the one who does need help, and to whom suffrage will undoubtedly bring help.

"Well, then," says Ethel a little sulkily, and powdering her nose as she speaks, "why do you call yourself 'on the fence'? You are an out-and-out suffragist. I should think you would have said so long ago."

No, I am not, and for the very reason — though it may sound contradictory — that I agree with Jane and not with Ethel. I fully believe, as I said before, that women can do — if they have to — everything that men can do, and do it well. But it seems to me an overwhelming pity

that, except in emergencies, like war, for instance, they should either have to or want to. For men cannot do everything that women can do — cannot do it at all, without any question of doing it well. And the things that women only can do seem to me the greatest and most important in the whole world. We need economic independence very much indeed, and the sooner the better; but we need mothers much more. The place to begin to purify politics is not at the polls, but in the nurseries.

"Give me a child until he is ten," the Jesuits used to say; "anyone may have him after that — he will be a good Catholic all his life." "Give me a child until he is ten," any woman of to-day ought to be able to say; "anyone may have him after that — he will be a good man all his life." The exceptions to this rule are so rare as to be negligible, though of course they do exist. Of all the men I have known I cannot recall one whose mother did her level best for him when he was little who did not turn out well when he grew up. I do not mean by this the mother who paid someone else — even if that person were thoroughly competent and trustworthy — to take care of her sons, but the mother who worked and saved and sacrificed; who played with her children and prayed with them, too; who taught them and talked with them and nursed them when they were sick; who gave them an example and an inspiration which were to last them all their lives, not only through what she told them, but through what she showed them.

Motherhood always has been, and always will be, the greatest factor in civilization. It has never needed to be recognized as such more than it does now. Henry Adams is right when he says in his *Education* that it is time we stopped regarding sex as a sentiment and recognized it as a force. And the career of motherhood, to be successful, is very nearly all-absorbing. It takes up, in many women's

lives, all their time for a few years, all their best time for a good many years. We cannot, of course, all be mothers, and those of us who cannot would be admirably employed in helping — directly or indirectly — the more fortunate ones who can. Perhaps suffrage will do this. I am not sure that it will not, in the ways that I have mentioned before, and in other ways upon which its conscientious supporters rely. But I fear that there will be fewer mothers all the time to help. The whole world, feminine as well as masculine, is seething with restlessness and discontent, with the desire for liberty and pleasure and excitement; and this seething will not, for a time at least, tend to make most women content to live quietly in more or less seclusion, while others are rushing headlong into the busy world, especially if they know they are as well fitted to go as their friends and sisters, or even better. They will be too conscious of the sacrifices that they feel they are making, to be entirely happy in them. I do not mean all women, of course, possibly not even most, but enough to bring about many empty nurseries.

"The spirit of the times" is not a mere catchword. It is a vital force. All human beings are imitative, women especially so. "Ethel has a new hat, and so I want one too." "Jane is running an elevator, and so I think I had better do something of the kind myself." If Ethel had been going bareheaded, if Jane had been making jam, the speaker would have wanted to do those things instead. And so mothers — or potential mothers — will want to have outside careers, too, if their friends are having them, and their friends will encourage them in this.

My own experience in this regard shows on a very small scale what may easily happen — what constantly does happen — on a large one. No sooner had my first little article — a mere paragraph in an unimportant magazine, which

has since failed! — appeared in print, than countless sincere well-wishers began to urge me to give up all my time to writing, and to ask me if I did not find my family a great drawback in my “career.” I cannot remember that anyone has ever asked me if my career — provided I could attain one of that sort, which of course is doubtful at best — might not be a great drawback to my family! For it is perfectly true that outside careers, conscientiously followed, are, or should be, hardly less all-absorbing than that of motherhood. It is utterly impossible to do justice to both at the same time. No woman who has lived with a man who has become what is popularly called a success in business or a profession or politics needs to be told that that success has to be earned, in nine cases out of ten, by letting everything else go by the board. He may be fond of all sorts of amusements, have a dozen other interests — he will, practically, have to abandon them, and keep his eyes glued straight ahead on his single-track railway. He may love his wife and children dearly, but they will perforce be a secondary consideration with him. When he has achieved success, he may, of course, relax a little; but by that time the best years of his life are gone. For a man, this usually pays. Success is the biggest thing in his life.

I see no reason why women should not achieve this same kind of success, if they really want it. But will it pay? Is it the best thing in our lives? Perhaps for some women it is. But when it becomes the best thing for the majority, what is to become of the next generation?

“Why don’t you ask your father that question?” the wife of an eminently “successful” man told me recently she had said to her sixteen-year-old son, when he came to her with a question that she felt a man could perhaps answer better than she could, in spite of the confidence that had always existed between herself and the boy.

"Oh, I *couldn't*," he exclaimed quickly; "of course, father and I are friends, but we're not *intimate* friends!"

If he and his mother had not been intimate friends either, to whom would he have gone with his question? And if it had been unintelligently or untruthfully answered, or if it had not been answered at all, it is easy to fancy what effect this would have had on the boy.

"But a great many women," says Jane, "don't want careers. They want to stay at home, just as they always have, being mothers. Why, I wouldn't give up John, Junior, for anything else in the world! You ought to know that! Or — or John, either. Of course, I want to have my rights, — economic and otherwise, — but I guess I can manage that all right whether I vote or not. I got that job running the elevator once, and I can get it again, if I have to. But I want to vote, so that I can be an influence for good in the world."

Well, my dear Jane, are n't you? And, if you are n't, why are n't you? If *that* is your only argument for suffrage, if you don't care about a career, if you're not worrying about economic independence, your theory falls to pieces like a child's house of cards. Most women deal with individuals far more successfully than they do with masses; their outlook is intensely personal, their perspective is apt to be a little inaccurate. They have, for instance, if they possess strong characters, tremendous power over the men they know. They have very little, except indirectly, over the men they do not know. (I am speaking, of course, now, of the "average woman," not of the unusually brilliant or highly trained or charming exception who proves the rule.) We have already discussed what a woman can do for her sons, and I believe it is here that her greatest work lies; but she can do much, too, for other women's sons, supplementing what they have already accomplished, for her brothers,

for her friends, for her father, for her lover, for her husband. What she makes of them is like a pebble thrown into a placid pool — it causes an almost endless number of ever-widening circles to form. She does not need to vote with them, to do this. She needs only to love them; I mean by this, of course, to love them wisely, and to love them *enough*.

I know a great many women who during the war were so busy sewing for the Red Cross that they had no time left to devote to the members of their own families who went overseas. I cannot believe that they were the ones who did the most good. We are so proudly conscious — as we have every reason to be, nowadays — of what the women who have gone out of their homes have done, that I think we are apt to forget what the ones who have stayed there have accomplished. I know a woman whose own household demands are very heavy, and who feels — rightly, I believe, in her case — that these should always come first. But when the war began, she grieved, very sincerely, because she seemed to have so little time for the kind of work that most of her friends were doing. She knitted a few sleeveless sweaters after the children were in bed at night; she bought a few small Liberty bonds; she ate no candy or white bread. But that was very little, after all. She saw other women she knew sailing for France as Red Cross nurses or Y.M.C.A. workers, and others efficiently conducting big “campaigns” and “drives,” with a discouraged sense of her own uselessness, of the futility of the small efforts she did make. And still, when the necessary things at home were done, she had no more time left.

Then, unexpectedly, a great source of comfort came to her. A friend of hers, who lived in the same village, had a letter from her brother at a training-camp, and brought it to read to the woman who felt that she never accomplished anything.

"We were sitting around last night talking," the embryo soldier wrote, "about the places we came from. Our captain, who was with us, started it. He is a Southerner, and I remarked that I supposed he had never been in New England. He at once looked as if he were recalling something very pleasant, and said yes, indeed, he once took a canoe trip with a friend down the X River, and camped one night on some beautiful meadows near the village of Y. You can believe I jumped when I heard him speak of home like that. In the morning they found that they were getting pretty short of some necessities, he said, and they decided to go to the nearest house and see if they could buy them. So they walked up over the fields until they came to a big old-fashioned house.

" 'The door was opened,' the captain went on, 'by the lady of the house herself. She quite evidently was n't a rich woman, and she was very simply dressed; but she was young and gracious and charming for all that. We introduced ourselves,' — the captain was some kind of a professor, nothing eminent, but a good sort, — 'and then she invited us to come in, and — perhaps we looked rather hungry — to stay to lunch. She had an agreeable husband — a farmer — and two or three attractive and unusually well-brought-up children. There was no fuss and flurry over "unexpected company," but the lunch was awfully good, just the same. It was plain to see that she was not only hospitable, but a good housekeeper. Afterwards she gave us everything we could possibly need in the way of provisions, and sent us on our way rejoicing.'

"Of course, before the captain had got anywhere near that far, I realized that he was talking about Anne Z—. He had described her to a T. But he did a good deal more than describe her.

" 'I've thought of that woman so many times since,' he

said, 'and hoped I'd see her again someti me. She's the kind that does you most good to remember in times like these. It was n't only that she took time to be kind to the stranger within her gates. But there was an atmosphere of peacefulness, of serenity and contentment, about her, as well as of usefulness. It made you feel better just to look at her. And she was n't exactly pretty either — but she was lovely.' "

"Bread cast upon the waters coming back again after many days," Anne told me afterwards that she said to herself when she read that letter. That simple act of courtesy and kindness meant more to some soldier than all the sweaters she could ever knit, than all the bonds she could ever buy. There was never any question for her again as to what her best work was — it was simply to keep her own home fires burning so brightly that they would reflect as far away as France.

Anne does not represent the majority of women. She is not even an average woman — she is far too sheltered, far too happy for that. She has had too many privileges, to worry about her rights. She is not silly and selfish like Ethel, not self-reliant and sturdy like Jane. But the fact remains that she is the sort of woman whom most men prefer, whom they love best, think of oftenest, respect most. And however much we may state that it makes no difference what they prefer, we have got to take their likes and dislikes into consideration, if we are to work side by side with them, for a time, at least. Without their coöperation we shall not accomplish much. We are too untrained and untried.

"I have met several women," a very able man said to me once, "whose vote I thought would do a great deal of good — and I found they were all anti-suffragists!" "Why is it," another — a young merchant — asked me, "that

when women take up public work, — of course, I see it most in drummers; there are lots of women drummers nowadays; but it applies to anything else just as well, — some of them grow so masculine, and some of them so — cheap? Either way — one is as bad as the other — the bloom seems to get all rubbed off. I suppose it's inevitable. But I like to think of a woman as something *so apart, so clean!*"

We may exclaim — I know I did — that this is an exaggerated statement: that the bloom does n't always get rubbed off; or, if it does, whose fault is it? the woman's, or that of the men with whom she deals? That, anyway, bloom is n't important — it's only pleasant; that one does n't need to live apart to be clean. We may shout to the skies that men who are themselves marvels of efficiency are unreasonable in preferring to sit in front of a fire talking to a woman with a quiet face and a still more quiet voice, who is not, according to their standards, efficient at all, rather than seek out one who is; that others, who go about sowing wild oats on every highway, expecting to be forgiven whenever they see fit to repent and stop, are unjust when they demand that a woman's high-walled garden should be fragrant with roses. Perhaps they are unreasonable, perhaps they are unfair (perhaps we are, too, sometimes), but the fact remains. They continue to bow down to the kind of woman whom we call a lady. And lady, as we all know, meant originally "giver of bread." Not the beggar for anything, not even for that to which she is justly entitled, but the *giver* of the staff of life; the symbol of the power to give life itself.

It is, then, women like Anne to whom I think we must turn first of all in the new responsibilities that we must face, in the heavier burdens that we must carry until, through readjustment, these burdens become lighter perhaps than they have ever been before, if only because it is

through women like her that men will be most ready to work with us. If she refuses to work with us, we shall be hardly placed indeed. But, whatever her opinions have been in the past, — whatever they are now, for that matter, — I do not believe she will refuse. Suffrage is coming, and it is coming to stay. It has not been “forced” on any of us. If the women who did not want it are as numerous as the ones who did, or more so, as many of them claim, then they did not work as hard to prevent its coming as the ones who did want it worked to bring it about. They have only themselves to blame that it is here; and the thing to do now is to stop crying over spilled milk, to stop remembering that there *is* any spilled milk, — or while remembering, to ask themselves who spilled it, — and do the best they can to make it a success.

I am perfectly willing to make a personal matter of this, — to say “I” instead of “they,” — if anyone prefers to have me. I have been an anti-suffragist all my life; I dread the very thought of voting; and yet I have never done anything to prevent the coming of suffrage except once, long ago, to lend my name to a small anti-suffrage society. I know dozens of other women, who, if they would be fair, would admit the same thing. I do not know a single suffragist who has not worked heart and soul for what she wanted and believed she ought to have. Let us be fair. To the victors belong the spoils.

But the glory of the conquered is sometimes a very great glory indeed. Some men have voted for suffrage in a spirit of spite, almost, because they are “sick of the whole thing,” because it is “better to let women have what they want peacefully as long as they will get it anyway,” — exactly as a certain type of man gives in before his wife’s tears, — but neither respecting them because they want it, nor trusting them to use it well after they have got it. It is for Anne to prove to them that they are wrong.

Other men have voted for it in a spirit of fairness, — almost of reverence, — not only believing that we are entitled to it, but believing much more than that — that we can be trusted to do well with this, in addition to the things that we do well already. It is for Anne to prove to them that they are right.

I am not clever enough, I am not far-sighted enough, to know how she can do it. It seems to me, as I have said before, that her arms are full to overflowing already. That is why I am still on the fence. I love best to think of her, too, beside her glowing fire or in her sunny garden, with her children beside her. But I do not feel that it is fair to say that the women who have let their own fires go out, who have neglected their gardens until they were overgrown with weeds, are dragging her out against her will. I am optimistic enough to believe that there are not many such women anyway. I think it is rather the ones who have never been able to own a garden, who have had no wood with which to build their fires, who are calling to her through the few that can give voice to their cry, to come and help them. The average woman, who despises the stupid selfishness of Ethel and quails before the stern efficiency of Jane, turns instinctively to Anne to help her. She has never failed anyone in her life. She will not fail anyone now.

ENLARGE THE PLACE OF THY TENT

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

WHEN the outward order disturbs or displeases, man has always sought another of his own fashioning.

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;
I hunger to build them anew.

If the disturbance has been on a large scale, great cities and states have been reared by the imagination. When Athens soiled her democracy by injustice toward Socrates, and had lost her external glory under the victorious attacks of Sparta, there arose Plato's ideal republic, a state conceived in righteousness and dedicated to justice. When the Visigoths were destroying the walls of Rome, burning and sacking the world's centre, Saint Augustine pointed to the impregnable battlements of the City of God. When the England of Henry VIII became unendurable to good men, Sir Thomas More furnished a mental refuge in Utopia.

Genius is immortal, and to one or another of these states, men in later epochs have often turned. But their successive births prove also that each racked and suffering age will find its own way to expression. The desire for citizenship in a country other than the visible is naturally strongest when the outward order most profoundly fails. Builders of ideal republics are not much noticed in periods of content. In 1912, in a book on the Greek genius, occurred these sentences:—

"Our own age would probably decide against [Plato]. Things are well with it. It is making money fast; education and recreation are cheap; science has removed many causes of misery; savagery and revolution are rare; so at

present we are riding high on a wave of humanism, and are optimistic about the nature of man and the rapidity of the march on Paradise."

It seems incredible that this could have been said of our civilization by an intelligent student only six years ago.¹ Plunged into the hell of war, we now seem forever to have lost the road to Paradise. The most carefully educated nation in the world has proved the most uncivilized. Science has produced horrible instruments of torture and destruction. Savagery stalks the land and sea and befouls the very air. Instead of riding high on a wave of humanism, we are swept into the maelstrom of barbarism. Perhaps this cataclysmic disturbance of our own order may give form and life to some new spiritual city, a mighty work of suffering genius inspired by ruin and despair. Some watcher of the skies above the bleeding fields of Belgium or Serbia or Poland may bid us lift our weeping eyes to a new star bright with liberty and love.

But genius, when it speaks, will but give art's wholeness to our own broken, half-formed longings. Already each suffering soul is seeking its own place of retreat. It may be well to dwell for a little on the quest and the goal.

The imagination is a natural vagrant. Even when we are not suffering, we are in the habit of turning away from the actual to the ideal, of devising for ourselves a tent for the fancy, a covert from life's unshapeliness. Such refuges are often a quaint combination of the inward and outward. Displeased with conditions in this place or that, we have flown in memory to other places where, once upon a time, for us, a fairer order prevailed. Although actually on the world's map, these become almost dreamlands, so completely do we free them from the dust of actuality and set them stainless and bright before the inward eye.

¹ Written in 1918.

Moods of vagrancy differ. At times we seek a retreat from the mere insignificance of our occupations. There is a round of activity which seems never to set us further along our road. Obligations which hold us in a vise seem artificial. The transitory crowds in upon the essential. Intercourse with other people lacks depth and completeness. We share the sickening sense of futility described by Seneca: "Life is not painful, but superfluous."

The occasion suggests no heroic philosophy. We only turn, in memory or anticipation, to some dearer place, where work has seemed worthwhile, play has been sweet, and people have been real. We take the Horatian road from Rome to the Sabine farm. Some "smiling corner of the earth" holds for us enthusiasms caught from the unplumbed, the illimitable, the unquenchable. There, a fine sincerity gives the lie to cynicism, and simplicity of heart removes the sense of life's futility.

Quite another refuge opens in quite another and larger mood. Intellectually we chafe against certain limitations which are imposed upon us by our national civilization. We understand why our artists and authors often expatriate themselves. Even for us these external conditions seem to hold no color, no charm, no romance drawn from a mysterious past, no beauty of age-old manners and customs. We are uninteresting, unsuggestive. The imagination sleeps. Producing much that is ennobled by worth and power, we produce little that is roseate with charm or vibrant with feeling. Blood runs cold in us. Loveliness is a stranger to us.

Then, surely, we spread our magic carpet and fly across the unviolated sea to Italy. There, around any corner, is something lovely, or passionate, or mysterious. Perhaps, across an Umbrian valley, two hill-towns draw us back and forth, one lowering with Cinquecento memories of the high

and mighty Baglioni, who spilled the blood of their enemies even on the steps of the Duomo; the other still sweet and fragrant with the spirit of Saint Francis. In the valley we listen for the tramp of Roman feet, or try to catch the strange Etruscan tongue among the oblivious vineyards and olive orchards, even while we are enchanted by the voices of the living peasants, who greet us with the mingled manners of child and prince.

In one little town there are white oxen to watch in the cattle-market, their horns aflame with scarlet ribbons, or brilliant majolica to buy in the ancient square, by the fountain. In the other there is Giotto's hand, picturing the heart of Francis. Here the pure dawn seems ever breaking with a flush of rose in a holy sky. There the sun goes down, red as the wounds of the slain. Angel-faced and bloodstained generations, purity and passion wrought by the centuries, all can be ours, when we are irked by the monotones of our own new day.

But discontent is not always impressionistic. Sometimes, in nobler mood, we are baffled by the disharmony of all modern life. Wealth without temperance, democracy without standards of excellence, pleasures without taste, liberty without reverence, mercy without reason, power without restraint — our best possessions are at variance with others equally desirable. In isolated orbits men strive for separate ends. The artist despises the politician, and the politician overlooks the poet. The capitalist pities the scholar, and the scholar wonders at the merchant. Statecraft and art do not recognize each other. Philanthropy and the humanities pass as strangers.

From this confusion there is a refuge. It is a bright city by the Ægean Sea, where once men created an harmonious state, and where still the very ruins of the public buildings of that state feed the soul with an impression of harmony.

Here, on a height above the plain, one may sit and lean against a Doric column, golden with age, fresh with deathless beauty. The landscape before the eyes is very noble. The moving sea, the buoyant air, give life and vigor to the statuesque austerity of the encircling mountains. On plain and hill and shore perfect color glows upon perfect form.

Within this area there came into being a people who created "the fairest halting-place in the secular march of man." Their primal passion for freedom resolved itself tripartitely into free institutions, art, and intellectual inquiry. And these again coalesced into a brief unity, unknown among men before or since. Reason, beauty, and liberty were welded together in their laws, their religion, their society, their statues and buildings, their manners, even their clothes and the utensils for their food and drink. On their ageless Acropolis, laden with broken fragments of the past, harmony still dwells, no pensive ghost, but a living and ennobling presence. Here is a retreat from the unmoulded, the unperfected.

We have been speaking of these refuges of the mind as if they still existed for us. But the fact is that the war has destroyed their imaginative value. Our Sabine farm must produce food or fuel. In Perugia or Assisi we should now be seeking only news from the Piave. In Athens none of us could dream by a column of the Parthenon while Venizelos was speaking in the Senate chamber below. To all these places we might thankfully go in the flesh, to work, to help, to share the fate of the living; but no longer do we seek them in dreams as enchanted hiding-places from imaginary troubles.

Imaginary? Yes, for the danger of the hour wakes us from the unreality of minor disturbances. What time is there for artificial or futile occupations in towns and cities

that we must make ready for their share in a mighty struggle? What concern can we feel for magic charm, when our country is grappling with the barbarian? Even delicate and harmonious adjustments seem unimportant, while justice and liberty and humaneness are in mortal peril.

Thus we are taken away from such annoyances in the outward order as may be accidental in our own experience, or philosophy, and placed in the universal attitude of the times. All of us are experiencing danger when we want security, sorrow when we want joy, death when we want life.

In a desert, we are told, the primary needs of life are nakedly revealed. Hunger and thirst and danger cannot be concealed; "there is nothing to posture in front of them." So in the wilderness of our present life there are no screens before our deepest needs. We see them and know them to be unsatisfied. We have the clarified vision which comes to an individual in personal sorrow, when many ambitions and desires are found to have no reality in comparison with the longing for the touch of a vanished hand. But now it is not only our own little order that is disturbed and broken, but the outward order, from horizon to horizon. We grieve, not only for some lost happiness of our own, but for the sorrows of millions of our fellows whom we have never seen, for the shattered peace, the dishonored law, the mutilated justice of the world.

Deep despair always demands a refuge which will not prove illusory when we seek admittance. In the larger disappointments of experience men have sometimes turned to the unchanging beauty of nature, as opposed to the ugly acts of humanity, or to the beauty of art, which is an interpreter of life. How well do these things serve us now?

It is, probably, safe to assert that only deliberate recluses — and there must be few of these — find in even the loveli-

est landscape more than a temporary anodyne for to-day's sorrow. In flight from personal pain and passion, one may, indeed, have found a lasting peace upon the breast of Nature. But her welcome is less satisfying when we ask for release from the pain and passion of the world. It is a brute fact that the war sobs between us and the myriad laughter of the breeze-swept bay, when the waves sport gently upon a rocky shore of the Atlantic. It roars between us and the deep-toned music of the open ocean, as the Pacific falls in white surf upon wide dunes of sand. It slips a veil between us and the sunny pasture, where purple grasses and pink laurel glow beneath the shining pines and sombre firs. It hangs as a pall between us and the vast summits of eternal snow, monuments of tranquillity born of primordial convulsions.

At the best, Nature only uplifts or refreshes us, in the interludes. At the worst, she mocks our fears and our courage with her passionless serenity. The beauty-loving Greeks never expected to find in the beautiful physical world a final refuge for the mind of man. That they were right, our romantic imagination must now concede. Man's life reaches beyond nature, with needs and tragedies untouched by her consolations.

In the case of art there is another element to be considered. It ministers to man's spirit by interpretation, but it has not yet had time to interpret this present unexampled need.

When a sick child is well, or a dead child buried, the poet may fling his joy or grief into immortal words. But he cannot do it at the moment when, by the child's bedside, he is wrestling with the destroyer. After Athens had saved herself from Persia, Æschylus laid the "calming hand of great poetry" upon even the exultation of a righteous victor. But while the struggle was on, he fought in the

ranks at Marathon and Salamis. Perhaps some day this cinematographic present of ours will become for others the past of which Bertrand Russell once wrote with insight and power:—

“The beauty of its motionless and silent pictures is like the enchanted purity of last autumn, when the leaves, though one breath would make them fall, still show against the sky in golden glory. The Past does not change or strive; like Duncan, after life’s fitful fever it sleeps well; what was eager and grasping, what was petty and transitory, has faded away; the things that were beautiful and eternal shine out of it like stars in the night.”

So out of our tragedies may yet emerge that Tragedy which is “of all arts the proudest, the most triumphant.” In that day our tears and blood will lighten men’s anguish, even as we are soothed by the beauty of the tears and blood which drenched the plain of Troy.

Soothed, we say, because this beauty of a Past interpreted by poetry supplies refreshment, rather than a perfect refuge from the present. While we read we are safe, but with the closing of the book danger again engulfs us. Nor can we read at will, even in rare hours of leisure. We are like Jerome, who exclaimed, while the capital of the world was falling, “In vain I try to draw myself away from the sight by turning to my books. I am unable to heed them.”

The same limitation rests upon the power of pictures and carven marble. In music, probably, a larger number find, persistently, a remedial grace. But, even so, the divinest melody furnishes a remedy rather than a cure, an inspiration rather than a salvation. The general statement is true that, at the height of our anguish, art is no better able than nature permanently to reëstablish within, the peace that has been destroyed without.

The foregoing refuges, whether major or minor, have one significant point in common. Their present efficacy is denied by men and women who have tried them. From the coverts of happy dreams, of nature, and of art, we straggle back into the desert, reporting that they are too small to hold the suffering soul. Now this one thing cleaves them utterly apart from another refuge — from the one that we call religion. In all ages, the power of religion to shelter the spirit of man has been denied only by those who have not put it to the test. The triumphant affirmation of those who dwell within it resounds in the diapason of the centuries: God is my refuge. He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me.

The word God means as many kinds of salvation as there are needs of salvation. Definitions of religion run an extraordinary gamut, even when they are offered in the same hour and expressed in the same speech. Very lately, in print which is scarcely dry on the pages, this definition has issued from a philosopher's study: "Religion is the experience constituted by those thoughts, feelings, and actions which spring from man's sense of dependence upon the power or powers controlling the universe, and which have as their centre of interest the cosmic fortune of values." From the trenches, on the other hand, have been flung these molten words: "Religion is betting your life on the existence of God."

We may take our choice of these and other definitions, and yet agree that the fruit of to-day's travail may prove to be a fresh and beautiful religious consciousness. Many things do, indeed, seem laden with this prophecy. But a day of revelation is always a day of Pentecost — every man hears the Spirit speak in his own tongue. Cloven tongues, like as of fire, will herald the day of a spiritual renaissance.

But the Spirit's baptism will be one and universal. And

something, at least, of its character may be predicated from the threefold characteristics of the religion which to-day opens wide to the suffering soul.

Religion is a permanent refuge. This is because it is reached by the only road which ends in permanence. We discover it, not by a withdrawal of attention from the actual, but by working our way through the seen to the unseen, through the show to the reality. "I take my Bible and *sit down where I am*," was said by a woman who had known many sorrows to another who was planning the "distraction" of travel in unaccustomed grief.

Never was a more practical chart drawn for the discovery of a trustworthy haven. The *vade mecum* may be what one chooses, but the point of departure must be the very centre of sorrow. In our present enlarged experience of suffering, this has been profoundly true. If we had run away from the world, we should now be tasting the husks of cynicism, despair, and cowardice. But, staying in full sight of all that appalls us, determined, not to forget but to understand, not to escape but to enter, we find ourselves, in our own despite, inspired to sacrifice, sustained by hope, fed and satisfied with faith. Disregarding the personal price, we have found the cosmic fortune of values. Staking our lives, we have found God. Our covert never grows so straitened that we must abandon it. The temporal becomes eternal. Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

Religion is a democratic refuge. The democracy of faith transcends all democracies of the imagination. Nature and art can in no wise be compared to it, for from their consolations large groups of human beings are automatically excluded by some condition of servitude. Philosophers have had much to say of inner citadels, from which the outward order could tranquilly be surveyed. Thought, says one of

them, has set us free from "the tyranny of outside forces," free even "from the petty planet on which our bodies impotently crawl." But the thought of the philosopher is no more a refuge for the illiterate than song is for the deaf, or nature for miners sunk in the bowels of the earth. In Rome Lucretius frankly enjoyed the Epicurean's superiority. Sweet it is for the cragsman, from some high retreat, to watch the legions clashing in the battlefield below, but

Sweeter by far on Wisdom's rampired height
To pace serene the porches of the light,
And thence look down — down on the purblind herd
Seeking and never finding in the night.

But now that we are suffering together around the world, ruler and commoner, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, who is so mean as to hide himself in a retreat to which others may not find the way? Nor could any such retreat be more than a half-way house on the road to that universal Truth from which none is ever turned away. "You can't buy God," my charwoman said to me as she scrubbed my floor. No, not with money, or with education, or with talent, or with opportunity. A refuge wide enough to receive the *poilu* with the general, the child with the philosopher, the dull with the gifted, is the only refuge wide enough to satisfy my soul, to give me beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Surely our consciousness of spiritual unity will, like a great wind, sweep away the arrogance that has hung about even our ideal turrets. A modern intellectualist, while admitting that each one of us has some "other life" than that of the visible order, issues this curious ultimatum: "The advocates of this Other Life must not promise too much. They must not speak to us of regions of light and truth made perfect, nor of fields unshaken by snow and tempest,

where joy grows like a tree. . . . Our refuge promises no eternal bliss. It gives only a rallying-point, a spell of peace in which to breathe and to think, a sense, not exactly of happiness, but of that patience and courage which form at least a good working substitute for happiness."

But what is this but attempted autocracy in the realm where the spirit bloweth as it listeth? Because the Roman Stoics found only courage and patience in their refuge, was Paul not to publish abroad the hope and joy which he found in his? Because followers of Epicurus, ancient or modern, find in the Sum of Things no concern for themselves, are the followers of Christ to deny the Spirit's whisper: I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me? And — a worse autocracy still — shall those who hear this whisper seek to confine it within words and phrases fashioned by themselves?

We are struggling for the spread of democracy in the outer world. Shall we not thereby bring into being a heavenly democracy? In God's house are many mansions, but one home.

Finally, religion is a fruitful refuge. It is pregnant with blessings for the outward order. In God there is no escape from the world, but the will to remake it in his image. Our Refuge becomes our Strength.

A spiritual renaissance is as destructive to the mediævalist who looks for salvation only in Paradise as to the weakling who seeks it in temporary distraction. The great idealists have not built cities in the skies, mere cloud-cuckoo towns for a race that cannot walk upon the earth. Saint Augustine interpreted God's City to be the Christian Church. Sir Thomas More and Plato built cities to be inhabited by Englishmen and by Greeks.

If some ideal republic is born of genius to-day, it will but give artistic form to the practical desires actuating

ourselves, our governments, our armies. We do not, and we ought not to, admit that freedom, justice, and humaneness belong only outside of this world's order. Those who return from Belgium tell us that the people of that country have planned the very route in the streets of the capital through which Albert shall march back with and to his own. Our purest idealism does not send us skulking to some hiding-place where we cannot see the wrongs of Belgium, but drives us forth to win our right to an ally's place in that triumphal procession.

If all wrong cannot be righted by ourselves, then we must pave the way for this accomplishment by our children's children. If reason asserts that the end can never be achieved in entirety, faith still bids each man stake his life on the triumph of God. Because no mind can fail to see the difficulty of catching the ideal, as it wings its infinite flight, within the net of the actual, Plato admits that his perfect state is confined to the region of speculation. But, he adds, what difference does that make? "The question of its present or future existence is quite unimportant, for the man of understanding will adopt the practices of such a city to the exclusion of every other." Citizenship in the spiritual controls a man's acts in the visible commonwealth.

Metaphors vary, but the spirit remains the same in all the greater idealists. Even the early Christian visionary, whose horror of the abominations of Rome resulted in the "revelation" to his imagination of a new and holy city almost completely dissociated from reality, declared that from its holiness must come salvation for the world of men. Through his city ran a pure river of life, crystal-clear, and on either side of the river grew the tree of life — and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. It is true that the early Christians in general, an obscure and helpless minority in a great Empire, forced by their very

position to think in terms of inward rather than of outward power, tended to become altogether too detached from the world in which they lived. They believed, indeed, that the visible order was soon to be destroyed and therefore need not be improved. Impotent in the flesh, they turned their thoughts heavenward. But in this they were almost as remote from the spirit of Christ as from the minds of their pagan neighbors.

In the homeliest figures — since those who listened understood little of citizenship, but much of daily toil — the founder of Christianity indicated the true relation between the inner and the outer life: candles are lighted for the use of those in the house; branches draw sustenance from the vine in order to turn it into grapes. Even in the last hours, before He was slain, when the outward had completely failed Him, and He had but one last opportunity to reveal his inward visions, He said to his disciples, "I have chosen and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit."

So fruitful was their particular idealism that, in spite of all mistakes and limitations, these unworldly disciples and their followers did, in time, completely change the aspect of their world. It is a commonplace of history that a new spiritual consciousness transformed the philosophy, the art and literature, and the ethical standards of Western civilization.

Herein we have a dramatic illustration of the supreme potency of religion in comparison with other refuges of the human spirit. It is religion that creates and changes those minor retreats to which the fancy and the imagination take their roving way. From a new heaven is let fall a new earth.

If the fruitfulness of idealism seems often to suffer blight and decay, we must remember that the wretchedness of the soil can counteract the vigor of the seed. Enriched by such suffering as the world has never known, quickened by a

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faith which survives the most crucial test of history, we shall yet bear fruit and our fruit shall remain.

In that day all our longings will be fulfilled. Life will be significant, magical, and harmonious. Nature's beauty will be the matrix for beautiful human activities. Art will perfectly interpret for us the unseen and the ineffable. Justice and liberty will prevail. Love will be the law of free peoples.

It is but a matter of enlarging the place of our tent, until we rear one that shall not be removed, the stakes whereof shall never be plucked, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken.

REASONABLE HOPES OF AMERICAN RELIGION

GEORGE A. GORDON

It has been said that "our dreams are the shadows of our hopes," and sometimes it is doubtless the case that our hopes are the shadows of our dreams. In the vicious circles of mere subjectivity, idea, dream, and hope belong in the category of the null and void. To gain and retain a sober meaning, hope must be the prophet of a reasonable human experience. Kant's three questions at once occur to one here: What can I know? What ought I to do? For what may I hope? Knowledge and moral action are the parents of legitimate hope. Our ideas of knowledge and duty may differ from those of Kant; there can be no difference among sensible persons about the conclusion that authentic hopes are the ideal completions of an imperfect but an essentially rational experience. The reasonable hopes of men are, therefore, like the morning fires in the East; they herald the coming of the perfect day. America is the land of hope; concerning the greatest force in its life, its religion, shall it be without great hopes?

"Keep in the middle of the stream," is the refrain of an old negro melody. The negro toiling on the banks of the Mississippi had observed that in the mightiest of American rivers there were shallows, eddies, counter-currents, and all sorts of water pranks. Hence his warning to the navigator: "Keep in the middle of the stream." The negro's observation became a metaphor significant for the adventure of his soul. In the religion of his country there are shallows, whirlpools, all sorts of eddies and oddities. There is, however, a vast central movement. Whoever would live religiously

must remain in that great current; whoever would understand American religion must watch the middle of the stream. Otherwise, while the observer may write about the religion of America with genial humor, obvious charm, kindly sarcasm, telling epigram, and artistic ecclesiastical purpose, he must write without insight into the spiritual life of Americans, and however much he may protest against it, the picture drawn will be "a chimera, the monster" of the writer's imagination.

The religion of Americans, like that of other peoples, utters itself in no uniform manner. Its natural idiom is now formal and again intangible, obtrusive and evasive, orderly and vagrant, superconscious and subconscious, normal and eccentric, manifesting itself here in creeds and elaborate ritual and there as pure spirit. At last, in all significant instances, it comes to something like this: Religion is the ultimate strength of man's soul, gathered mediately or immediately from the Soul of the universe. Its worth lies in its relation to life as men wend their way through the wild mysteries of time; it is illumination, inspiration, sustaining might, increasing peace. Thus understood, religion carries in its heart the principle of the complete idealization of existence. The religious soul aims with Plato at becoming like God so far as that is possible for man. He directs his life toward a supreme end; with Eudemus, he endeavors to behold God and to serve Him. He expects, in the highest sense of the words, to fare well; with St. Paul he believes that all things work together for good to them that love God, with Socrates that in life or in death no evil can happen to a good man. His religion is his final satisfaction; he sings with Augustine, "Thou hast made us for thyself, and we are restless till we repose in thee." He looks to the Infinite as the source of life's ideal and goal; he answers the sublime call of Jesus: "Ye shall be perfect as your Heavenly

Father is perfect." Religion is thus the ideal life of a soul conscious that it lives and moves and has its being in the Infinite soul, able to utter its experience and hope in the great confession, "The Eternal God is thy dwelling-place, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

It is at once admitted that nothing is satisfactory in the present conditions of the religion of America. As in every other region of our life, here, too, discontent and confusion reign. There is, however, one great note of prophecy ringing in the heart of religious America, audible above the tumult of confused and contentious tongues. A group of serious American students, engaged in the arraignment of an unsatisfactory college preacher, were silenced by one of their number, who said: "I plead for this preacher. He has done me a world of good. As I have watched him striving earnestly to find something and always failing to find it, I have been stimulated to hunt for that something myself. I am now engaged in the hunt, and I have already found in religion a reality and greatness beyond my utmost dream." American churches, Protestant, Catholic, and Greek Orthodox, all American religious bodies, are more or less in the condition of that college preacher. They are unsatisfactory; they are seeking something that they have hitherto failed to find. They are, however, in earnest, and they are stimulating by their earnestness and failure a multitude of the elect youth of the land to undertake the search for themselves. The unattained is the glory of American religion.

The mood of content, whether with the religious insight won, the volume and quality of experience secured, the ideals formed, the fellowship established, the influence exerted, or the character achieved, is to the genuine religious American the worst of all bad signs. Men are in an infinite world; they are capable of growth indefinitely great; content with present attainments, therefore, means the arrest of progress, the blight of hope.

America has decreed freedom for religion in the sure foresight of the advent of the crank and the freak. These abound inside organized religion and outside. The American method of treating the normal and the abnormal in faith follows the teaching of Jesus in his Parable of the Wheat and the Tares: "Let both grow together until the harvest." Freedom is costly, but it is worthwhile. It is the great test of faith.

Can we trust truth to win in a fair fight with error? The man who says that he cannot must secretly despise the truth. Such a man might well take a lesson from the tyrant Tiberius, who refused to punish offenses against religion on the ground that the gods can take care of themselves. Besides, religion can never know itself as real, save in the world of freedom. No man can tell whether religion is an oasis in the desert, or a mirage, who is not free to test it by every power of the mind and spirit. Further, self-reliant, responsible manhood is gained only through the solemnity of choice; as in Goethe's song: —

But heard are the Voices, —
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages;
Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

Once more, the repression of the crank by the law of uniformity means the excommunication of the prophet. The greatest words ever uttered in behalf of freedom in religion are these: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto her! how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

On a level immeasurably lower, let it be said that, since differences abound in the minds of men, it is in every way safer to provide them with freedom. Wild beasts are wild

beasts in cages no less than in jungles; putting them under restraint sometimes tends to the disguise of this fact. The utmost freedom serves to disclose the utmost in man; under freedom we shall know man better and learn to act with knowledge. One may put the skin of a deer over the body of a lion; that act will not make the wearer of the new robe any the less a beast of prey. Cover all religious views with the same ecclesiastical skin, if you can, but know that not in this way are doubt, protest, heterogeneousness, distemper, ruthless passion abolished. We thus keep while we conceal these evils; we add to them a whole brood of greater evils: insincerity, the double life, and sometimes the atheism that feeds on the sacramental bread and wine.

The great religion is the product of the great race; when brought forth, the religion returns to exalt and perpetuate the race from whose life it has come. Israel has given to the world the sovereign religion, because, in moral sincerity and depth, in the vision of God and of the spiritual world, Israel has been the sovereign race. If the religion of America is to be great, it must have as its source a great American people. The mean races, and the mean individuals among great races, degrade religion. Such has been the fate of Christianity many times in the course of the centuries; the degenerate person reflects his degeneracy in his religious ideas.

But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
That I for grace and gear may shine
Excell'd by nane;
And a' the glory shall be thine —
Amen, Amen.

What about the race of Americans? It is, without doubt, heterogeneous; human beings are here, it might almost be said, from every nation under heaven. Sometimes, in moments of bewildered thought, America seems a Pentecostal

nation, minus the Holy Ghost. When one becomes clearer and looks deeper into the life of Americans, one sees that minus must be changed to plus.

Business stamina and athletic prowess show conclusively that Americans are physically a great people. The evidences of their mental alertness, ingenuity, inventiveness, resourcefulness, and mastery multiply on every hand. Nothing else is to be expected when one considers that hither have come, for many generations, the boldest, the most energetic, and in many ways the most gifted and resolute, of the peoples of Europe. The physical and intellectual capacities of Americans are beyond dispute.

Can the same thing be said about the moral qualities and the spiritual aptitudes of our people? I conceive that more can be said to their advantage on this third and highest level of life than on either of the other two. Immigration is the surest key to the soul of Americans. We are a nation of immigrants; some have come earlier, some later; but the race as a whole is a stranger in a strange land. As of old there came a voice to the earliest settlers and to their successors: "Get thee out from thy country, and from thy kindred and from thy father's house." Leave was taken with hope, and also with deep, inevitable regret. The deepest psychic fact in our people is a structure of light and shadow, "built of tears and sacred flames." Few, of all who come to remain here, ever return or catch so much as a glimpse of the land of their birth, which lies transfigured in the morning memories of the heart. Recollection deepens with the stream of the years, like the bed of the river under its current. The volume of sentiment increases; our people are deep-hearted; they are united by the ties of the soul both to the old world and to the new. They have in them an impulse toward cosmopolitanism; there is among us a vast unspoken humanity of high prophetic moment. Some

day the voice of genius will unseal the depths, and we shall see what the discipline of sorrow and hope, the warp and woof of immigration, has wrought for this new race.

Here we meet a confident, and sometimes an insolent, objection. Is not immigration mainly for economic purposes? Are not the Pilgrims absolutely without successors in the motive of their settlement here? Should we not excite against ourselves the mirth of the world, were we to claim that any mortal now seeks these shores solely or chiefly that he may have freedom to worship God? We should, indeed; yet that admission is only the introduction to the epic of the immigrant's life. Few gain the economic Paradise they came hither to find; their hopes prove to be more than half hallucinations. What the overwhelming majority of immigrants discover is that harder work awaits them here than in the old home, a swifter movement of activity; severer conditions of toil; more pay, but not pay enough to take them from the race-course; more pay, but less play, less peace; an existence heightened in intensity and therefore more exhausting; success gained through an abnormal devotion to material ends — a success that seems poor in the light of the early economic ideal now seen to be impossible.

We hear much of the few great economic successes among our immigrants; we hear little of something infinitely deeper and more important for the life of Americans, the economic disillusionment. In the experience of millions the economic ideal is seen to be hopeless; by itself, as a satisfaction for the rational soul, it is at length seen to be unutterably base. Then comes the great epoch and its great event, the recoil of the disillusioned humanity upon itself. This does not mean that all who pass through the experience described turn up in the weekly prayer-meeting, that they go to church, adopt a particular creed, or embrace any

form of conventional religion; it means the growing sense of humanity as the great superlative, the vision of something other, and immeasurably better, than economic triumph and obedience, often enough halting and broken, but in heart essentially true to this heavenly vision. America has been cruelly misrepresented to the immigrant; it has been made to appeal to the mere economic animal in his composite existence; experience brings reversal of hope and the vision of the true America, the place where, as of old, men earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, where the ground is cursed for their sake.

Great is the life that often follows this early disenchantment. The sun is down, the dust is now laid that the wild winds have blown through all the hot, noisy hours of the day, and against the background of infinite night the stars appear, symbols of the high and countless splendors that exist in this amazing universe for the men who have recovered their humanity. Standing upon this ground of the essential moral greatness of our people, some of the nobler hopes of American religion come into view.

Keeping in the middle of the stream, it may be said that religion in America is setting toward its great objects with a deeper and stronger tide. As the external supports of religion have become the subjects of serious question, religion has become clearer and surer of itself; it has made some progress in disengaging essential from incidental, and is likely to make greater progress along this line in the immediate future. Once the Bible was the book whose words settled all religious debates. While for the seer the Bible has become a greater book in passing through the fires of modern criticism, its words are no longer substitutes for insight, but inspirations and guides toward the larger vision. The letter fails in the greatest of books; because of the lit-

eral failure, the spiritual opportunity and appeal have become more evident; spirit has been incited to find spirit with increased sureness and depth. To be found of the Infinite Spirit one must more and more enter the realm of spirit, and American religion may be said to be making that entrance.

The Christian church, of whatever name, no longer appeals to religious Americans as a distinctively divine institution. It is, indeed, a divine institution, in the sense in which all essential human institutions are divine. The family, the state, the school, the university, and the organized trade of the nation, are divine institutions; that is, they are essential expressions of the life of our people. The forms of these institutions may change; the institutions themselves are permanent necessities of man's life in this world. They have been wrought out by human beings, seeking, under the guidance of the Eternal Spirit, the juster and mightier organization of existence. The church and other essential human institutions rest, therefore, on the same foundations. These institutions are like the different peaks in some great mountain range: higher and lower they are, more and less massive; one, it may be, towers far above all the others and fills a vaster area; but one and all rest upon the same earth, one and all rise into the same heaven. A church organized out of heaven and set apart from and above all other institutions is a fiction that has vanished from the free mind of America. It exists in certain places, doubtless, with other survivals of an outgrown time; but among wise men it exists as a myth, and is so regarded. The Founder of Christianity was less of a churchman than any other religious teacher in the annals of history. He used synagogue, temple, human homes, mountain-tops, desert places, the fields, and the sea, as the scenes of his prophetic activity and worship. It would not be too much to say that his church was the

cosmos, the lights thereof, the sun, moon, and stars; the pictures on its walls, the fires of morning and evening and the shadows of noon; its altar, the heart of man; its music, the whispering winds; its organ, the universe supporting his prophetic voice.

From this, the most unecclesiastical of teachers, arose, justified by the necessities of the life of his disciples, fallen upon different times in different lands, successive forms of church-organization. These were integrated finally in the church of the East and the great church of the West. Disintegration at length set in; what was built by man in obedience to the impulse of life was taken down in reverence for the same impulse. The issue is the sense of the absolute primacy of the life of the soul; the hope is that this builder and destroyer of institutional forms will become surer of itself, and continue to renew itself from the aboriginal Foundation of life.

The Christian ministry has become one vocation among many, equally sacred with other essential vocations, and no more. The gain here is inexpressibly great; all mere officialism is impotent and vain; the man is a prophet or priest in virtue of his humanity exalted by the presence of the living God, or he is a chimera. No titles, no rank, no official consecrations can serve as substitutes for a gifted, disciplined, exalted human character; they may remain convenient signs of it; they do not impart the grace of the spirit; at best, they only call attention to that grace; they do not create the prophet or priest; they do their utmost when they serve him. This means the exaltation of all essential human callings; it does not mean the degradation of the one sacred calling. The command has gone forth to all vocations, Come up higher. Again the outward fails us; the boat sinks, and we trust ourselves to the deeps of the Eternal Spirit.

For more than a thousand years a definite system of

thought ruled the minds of religious men throughout Christendom. Protestant and Catholic confessed substantially the same theology; Europe and America stood here upon essentially the same ground. It was universally held that the truth about man's world was reflected in this system of belief. At length disintegration began here; great abiding ideas were dug out of the débris and carefully conserved; the traditional creed as a whole, however, became incredible; the eyes through which men for fifteen centuries had read the meaning of the universe became dim. The relief from this disintegration to the vexed religious soul has been like escape from Hades; the world of God now bids man welcome from the prison that he had built for himself. According to their differing temperaments, fear or audacity at first filled the minds of many persons in the presence of this stupendous event; bewilderment has encompassed a multitude of fine souls like a thick cloud; there has been much uncertainty and searching of heart; what seemed the foundations of the world have given way. What can the religious soul do in this extremity? Betake itself to God, with all its heart singing its great song, —

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

So it has been in ten thousand instances; our reasonable hope is that more and more it shall be thus. The call has gone forth for a profounder retreat upon the aboriginal Soul of the universe. From this great experience insight will return, insight into the innermost heart of religion and confidence in its findings. This is the issue for the religious spirit as against the man to whom life itself carries no gospel and whose home is in ruins amid floods and tempests.

The scientific intellect is at its task, dissolving all on its

way to the everlasting. To the dweller in the region of the traditional this is appalling; to the soul whose one supreme passion is to see God, here is another vast inspiration. Such a soul longs for the things that cannot be dissolved, to hear in the roar of this world of fateful change the song of the Time-Spirit, —

At the whirring loom of time, unawed,
I weave the living mantle of God.

Such in few words are some of the graver conditions of religion to-day. Under these conditions religion would seem bound to do one of these three things: to curse God and die, the blasphemy of thought found on a tragic scale inside Christian churches and beyond them; to hug the old traditions in the new environment, hoping by desperate loyalty to secure them against the fierce critical heat that encompasses them — a faith as vain as would be the expectation of an iceberg to remain intact afloat on the South Atlantic; the cry of the mysterious Presence that wrestled with the first Israelite: "Let me go, for the day breaketh."

We are in the dawn of a new epoch. It would seem that religious men are to be deterred by the decree of the living God from continuing the practice of jumbling together in one indistinguishable mass the precious and the worthless in human experience, the rational and the mythical, the self-attesting and the impossible, the self-sufficing reality and the superstitions that always dim the radiant soul of religion and try to replace its pure splendor with their wild fantastic shows. The mood of the time sounds a more profound retreat upon God; it spreads its table in his presence; it seeks for that table the living bread, the sustenance without which man cannot remain man. Temporal helps have been taken away, that the Eternal helper may be found;

religion has been compelled, like a ship caught in a tempest in shallow water, to put out to sea. Our ship is good, but there is safety for her and her precious burden only on the deeps.

American religion is seeking, and it is likely to seek more and more, a justification of its being out of the universe now. Emerson's essay, once curiously referred to in an issue of the "Atlantic" as "mournful," sounds the note of a vast hope. "The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should we not also enjoy an original relation to the universe?" In these words Emerson is the prophet of all deep religion, of the Christian religion in its inmost spirit. Protestant and Catholic are here one. Communion of saints, fellowship with the spirits of just men made perfect, access to the soul of Jesus, admission to the immediate presence of God, are recognized by all enlightened Christians to be at the heart of the soul's life. This immediate contact with the Divine reality is primal; books, churches, prophets, priests, creeds, are secondary. We press toward the light ineffable; we are now led, and again driven, toward this supernal centre by the majesty of the past, by the mystery of the future, and by the present necessities of the soul. We seek with all religious human beings the immediate vision of the living God. The apocalypse for this day we crave as our daily bread. We discover that the greatest words of the past become living only in the experience of the present hour; outside of that experience, they are dead.

If the religious man's soul, the souls of his fellow men, and the Soul of the universe are hidden, as may be the case, he may borrow light from all religions to help him in his search. The point is, that no religion can create the objects of religion; the chief religion comes, not to create, but to reveal. At last the universe itself must justify or discredit

our life in the spirit. Believers claim that it must be possible to-day, as in other days, to be profoundly religious and to justify from experience this attitude of face-to-face converse with the Eternal.

Here, indeed, we touch the inmost soul of the Christian faith, that which it utters in its doctrine of the Holy Spirit. Christians were never meant to rely solely upon the epic history of the Master, to go back two thousand or ten thousand years, in order to find the warrant for their faith. There is the present Guide unto all truth; there is the universe to-day under the illumination of the Spirit. The record of the Master's career is inexpressibly precious; it is enriching, regulative, corrective, prophetic, dynamic; it is the sovereign, historic form of the Infinite compassion; yet its deepest promise is of the presence that pervades and illumines the contemporary world of men: "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." The ultimate realities of the Christian religion are souls: the souls of men and the soul of God; the New Testament has its highest use as a guide to these ultimate realities. By the wonder of the Spirit Jesus becomes the contemporary of his latest disciples.

The great insight at work to-day in all truly religious persons, that the Infinite Soul is with us, lends new significance to many forms of faith that must appear to thoughtful men crude. New Thought, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Eddyism, the Healing Cult, and all kindred movements, which seem trivial in the presence of the greater historic churches of Christendom, which are, as it were, mushroom growths compared with the religions of immemorial influence, which often appear mere amusing products of American extemporaneousness, become of serious importance when viewed either as man's face-to-face converse with the universe, or as presenting to the Infinite in the

unending process of apocalypse the open mind. The world of science would stagnate, the growth of art would come to an end, the hope of political and social betterment would die, if the elect youth in each new generation should be content with the insights and achievements of the past. The crudeness and the eccentricity of youth do not blind us to its noble dissatisfactions with the great past out of which the greater future is to come. In the same way, we should regard even the crude, the eccentric, the wildly extravagant in contemporary religion. It is at all events the sign that men are living in the presence of the Infinite; that their minds are in the mood of invocation; that they believe God to be greater than man's best experience; and that they look for his mightier manifestation.

From this new and eager contact with the Divine universe, from this contemporary agitation over life's sovereign problems, from this original, immediate fellowship with the Eternal, it would be strange if there did not eventuate vaster religious insight, a more steadfast religious character. In the case of New England transcendentalism, which continues to minister to the sense of humor of many genial souls of alien discipline, these four lines from Emerson annul the extravagance of the movement and indicate its deep prophetic note: —

Speaks not of self that mystic tone
But of the Overgods alone;
It trembles to the cosmic breath —
As it heareth, so it saith.

All religion that is of substantial worth is man's response to the whispers of the Eternal in his heart. The speaking universe and the listening human soul are the great major premise of valid religion. The contemporary soul, pure through desperate need and lofty longing, responsive to the voice of God that wanders through the world to-day

seeking the willing ear, whatever its immaturities and eccentricities may be, is a fountain of life in the nation's religion.

The unique Exemplar and Prophet of American religion, in all its manifold varieties, is Jesus of Nazareth. His kingdom of man stands deeper in American insight and sympathy than the programme of all other religious teachers and cults. His teaching and example have set aside Calvin and Edwards; He and no other has his hand upon the springs of religious desire; He, and not the crank or freak in our caravan, is the inspirer of all that is worthiest in our experience and surest in our hopes. We find that Jesus is often acknowledged by the anarchist crazed by the woe of the nations; He is not seldom close to the heart of the Socialist in his madness over the contempt of the strong for the weak; He is recognized as the supreme friend of man by many among those who see in his disciples, as organized in churches, a solidarity of selfishness hallowed under the shadow of his glorious name; He is the pillar of fire by night to many a servant of social betterment to whom the universe is an impenetrable mystery; believers in the humanity of man have seen the incomparable greatness of Jesus. Inside all communions with present power and the hope of to-morrow beating in their heart, the image of the Prophet of Nazareth is sovereign. Hospitable to all promising voices, ready to entertain strangers in the hope that they prove angels in disguise, sadly disillusioned as it is about many of its guests, American religion persists in the open mind, the catholic heart, in the presence of the Infinite possibility of to-day; at the same time, the name that was to St. Paul above every name is still our sheet-anchor in the storm. Otherwise to read the signs of the times in the religious life of America is to miss the chief sign.

American religion, while sympathetic toward the whole higher intellectual achievement of mankind, is likely to be less disposed to ask alien philosophies to account for it or to accredit it to the world. This is the issue of the discipline in historical analysis that a generation of great scholars have imposed upon themselves. Everything that has become mixed with Christianity in the course of the centuries is not therefore an essential part of its character; additions to Christianity made since the close of the apostolic age are not necessarily alien in spirit. Historical analysis exhibits the original force and body of ideas in the Gospel of Christ; it discriminates between what is original and what is a later addition. It leaves the free mind of the world to decide the further question, How far is the historic accretion compatible with the original genius of Christianity? Historical analysis has made good the distinction between the original and the derived, the kindred and the alien, the development from within and the addition from without, the product of the Holy Spirit and the product of the Time Spirit. This distinction has been adopted by the free mind of religious America; the adoption of this distinction marks an epoch in the higher religious mind of the nation.

Christianity, the highest form of American religion and incomparably the widest and deepest in influence, has been obliged, as everyone knows, to run itself into the forms of philosophies more or less alien to itself, in order to shape the minds of men in certain ages of the world. Christianity has at times spoken with the great voice of Plato; it has filled with its transfiguring grace the vast impressive fog of Neo-Platonism; it has taken as an ally the mighty intellect of Aristotle; it has identified its belief with the opinions of men like Origen and Athanasius, Augustine and Aquinas, who were themselves in some degree products of many

alien contemporary influences. Christianity has become Calvinistic, Arminian, Hegelian, Evolutionary, Pragmatic. As adaptations of the genius of Christianity to the mind of particular times, these forms of faith may be highly useful; they may indeed be a temporary necessity. Christianity must know the dialect and idiom of the successive ages, and speak in them, if it is to be widely understood. The wonder of Pentecost, at which were gathered the devout from every nation under heaven, each group hearing in its own tongue the mighty works of God, has been in a true and great way the one continuous wonder in the onward movement of Christianity.

Still, it must be said that Christianity does not espouse the cause of the absolute truth of these contemporary servants. They are not bone of its bone or flesh of its flesh. Nothing is essential to Christianity as metaphysic, but the reality of the souls of men and the soul of God; nothing is permanently vital to the Gospel, but the fellowship of these souls in an ever-deepening moral experience and the resulting exaltation of our human world. Jesus is the permanent centre of his religion, as mediating between human souls and the Eternal soul; he is essential as the Supreme prophet of a universe in which soul is the ultimate reality.

This deeper sense of its distinctive being and purpose on the part of Christianity explains much in the Christian mind to-day. The mood of American religion is that it is unwise to identify its truth with the fortunes of even the most important contemporary movements in the world of thought; it is less unwise, but still questionable, to make too close a covenant between the Gospel of Jesus, with its austere simple metaphysic and its sublime ethic, and the vast enduring systems of thought. Greek philosophy is great; on its human side it is in essence lasting as the mind of man. Yet it is often immature, wanting in width of sympathy; it is the product of a small, although a profoundly

significant, world. Religion is always the product of a vast world; it is at its highest always in the sense of the Eternal, and the Eternal is in the soul of the religious man and community as creative spirit. This being its genius, religion must give an independent account of itself. As experience, it transcends in depth and character all other experiences; as empirical reality, its momentousness is self-evident; as reality, it must speak for itself, it must construe its own universe, it must be its own ultimate prophet.

We come now to the highest aspect and hope of American religion. Vision is indispensable to religion, but vision is not the chief element; sentiment is essential, yet sentiment is not the main thing. The soul of American religion is action, issuing from creative will. Our religion adopts Fichte's great insight, that the vocation of man is to become a doer of the will of the Highest; it cries out with Emerson, —

Unless to Thought is added Will
Apollo is an imbecile;

it accepts with reverence and confidence the assurance of Jesus: "If any man willeth to do his will he shall know of the teaching." Knowledge and being by the path of rational action is our firmest possession. American religion is often unconventional in its expressions; it can at times be profane in its dialect; it cannot acquiesce in hopeless impotence. To the pious cant of the fatalist on whose soul the wrongs of suffering men sit lightly, "Well, God mend all," it answers, in the style of a man with red blood in his veins, "Nay, by God, we must help him to mend it." The fighter for righteousness believes that the stars in their courses are on his side; he does his duty, in the sense that the universe is the backer of the conscientious servant of man. His faith comes up out of his experience as a creative force. He is confident that, in the long run, humanity cannot be defeated

by inhumanity; in the vivid idiom of the street, the final triumph of evil over good is as likely as the success of a celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat through hell. Aggressive, confident, militant action is the great watchword of American faith.

The actual world is apt to be the despair of the religions of the nations. The theism of Mohammedanism is great, and by no manner of means is it ineffective. It exalts the lives of millions; it prohibits the use of alcohol, and it rescues society from the retinue of miseries that follow the use of that poison. It does indeed sanction polygamy, but it exorcises the horror of prostitution. It secures among certain races a creditable measure of honesty, a large degree of kindness and loyalty. Mohammedanism has great merits, and yet it is powerless in the presence of the deeper evils of the world. The status of woman as inferior to man it has established and maintained, and this is the fountain of the gravest disorders. It has been unable to sober the fanatic, to elevate into sovereign influence the sentiment of humanity. Above all, it is impotent in the presence of autocratic and corrupt governments; it is without hope before the distresses that arise from disease and uncleanness; it has no inspiration for science and no appreciation of the mercies of applied science; it stands dumb as it looks upon the economic misery of its devotees; it calls for submission to present evils as to the foreordained lot of human beings; it is exhilarated by no outlook toward a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness; it is in despair as it surveys the actual world of men.

The same is true of Buddhism. The core of that mighty faith is as noble as anything in the possession of mankind; yet it is essentially the religion of despair. Resignation is its highest word; the path to extinction of being by the way of holiness is its supreme beatitude. The actual condition

of man's world in time is beyond remedy except by spiritual suicide. The universe has no light or help for those who cherish the will to live. Our human world, with all its relations, interests, experiences, aspirations, and ideal dreams is a mistake. Nothing can cure this mistake but the will to die, in the sense of absolute extinction. This religion is the refuge for human beings in defeat, for the victims of despair, and for them alone.

Much of European Christianity is in a similar state of mind. It has no word upon the economic distress of the multitude; it does not lift its voice against government as it grounds itself upon brute force; it has no vision of remedial energy equal to its vision of sin; it has no social gospel for this world; it confines its work to the alleviation of evils that it cannot hope to cure, to the discipline of men in limitation and sorrow toward blessedness in another state of existence; it has no consciousness of a creative Christianity; it throws no defiance in the face of the total evils that afflict the world; it entertains no vision of the victory of humanity over inhumanity in the course of time.

This social faith is the chief note in American religion. It lives among evils as rank and offensive as exist in any nation on the globe; it will acknowledge none of them as inevitable and final. It has crudities enough of its own; it can match at all points the weaknesses of other religions with infirmities of its own, with this vast exception — it is determined to absorb the best in the vision, passion, and character of the past and to wield this totality of ideal power through believing souls upon the present condition of the nation. All our efforts at the betterment of the people come from essentially religious motives. Education, prison reform, sanitation, the treatment of disease, the programme against intemperance and vice, the movements against industrial iniquity, social distress, the inhumanity of man to man,

come from the great basic faith that there exists no incurable evil, that the Soul of the universe is on our side while we strive for the complete reflection in our existence of the humanity of Jesus.

We Americans confess at once that in many respects we are a crude race, that we are a people in the making. We gratefully acknowledge the resources put at our disposal by the older nations; we welcome the help of the art, the wisdom, and the character of ancient races; we concede their superiority at many points; we are eager to learn from them where they seem to be wiser than we. We must, however, add to this appreciation a criticism that we think inevitable. We find in much of the Christianity of the older nations a want of energy and hope that we refuse to make our own, a timidity in the presence of immemorial wrongs that we consider cowardly, a spirit of acquiescence with inhuman conditions of existence that we regard as equal to the denial of Christianity, a blindness to the physical and moral remedies in the order of humanity that is astounding, an infatuation with formal religion, a contentment with the pieties of a purely personal faith, and a resignation before the woe of the world that we must define as symptoms of practical atheism. Above all, we miss in much of the Christianity of the old world the consciousness of the Creative Spirit, the Spirit that proclaims: "Behold, I make all things new"; that goes against the total evil that afflicts mankind in a campaign that will end only when evil is done to death.

This is the American religious war; it includes in its grand army many dissimilar divisions, corps, battalions, and companies; it is not the assemblage of American churches merely; it is also, and in a great sense, the muster of the moral forces of American humanity; it is a war against evil to the knife and the knife to the hilt. Out beyond organized religion in America is the shadow of a mighty dream:

the dream is of the Republic of God in the Republic of man; this dream lives and works in the souls of our greatest prophets. The shadow is the projection of this dream; that shadow claims for the complete life of our people the whole circle of essential human interests upon which it rests.

We hear, as we expected, the unbelieving response: "This is American optimism." To be sure it is. America, with all her sins, believes in God, and in the ultimate omnipotence of duty read in the light of God's eyes. "This is the faith of a young nation," is another exclamation from our aged and somewhat infirm neighbors. True again; and this faith of a young nation repeats itself in the successive generations of elect American youth. In this way the religious nation keeps itself young; it has in vision the spirit of the Divine youth Jesus, before whom time appeared as the field of the apocalypse of his Father: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away"; it recalls the enthusiasm of the group of dauntless youth whom Jesus commissioned to carry the news of his kingdom into all the world. America is proud of her youth; she means to renew her youth like the eagle; she is resolved to make it everlasting in the creative might of the everlasting God, in whom is her trust for herself and the world.

BRIEF NOTES ON THE AUTHORS

MISS MARGARET SHERWOOD, a member of the Wellesley College Literature Department, has been a frequent contributor to the "Atlantic."

MRS. CORNELIA A. P. COMER, a resident of Seattle, is not only an essayist of note but a writer of short stories of unusual charm and power. She is represented in "Atlantic Narratives" by "The Preliminaries," critically analyzed by Professor Josiah Royce in his "Sources of Religious Insight."

RANDOLPH BOURNE, who died in 1918 at the age of thirty-two, had already attained distinction as editorial writer for the "Dial" and contributor to the "Atlantic."

ARTHUR E. MORGAN, now president of Antioch College, first gained his reputation as a civil engineer connected with the flood reclamation project at Dayton, Ohio. His essay, "Education: The Mastery of the Arts of Life," was one of the early and popular issues of "Atlantic Readings."

LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS, for years a professor at Harvard University and President of Radcliffe College, is known also for his many books on student life.

GEORGE BOAS is a member of the Department of Public Speaking in the University of California. He is the author of "What Do College Professors Know?" — an article in the May, 1921, "Atlantic" that attracted wide attention.

MISS MARY LEAL HARKNESS is a member of the classical department at Newcomb College, New Orleans. She is one of the sturdiest opponents of the contemporary school of educators which exalts household economics at the expense of the humanities.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN, formerly a teacher of English at Yale University, is now president of Vassar College.

WILLIAM PETERS REEVES, a graduate of Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, and later a student at Johns Hopkins, has long been a teacher of English in Kenyon College, Gambois, Ohio.

EDWARD YEOMANS, a Chicago manufacturer by vocation and a writer by avocation, has awakened wide interest among parents and educators by his book, "Shackled Youth," published by the

Atlantic Monthly Press in 1921. His messages are an emphatic protest against formalism.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, for several years a professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, is now the literary editor of the "New York Evening Post." He is represented in "Atlantic Narratives" by his virile story, "Business is Business."

J. N. LARNED, late a librarian in Buffalo, was deeply interested in social and ethical questions. He is well known for his school text on history. During his lifetime he was a frequent contributor to the "Atlantic."

CHARLES NORMAN FAY, who has for many years been engaged in the manufacturing business, is now living in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

JOHN MITCHELL, from boyhood a laborer and labor organizer, was for nearly ten years the president of the United Mine Workers of America. His lectures and writings were devoted almost entirely to the theme of unionized labor.

CHARLES F. DOLE was from 1876 to 1916 the minister of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. He has written many books on religious, social, and ethical themes.

GINO SPERANZA is a practising lawyer in New York City, who has accomplished much for the Italian immigrant and for general welfare work.

JOHN KULAMER, of Czechoslovak origin, is a lawyer of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

BERTRAND RUSSELL is a British publicist who has traveled widely and written interestingly—sometimes in the support of radical doctrines—upon current world questions.

MRS. FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES is the wife of Henry Wilder Keyes, U.S. Senator from New Hampshire. Mrs. Keyes has been an active member of many civic organizations. Her home is in North Haverhill, New Hampshire.

MRS. ANNE C. E. ALLINSON, a Greek scholar, is a member of the faculty of Boston University. She has been a frequent contributor to the "Atlantic."

DR. GEORGE A. GORDON, as pastor of the New Old South Church in Boston and as a writer on religious themes, has been prominently associated with the more advanced ethical thought of the United States.

QUESTIONS, COMMENTS, AND SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

I

Youth and Age

WHAT are the specific faults that the old generation finds with the new? Do you think that these faults really exist? Do they exist in groups large enough to be called representative? In your own environment, — town, school, college, club, or fraternity, — do you find that morals and manners are lax? Upon what are your standards of right and wrong based? What instruction, what examples, have you and your friends had? What improvements could you suggest? Could your efforts and the efforts of your friends really do any good? Perhaps there is nothing wrong at all with the new generation. Have you ever found evidence in your reading that the problem is a recurrent one?

There are usually two ways in which a subject may be treated. It may be discussed; it may be presented. So far, various methods of discussion have been suggested. But there are methods of presentation, too. Describe a typical lady or gentleman of the old school. Let the portrait speak for itself. Describe a dance, a house-party, a skating-party, a picnic, a play. Make your descriptions present your idea of the questions under discussion. Or perhaps you can write a story or a narrative sketch, the theme of which is the conflict of youth and age, or, better still, the harmony of youth and age. Some parents get on famously with their children — can you tell of some? Do you know of any incidents that show heroism, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty, of young people of your age? Can you get your father and mother to parallel these stories? Can you parallel theirs? Your reading will help. Poets and sages have fashioned their ideal of manhood and womanhood. Read the description of “the virtuous woman” in Proverbs; read Wordsworth’s “Character of the Happy Warrior.” Can you find any others?

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1. Youth: R. Bourne; vol. 109, p. 433.
2. The Younger Generation: an Apologia: A. Hard; vol. 107, p. 538.
3. The Two Generations: R. Bourne; vol. 107, p. 591.
4. The Rising Generation: Letters to the Editor; vol. 107, p. 718.
5. This Younger Generation: F. G. Peabody; vol. 116, p. 801.
6. Victorian Hypocrisy: A. W. Allen; vol. 114, p. 174.
7. "Polite Society": Mr. Grundy; vol. 125, p. 606.
8. Reflections of a Grundy Cousin: K. F. Gerould; vol. 126, p. 157.
9. "These Wild Young People," by One of Them: J. F. Carter, Jr.; vol. 126, p. 301.
10. Good-bye, dear Mr. Grundy: A Last Year's Débutante; vol. 126, p. 642.
11. The Revelation of the Middle Years: C. A. P. Comer; vol. 114, p. 460.

II

Education

What new ideas about education do you find in these essays? What faults are pointed out? Are they real faults? Has your education been especially good? or bad? dull? inspiring? What made it interesting? Do you wish that you had studied Latin? Or are you sorry that you did? Should you care to have your brother or sister go through your experience in school? Should you like to dream out an ideal school-system? Can you find out whether anybody ever dreamed about one? Do you wish that your work had been harder? your teachers stricter? What can you find out about school in the old days? in other countries? Your father and your mother ought to help you here. Are you glad that you went (or did not go) to public school? Do you think that everybody ought to go to public school? How is private school different from public school? People seem rather doubtful, sometimes, of the value of American education. Are they teachers or students? Why do teachers get discouraged? What makes a good teacher? What makes a good student? It has been said that there are no uninteresting subjects — there are only uninterested students.

Try the presentative way of handling some of the questions raised by the essays. Describe your school. Make a portrait of a good teacher, of an interesting class, of a particularly good student. Imagine yourself a visitor from a far country. Tell what you see. Describe the school which you would make if you could. Try a dialogue between teacher and student, between two students, between tax-payer and teacher. Dialogues about education are difficult because one seldom hears intelligent conversation about education. Have you ever heard any? Reproduce it.

OTHER ATLANTIC ARTICLES

1. Education as a Political Institution: B. Russell; vol. 117, p. 750.
2. In the Dame School of Experience: an Interview with an Educator: S. M. Crothers; vol. 124, p. 337.
3. Alice and Education: F. B. R. Hellems; vol. 111, p. 256.
4. Aristocratic and Democratic Education: A. Flexner; vol. 108, p. 386.
5. Education as Mental Discipline: A. Flexner; vol. 119, p. 452.
6. The Case against Compulsory Latin: C. W. Eliot; vol. 119, p. 352.
7. High Schools and Classics: F. Irland; vol. 124, p. 47.
8. Some Fallacies in the Modern Educational Scheme: A. E. Stearns; vol. 118, p. 641.
9. The Assault on Humanism: P. Shorey; vol. 119, p. 793, and vol. 120, p. 94.
10. The Extirpation of Culture: K. F. Gerould; vol. 116, p. 445.
11. The Case for Humility: R. K. Hack; vol. 121, p. 222.
12. The College: an Undergraduate View: R. Bourne; vol. 108, p. 667.
13. A Suit against Science: H. R. Sass; vol. 113, p. 702.
14. History — Quick or Dead: W. R. Thayer; vol. 122, p. 635.
15. A Teacher of History: E. Yeomans; vol. 125, p. 369.
16. Geography: E. Yeomans; vol. 125, p. 167.
17. The School Shop: E. Yeomans; vol. 125, p. 813.
18. What of Coeducation? Z. Gale; vol. 114, p. 95.
19. The Education of the Girl: M. L. Harkness; vol. 113, p. 324.

20. One View of Domestic Science: M. L. Harkness; vol. 108, p. 474.
21. A Boarding-School Inquiry: E. W. Parmelee; vol. 125, p. 95.
22. A Democratic School: J. G. Cozzens; vol. 125, p. 383.
23. An Educational Emergency: E. O. Sisson; vol. 106, p. 54.

III

The Life of the Nation

What is the spirit of your fellow citizens? How do they look at life? What things do they seem to hold most important? What do they think about? By what ideas and emotions are they moved? What concrete forms do their aspirations assume? Are there distinct classes in your town? Is there any attempt to promote community spirit? Can you make any suggestions? What is social democracy? Do you know any men and women in your town who seem to you good examples of Americanism? What do you think are the fundamentals of American life, "when the tumult and the shouting dies"? Your parents may be able to tell you about changes which have come over your community. Have those changes been for the better or the worse? Must they continue blindly, or can you and your friends direct them?

Who governs America? What are some of the political institutions peculiar to America? What are some institutions which resemble those of foreign countries? Can you define "democracy" as it exists here? How does it differ from other democracies? With what political institutions have you come in direct contact? What institutions indirectly affect your life? What political questions are being talked of now?

After you have learned about the American system of political democracy, you will find plenty of people to find fault with it. There are plenty of people ready to give you their views. And there is an immense amount of material available outside of books and magazines. The members of your city government, local politicians, interested voters, uninterested voters, newspaper men — they will all talk to you. Visit the city council in some session, and observe. If you can, go to the state house and see the legislature. In every community there are political meetings of all the parties, which will help you to take the measure of the men

who want to wield power. What things do you think are wrong with our political system? What things must be right that our government should have so long endured?

There is no richer field of material than the economic life of the community.

What industries are in your community? What do they make? Where do they obtain their raw material? Where do they sell their product? How are their plants organized? What effect have they upon your community? What kind of people work for them? Are their employees organized in unions? Have there ever been strikes or lockouts in your town? Have industrial conditions changed of late? How does a man "get a job"? If you had to "go to work" in your town, what should you do? What commodities are sold in your town? Why are some stores larger than others? Why do your parents trade where they do? How does a man "open a store"? Why do stores fail? How does your city get its meat, its milk, its clothing, its gasoline, its coal? Are there any interesting commercial enterprises, such as coöperative stores, in your town?

When you think about the problems of your community, think in concrete terms. Avoid generalizations that cannot be proved by observation and experience — don't rely wholly upon books and magazines. Don't, for instance, worry about the vague and general problems of "Americanization" in somebody else's town. Study your own community. Are there unassimilated immigrants in your town? Where did they come from? What kind of people are they? What are their customs, their faults, their virtues? Are they in process of assimilation? How? What agencies are helping them? Are the public schools doing anything? the churches? industries? civic bodies? Describe some typical immigrants. Try to see into their hearts with sympathy and understanding. Don't take general statements about immigrants on trust: find out for yourself. Their lives are full of interest and color. Help them to assume the duties of citizens of a new country, and remember that true help can be given only on a basis of understanding.

Above all, keep your eyes and ears open to the color and life, the glamour and harshness, the variety and monotony of the world outside your school and college. There is enough material there to write about for a dozen lifetimes.

OTHER ATLANTIC ARTICLES

1. American Characteristics: G. Ferrero; vol. 106, p. 223.
2. Intellectual America: a European; vol. 125, p. 188.
3. Redwood Canyon: H. S. Canby; vol. 113, p. 832.
4. The Pace that Kills: F. M. Hueffer; vol. 107, p. 670.
5. Americanism: A. Repplier; vol. 117, p. 289.
6. Trans-national America: R. Bourne; vol. 118, p. 86.
7. "Scum o' the Earth": R. H. Schauffler; vol. 108, p. 614.
8. To a Citizen of the Old School: S. M. Crothers; vol. 109, p. 289.
9. The Social Order in an American Town: R. Bourne; vol. 111, p. 227.
10. The Ugly City: H. J. Smith; vol. 124, p. 27.
11. The Provincial American: M. Nicholson; vol. 107, p. 311.
12. The Passing of the Farmer: R. H. Holmes; vol. 110, p. 517.
13. The Matter with Us: W. S. Rossiter; vol. 106, p. 787.
14. The Direct-Primary Experiment: E. Woollen; vol. 110, p. 41.
15. Do Our Representatives Represent? F. E. Leupp; vol. 114, p. 433.
16. Our Irresponsible State Governments: W. D. Hines; vol. 115, p. 637.
17. The Second-Rate Man in Politics: M. Nicholson; vol. 118, p. 175.
18. The Unlimited Franchise: M. Eastman; vol. 108, p. 46.
19. Prison Cruelty: F. Tannenbaum; vol. 125, p. 433.
20. Sing Sing: an Evolution: F. M. White; vol. 118, p. 341.
21. The Background of Prison Cruelty: Number 13; vol. 126, p. 214.
22. The Basic Problem of Democracy: W. Lippmann.
 - I. What Modern Liberty Means; vol. 124, p. 616.
 - II. Liberty and the News; vol. 124, p. 779.
23. Press Tendencies and Dangers: O. G. Villard; vol. 121, p. 62.
24. Immigration and the Labor Supply: D. D. Lescohier; vol. 123, p. 483.
25. Trade Unions and Public Policy. Democracy or Dynamite? H. R. Mussey; vol. 109, p. 441.
26. The Labor Policy of the American Trusts: C. H. Parker; vol. 125, p. 225.

27. The Technique of American Industry: C. H. Parker; vol. 125, p. 12.
28. The Human Factor: C. Wight; vol. 125, p. 23.
29. Coal and Reconstruction: G. H. Cushing; vol. 125, p. 119.
30. What Industries Are Worth Having? F. W. Taussig; vol. 111, p. 701.
31. My Chinese Fan: H. H. Powers; vol. 116, p. 779.
32. Imagination in Business: L. F. Deland; vol. 103, p. 433.
33. The Call of the Job; R. C. Cabot; vol. 112, p. 599.
34. The North Dakota Idea: A. Ruhl; vol. 123, p. 686.
35. Socialism and Human Achievement: J. O. Fagan; vol. 107, p. 24.
36. Maxim Silencers for Old Wheezes: S. Deming; vol. 115, p. 323.
37. Our Instinctive Idiocies: S. Deming; vol. 113, p. 585.
38. The Revolutionary Intellectual: J. S. Shapiro; vol. 125, p. 820.
39. The Reaction of a Radical; vol. 124, p. 714.
40. Consolations of the Conservative: A. Repplier; vol. 124, p. 760.

IV

International Relations

The student who is interested in writing about international relations must first study the life of foreign countries. Let him choose some country and ask himself such questions as these. What is its government? What is its history? What is its present economic and political status? What relation does it bear to the United States? to other countries? How do people of the country earn a living? How were they affected by the war? by reconstruction? Does it send immigrants to the United States? Do they fairly represent it? What is its probable future? What has civilization learned from it? What may we learn to-day?

From concrete details the student may well pass to general ideas. What are we and other countries doing to avoid another war? What are we doing to establish international good-feeling? How are we profiting by the mistakes of the past? What do ordinary folk know about international relations? What sources of information are open to them? How can they be stimulated to further interest?

Finally, the student ought to watch the international trouble spots: Russia, Ireland, the Balkans, South America. In these places time will move swiftly in the next generation, and he who is really prepared for life will keep abreast of time.

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1. Manifest Destiny in America: H. M. Chittenden; vol. 117, p. 48.
2. Destiny not Manifest: H. M. Chittenden; vol. 117, p. 643.
3. The Heart of the Trouble in Mexico: C. Johnston; vol. 124, p. 554.
4. The Human Side of Mexico: C. B. Nordhoff; vol. 124, p. 502.
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14. Is a Permanent Peace Possible? B. Russell; vol. 115, p. 367.

V

The New Position of Women

The student who would write about the new position of women must first seek knowledge.

He will try to find out precisely in what respects the position of women has changed in the last fifty years. How has women's dependence on men changed? In what ways have women grown self-reliant? What new fields of work are open to women? How did women earn their living — when they had to — fifty years ago? How are girls whom you know planning to earn their living

now? What barriers still face women? How did women win the privilege of suffrage?

He will try to understand what women are thinking about now. He will talk with women who are busy with the world's work, and women, too, who quietly keep their homes. What are their interests, their occupations, their prejudices, their limitations, their social activities, their problems, and their aims when they are conscious of themselves as participants in programmes and social movements?

He will analyze their relations to the civic, social, and economic life of our own time. What is the effect of the competition of women with men in industrial life? How have women and their interests affected business: the retail trade, advertising, books, and magazines?

He will find out about the status of women in other countries: in England, France, Eastern Europe, the Orient.

And he will be especially interested in what women have written, and in what men have written about women. European literature has been preoccupied with the relations between women and men. What women have figured in the literature that you have read in school and college? In what respects do ideas that you have gathered from your reading seem valuable, and pertinent to modern conditions? in what respects do they seem outworn and merely curious?

No subject is ridden by more prejudices than this; few offer more opportunities for shaky generalizations. But, on the other hand, few subjects are more closely bound up with the right direction of our common life.

OTHER ATLANTIC ARTICLES

1. *The Soulful Sex*: W. Follett; vol. 125, p. 736.
2. *The Mind of Woman*: H. Ellis; vol. 118, p. 366.
3. *Woman and Religion*: B. I. Bell; vol. 117, p. 378.
4. *Feminist Intentions*: W. L. George; vol. 112, p. 721.
5. *Notes on the Intelligence of Woman*: W. L. George; vol. 116, p. 721.
6. *Further Notes on the Intelligence of Woman*: W. L. George; vol. 117, p. 99.
7. *The Unknown Quantity in the Woman Problem*: E. Woodbridge; vol. 113, p. 510.

8. *The Married Woman's Margin*: E. Woodbridge; vol. 116, p. 629.
9. *Dress and the Woman*: K. F. Gerould; vol. 108, p. 617.
10. *Uniforms for Women*: W. L. George; vol. 114, p. 589.
11. *Uniforms for Women*: Contributors' Club; vol. 115, p. 139.
12. *The Real Cost of Dressing*: Contributors' Club; vol. 115, p. 138.
13. *The Vanishing Lady*: C. A. P. Comer; vol. 108, p. 721.
14. *Honor among Women*: E. Woodbridge; vol. 110, p. 588.
15. *Women's Honor*: Contributors' Club; vol. 110, p. 855.
16. *The Economic Independence of Women*: E. Barnes; vol. 110, p. 260.
17. *The Feminizing of Culture*: E. Barnes; vol. 109, p. 770.
18. *Women in Industry*: E. Barnes; vol. 110, p. 116.
19. *The Woman who Writes*: W. Kirkland; vol. 118, p. 46.
20. *Girls*: R. S. V. P.; vol. 125, p. 490.

VI

Religion and Personal Life

One's personal life generally needs expression in character and action rather than in writing. Not everybody wishes to write about his religious opinions; most of us find such matters rather too intimate for discussion. And yet the student who feels deeply on this subject may well clarify his ideas by writing about them. It is well, too, in an age which many people believe to be one of declining faith, to face the social problems of religion clearly and steadfastly. He who will write about them needs knowledge, humility, tolerance for variations in method of observance and forms of creed, and a firm and abiding faith in the truths that lie at the heart of the matter.

OTHER ATLANTIC ARTICLES

1. *The Useless Virtues*: R. B. Perry; vol. 114, p. 411.
2. *The Still Small Voice*: J. Burroughs; vol. 117, p. 329.
3. *The Cultivation of Nonchalance*: E. P. Frost; vol. 113, p. 644.
4. *A Plea for Erasmians*: C. H. A. Wager; vol. 114, p. 83.

5. The Cult of the Passing Hour: O. W. Firkins; vol. 113, p. 661.
6. The Virtue of Intolerance: R. K. Root; vol. 125, p. 385.
7. The Cheerful Clan: A. Repplier; vol. 125, p. 748.
8. The Ignominy of Being Good: M. Eastman; vol. 107, p. 131.
9. Our Loss of Nerve: A. Repplier; vol. 112, p. 298.
10. At Seventy-three and Beyond: N. V. Wilson; vol. 114, p. 123.
11. De Senectute: H. D. Sedgwick; vol. 111, p. 163.

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